Collier's
TEN CENTS
NOVEMBER 17, 1945

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NEXT DOOR TO RUSSIA

BY RICHARD C. HOTTELET

PAGE 11

COVER BY LOUIS CONLAY FRO—SEE EDITORIAL PAGE

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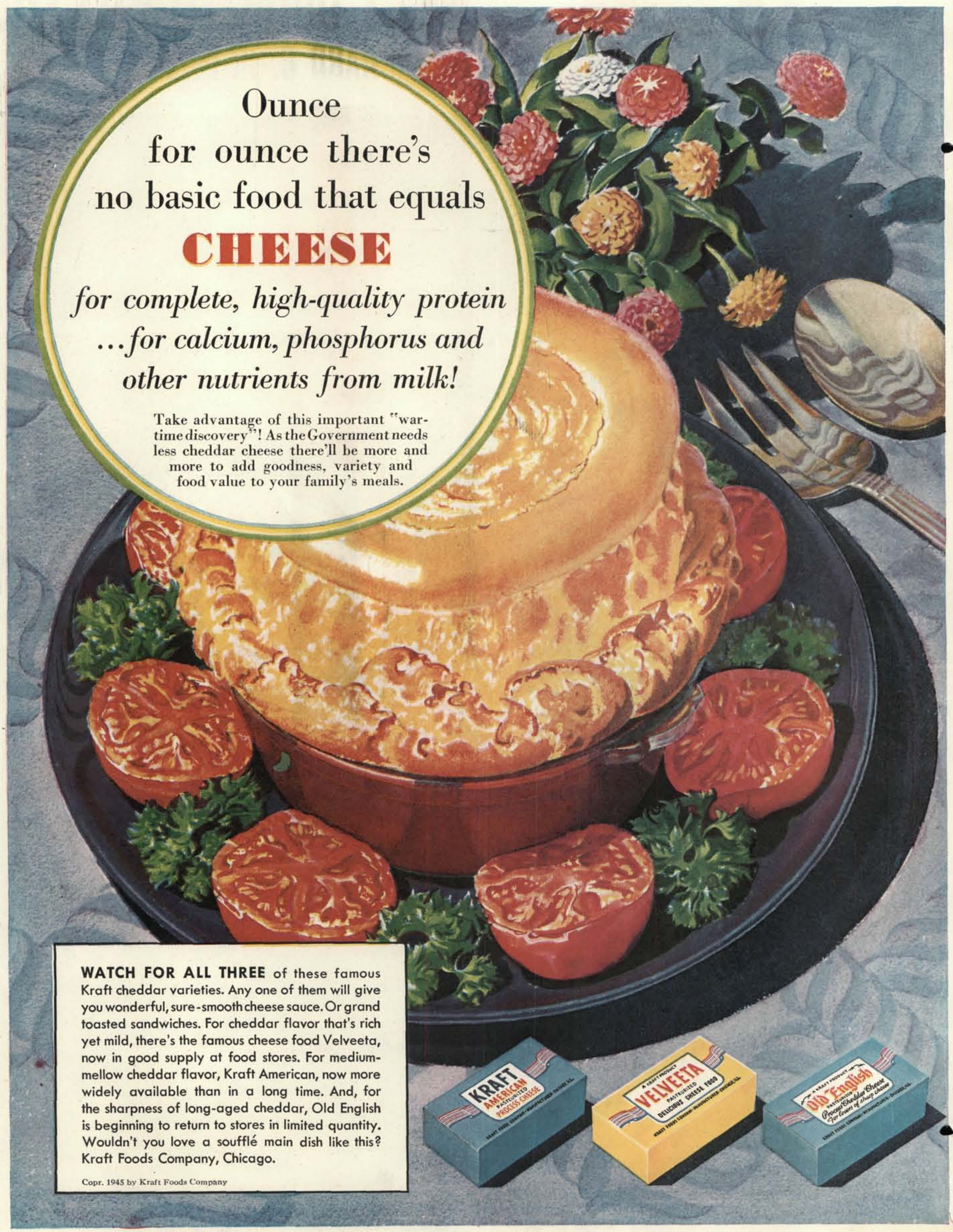
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A KRAFT PRODUCT
VELVEETA
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DELICIOUS CHEESE FOOD
A KRAFT PRODUCT
Old English
PASTEURIZED
Process Cheddar Cheese
For Lovers of Sharp Cheese

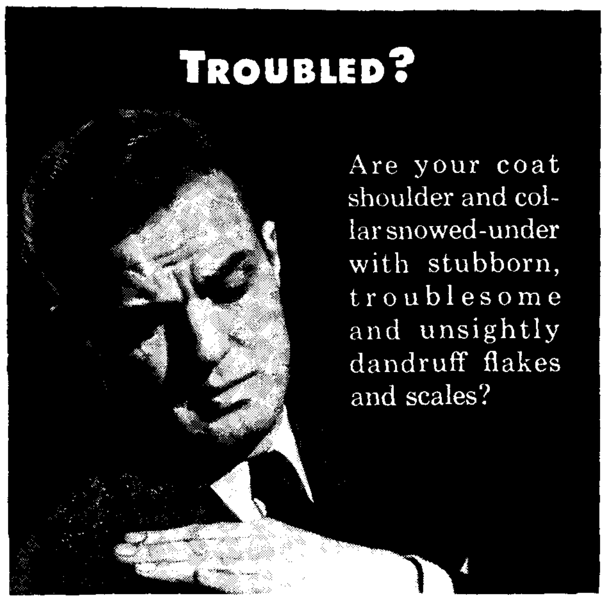
Ounce
for ounce there's
no basic food that equals
CHEESE
for complete, high-quality protein
...for calcium, phosphorus and
other nutrients from milk!

Take advantage of this important "wartime discovery"! As the Government needs less cheddar cheese there'll be more and more to add goodness, variety and food value to your family's meals.

WATCH FOR ALL THREE of these famous Kraft cheddar varieties. Any one of them will give you wonderful, sure-smooth cheese sauce. Or grand toasted sandwiches. For cheddar flavor that's rich yet mild, there's the famous cheese food Velveeta, now in good supply at food stores. For medium-mellow cheddar flavor, Kraft American, now more widely available than in a long time. And, for the sharpness of long-aged cheddar, Old English is beginning to return to stores in limited quantity. Wouldn't you love a soufflé main dish like this? Kraft Foods Company, Chicago.

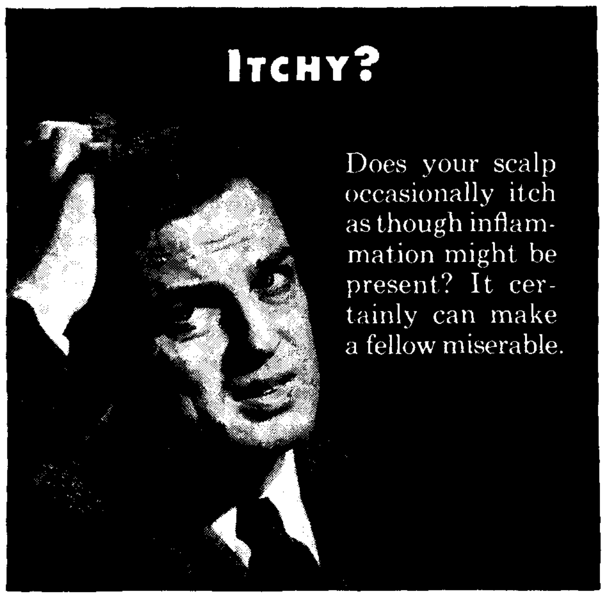
Copr. 1945 by Kraft Foods Company

TROUBLED?



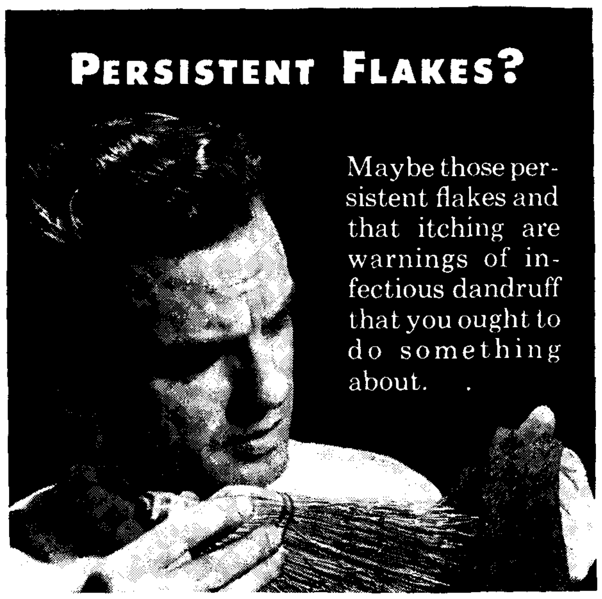
Are your coat shoulder and collar snowed-under with stubborn, troublesome and unsightly dandruff flakes and scales?

ITCHY?



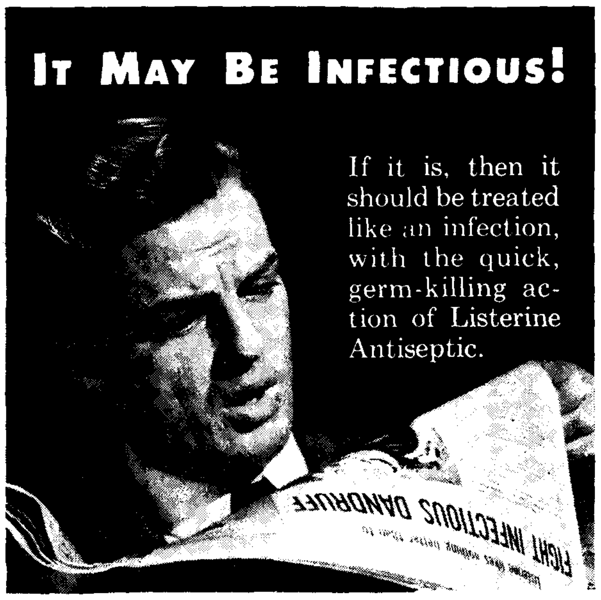
Does your scalp occasionally itch as though inflammation might be present? It certainly can make a fellow miserable.

PERSISTENT FLAKES?



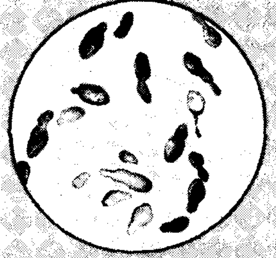
Maybe those persistent flakes and that itching are warnings of infectious dandruff that you ought to do something about.

IT MAY BE INFECTIOUS!



If it is, then it should be treated like an infection, with the quick, germ-killing action of Listerine Antiseptic.

THE "BOTTLE BACILLUS"



This is the "Bottle Bacillus" (Pityrosporum Ovale), a stubborn and highly resistant germ that many a noted dermatologist regards as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

LISTERINE—QUICK!

Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and vigorous, rotary, finger-tip massage. Prompt action may head off a mean case of infectious dandruff.

THE TESTED TREATMENT

●

Clinical tests on men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed impressive results! In one series of tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within 30 days!

IT'S DELIGHTFUL!

The Listerine treatment is so simple, so delightful. Your scalp feels wonderfully clean and refreshed. No messy lotions to fool with—no greases—no salves.

PRESENTABLE AGAIN!

What wonderful relief! Your scalp feels cleaner and your hair looks better.

Get after Infectious Dandruff with Listerine Antiseptic Now!

Clinic and everyday use show Listerine Antiseptic's value against this scalp condition which affects so many.

Don't fool around with what may be a troublesome condition! If you are irritated, disturbed by the distressing, uncomfortable symptoms of infectious dandruff, start your *home* Listerine Treatment today . . . the medical treatment thousands use.

Just apply full strength Listerine Antiseptic to your scalp morning and night. Massage the scalp and hair vigorously, persistently. It's as easy as it is delightful.

Cooling, soothing Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famous for over 60 years in the field of Oral Hygiene—kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff . . . including the queer "bottle bacillus", called Pityrosporum Ovale, which many outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Remember, the Listerine Antiseptic treatment within 30 days brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in a clinical test. Start today to see what it does for you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

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Collier's
FOR NOVEMBER 17, 1945

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ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*
JOHN SCHAFFNER *Fiction*

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any week

WE ASKED a friend of ours, just back from England, how the Labor Party was making out. "All I can tell you is," said he, "that the British people certainly miss that fine old liberal Tory government."

IT BEING our solemn opinion that on the list of really worth-while peoples, the Mexicans are far up in the first flight, we are always glad to add to the already overwhelming evidence. From Mr. Richard Armstrong in Mexico City we learn with gratification that the head of an American purchasing mission called on the *patrón* of a vast rancho and asked him doubtfully whether he could round them up 50,000 horses. The *patrón* didn't hesitate. He shrugged and replied, "At once, señor. What color?"

MR. ARMSTRONG also told us that he had recently seen an old friend of ours. "He's not the man he used to be," says Mr. Armstrong. "For years he used to wear stiff high collars but never had them laundered. Presently when people began to talk publicly about his collar, he'd rip it off, write a letter on it with chalk, stamp it and mail. But he has quit wearing collars."

AND Colonel Dudley V. (Silent) Haddock of Sarasota, Florida, notifies us that Brother Lullaby Lister, the singing evangelist, has struck, demanding higher collections and worse working conditions. Converts coming in too fast but all "want in for free." However, the colonel says, Brother Lullaby is turning a pretty penny of evenings, sitting with children while their parents are at the movies or shooting bridge. Sings them to sleep, too, having "big success with the Bludgeon Song, during which they go to sleep out of pure self-defense."

ALTHOUGH he mentions no names, including his own, a customer complains that he has just read "a popular magazine which is liable to fall into anybody's

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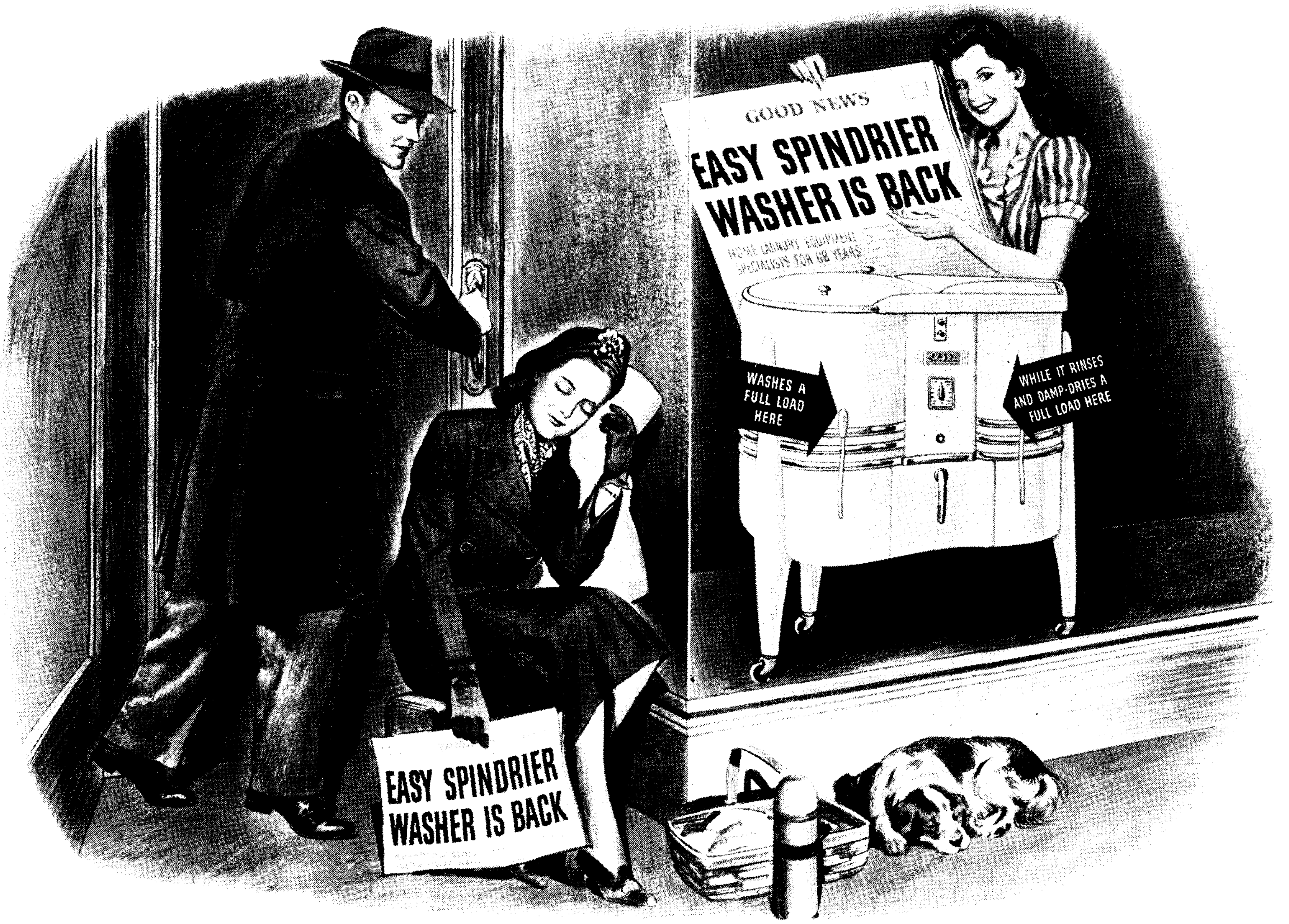
Start camping on your dealer's doorstep now, if you want a new EASY Spindrier!

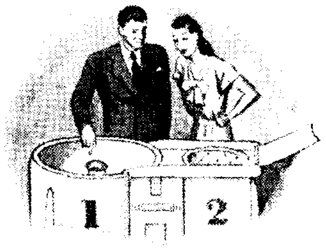

GOOD NEWS
EASY SPINDRIER WASHER IS BACK
HOME LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT SPECIALISTS FOR 68 YEARS
WASHES A FULL LOAD HERE
WHILE IT RINSES AND DAMP-DRIES A FULL LOAD HERE
EASY SPINDRIER WASHER IS BACK

EVEN BEFORE YOU SEE THIS MAGAZINE, your Easy Washer dealer may have received his first post-war shipment of the new Easy Spindriers. But the demand is so terrific that it may be months before there are enough to go around.

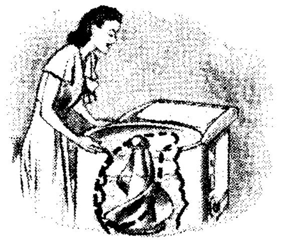
So if you want a washer that has been tried and tested by hundreds of thousands of users . . . does your whole week's wash in less than one hour . . . a washer that will do blankets, drapes and slipcovers as quickly and *safely* as sheets and pillowcases . . . a washer that's a miser with soap and water . . . get your name in NOW! Without obligation, make a date to see this new *improved* 1946 Easy Spindrier *in action!* Watch your newspapers for local announcement. Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, New York.

Keep Buying U. S. War Bonds

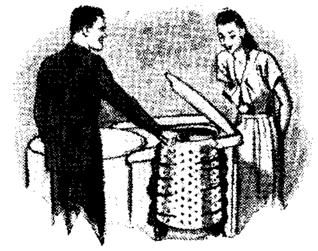
DON'T DREAM OF BUYING A NEW WASHER UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN THE NEW SPINDRIER IN ACTION



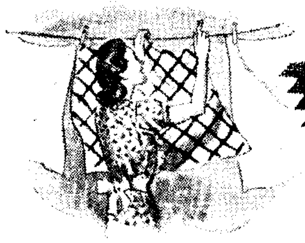
CUT WASHING TIME IN HALF! Easy Spindrier has TWO tubs. One washes a full load while the other spins a full load damp-dry!



FAST BUT OH SO GENTLE... Patented Spiralator action washes *all* the clothes in *all* parts of the tub . . . yet it can't hurt undies, drapes, blankets.



FASTER DRYING... Spindrier whirls out up to 25% more water than wringing. Less time to fade in the sun . . . faster drying indoors on rainy days.



FIRST ON THE LINE... Before your neighbors are half started you'll have your entire week's wash done in less than 1 hour!

EASY AMERICA'S LEADING WASHER-IRONER

WASHES MORE CLOTHES FASTER

FLORSHEIM SHOES

...worth waiting for

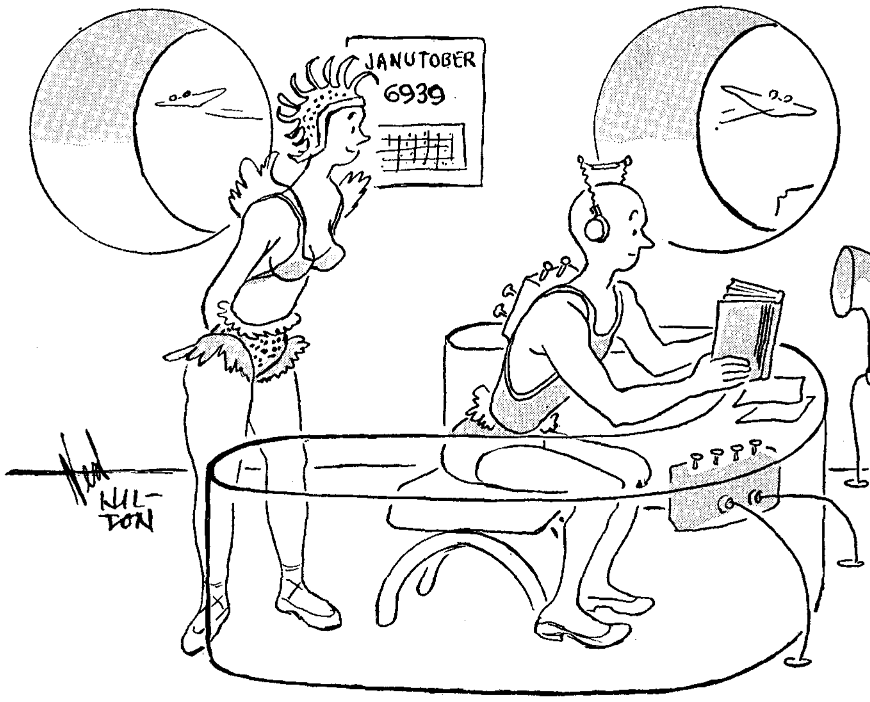
EXPERIENCE, they say, is the best teacher—and men who have learned first hand what Florsheim quality means in terms of longer wear, finer fit, and lasting satisfaction will be a long time coming around to accepting a substitute.

Most Styles $10⁵⁰ and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Keep up with the world



by Freling Foster

The only book of its kind ever published contains directions to be followed, 5,000 years from now, in locating the Time Capsule which was buried at the New York World's Fair in 1939, packed with documents and devices representative of our civilization, for the enlightenment of posterity. The volume, copies of which have been deposited in the leading libraries of all countries, describes in several languages how to calculate the year 6939, when the capsule should be opened, by the Gregorian, Jewish or Mohammedan calendar, or by astronomical time if they have not survived. Included also is the exact latitude and longitude of the capsule's location as well as a guide for finding the spot with an electromagnetic detector.

Many amateur and professional photographs have earned sizable sums through the sale of prints to publications over a period of years. The picture of the shocked passengers on the deck of the Vestris, taken a few minutes before they were rescued from the sinking Atlantic liner in 1928, made at least $8,000; snapshots of the Lindbergh plane, as it capsized and threw its occupants into the Yangtze River in 1931, sold outright for $9,000; the famous photograph of "The Laughing Cat," snapped near St. Louis in 1923, earned $13,000; and the "bird's-eye view" of San Francisco, made shortly after its great fire in 1906 with a camera elevated 600 feet by kites, produced a profit of $15,000.

Turkey abolished polygamy in 1926 and thus became the only one of some 15 countries, composed almost wholly of Mohammedans, where the men are denied the four legal wives and unlimited number of concubines which have been allowed all Mohammedans by their Bible, the Koran, for more than 1,300 years.

For 56 years after the first printing press was set up in Massachusetts in 1639, all religious works as well as secular publications were subjected to censorship.

The pistol was not used in a duel of honor until 1759, or more than 200 years after its invention. Although dueling was gradually being suppressed, the introduction of the weapon increased its prevalence and resulted in the development of the dueling pistol. For nearly a century afterward, the gunsmiths of Europe vied with one another in making these firearms, pairs of which, enclosed in elaborate cases, sold at prices ranging up to $4,000.

Because of the low wages paid in England, marriage is discouraged among the male employees of most banks, government departments and large commercial and industrial firms. Even after a man has attained the required age, salary or position, he must still secure permission to marry from his superior, who may or may not grant it. Consequently, in some British organizations before the war, as few as ten out of every 100 men were married.

One of the most incredible hoaxes in history was perpetrated in London in 1708 by Jonathan Swift, the British satirist. Using the pseudonym Isaac Bickerstaff, Swift wrote Predictions for the Year 1708 in which he forecast the death of John Partridge, the editor of an almanac, on March 29th, and on March 30th, he published a letter confirming his prophecy. Despite all Partridge's efforts to prove himself alive, most of his readers and friends were convinced that he had died and that the man claiming to be Partridge was an impostor. As a result, six years passed before the arguments had subsided and his printers felt they could resume the publication of his almanac. Incidentally, Partridge never learned the real identity of Isaac Bickerstaff.

Although Congress passed a bill a decade ago chartering a National Theater, the United States is still without such a government-sponsored institution which some 40 other countries have established to bring stage productions to the majority of their people, by maintaining local theaters and resident theatrical companies.

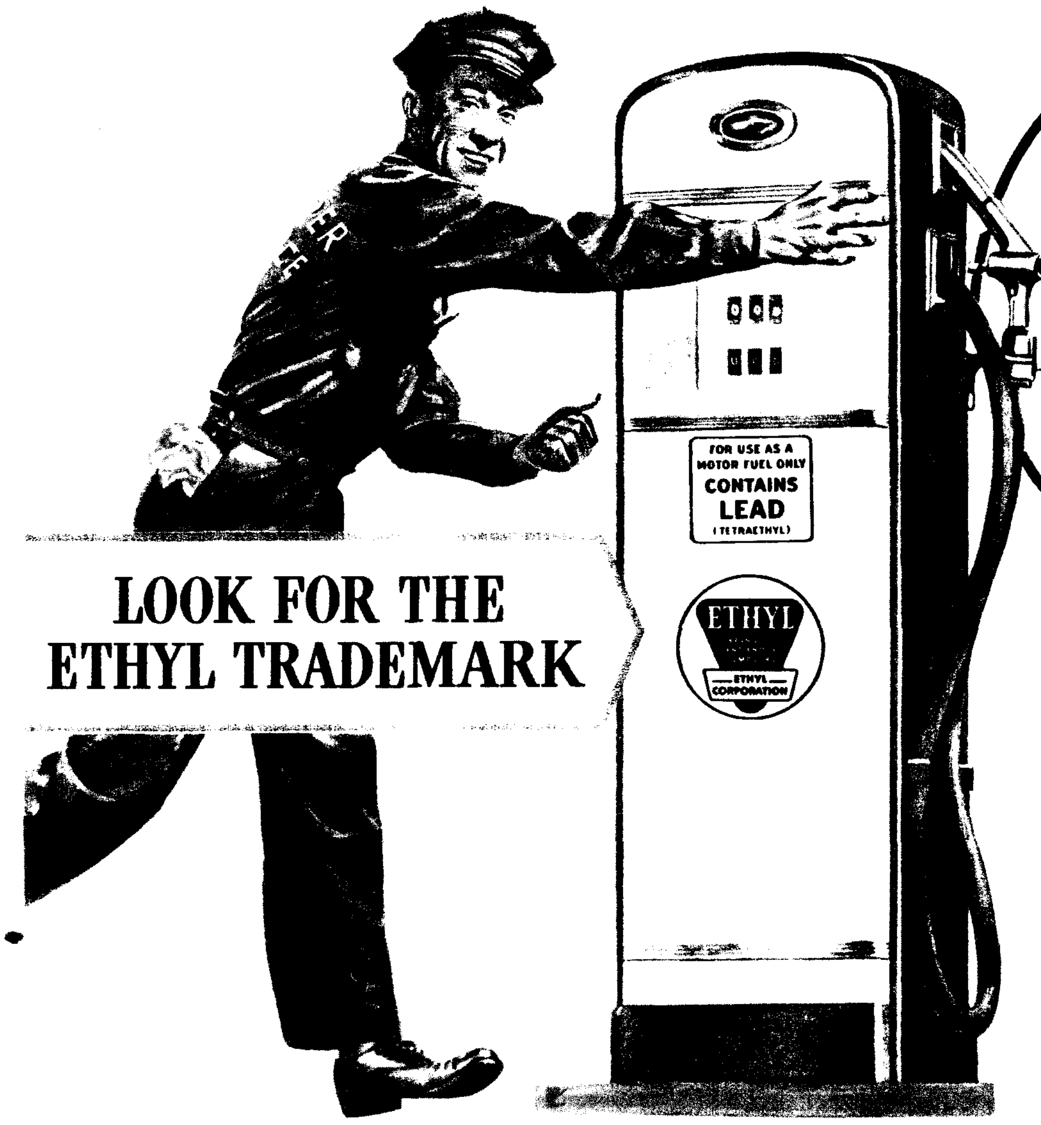
Besides the thousands of geographical names we have borrowed from American Indian languages, about 1,700 other Indian words have come into English usage, among them being *barbecue, chipmunk, hickory, hominy* and *toboggan.*

While the commemorative coins of the United States have ranged in denomination from $50 to a quarter, 41 of the 52 issues, comprising 11,429,000 of the 12,108,000 pieces, have been half dollars.

Many of the 100-odd kinds of sugar have been made from peculiar substances such as dahlias, chicory, cottonmeal, artichokes, seaweed and ivory nuts.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

ask for ETHYL


FOR USE AS A MOTOR FUEL ONLY
CONTAINS LEAD (TETRAETHYL)
ETHYL
ETHYL CORPORATION

LOOK FOR THE ETHYL TRADEMARK

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTIKNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Three little words—but they're music to the ear, a delight to the eye of anyone who drives an automobile. For in the simple phrase "ask for ETHYL" we extend to you an invitation to enjoy the high-octane performance you've so hungrily anticipated.

You are invited to enjoy gasoline that not so very long ago was reserved for military purposes. You are invited to feel the surging power of an eager engine—to make driving the thrilling pleasure it should be. And all you need to do is—
ask for ETHYL.

Admiral
AUTOMATIC Record Changer

NOW... make a Radio-Phonograph of your PRESENT radio
(Just plug it into your radio)

5RP46. Admiral Automatic Record Changer in beautiful walnut veneer case with self-standing cover. Designed to harmonize with any radio.

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5RP47—Admiral Automatic Record Changer without case. Sturdily built with streamlined base. List price..... $22⁹⁵

Prices slightly higher in south and far west

★ Trouble-free! Only 3 moving parts while changing records.
★ Just 5 seconds to change records.
★ Fool-proof tone arm may be moved at any time.
★ Plays twelve 10-inch or ten 12-inch records, automatically.

Admiral Corporation, CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS WITH AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS
DUAL-TEMP REFRIGERATORS... HOME FREEZERS... ELECTRIC RANGES

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
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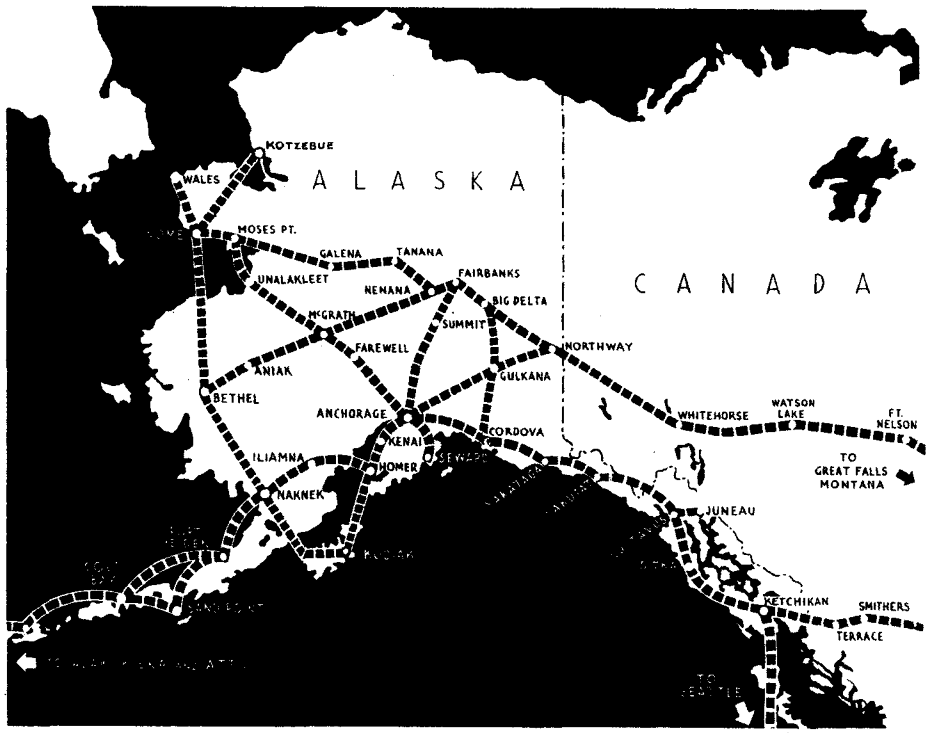

ROLF KLEP

Crisscrossed with airways (not all shown here), Alaska is well equipped for the advancement of Far East air commerce and aerial tourists

YEARS ago Alaskans embraced the airplane as a year-round beast of burden. They put it to work doing everything. No other area, so deficient in surface transportation facilities, got such a high utility return from aircraft. But Alaskan airmen needed more than steel spines and high iron blood content. They begged and fought for airports and airways, but folks in general down here just didn't bother much about it.

Then in early 1941 we were suddenly reminded of this neglect, and the curtain promptly went down on Alaska's air expansion. In the blackout, a lot happened. Now the curtain has gone up and Alaska is a well-equipped frontier for the advancement of air commerce to the Far East and for the exploitation of Alaska's natural wealth by air.

For Alaska today has 8,300 miles of airways and 50 airports constructed with superhuman speed by the Civil Aeronautics Administration and the Army. Old airmen are amazed at the size of the airports.

At Galena, between Fairbanks and Nome, the runway is 5,800 feet long, and where the control tower faces the runway, there is a concrete apron extending the width of the runway to 500 feet. A strong cross-wind was blowing recently when a bush pilot approached into the wind. Army airmen from the States were terrified as they saw him flying directly for the control tower. But the tower operator, an Alaskan, thought it quite all right and gave the bush pilot the green light. That 500-foot stretch of concrete was an adequate length for those boys because they're not used to mile-long runways.

World air travelers soon to be flying to the Far East over Alaska will stare at the barren and desolate land between the airports—but the Army, Navy and CAA fields in the territory and down the Aleutian chain will remind them of home, all along the Northern Airway from the eastern border of Alaska at Northway to Nome, the jumping-off place for Japan, Siberia, China, Manila and India. Forty-two of Alaska's fields have runways 5,000 feet and longer; 32 of them have paved runways; 25 are equipped with hangars; and 26 have control towers.

Alaska has 54 radio beacon stations to guide airmen flying through or above the overcast. Weather information from more than 150 stations is assembled and broadcast to pilots and to all stations. The standard air-traffic control system of the CAA, developed more than 15 years on our domestic airways, is in operation. Careful radio watch over every pilot is maintained, and Alaskan air history is rich with stories of rescues made possible only because an Aircraft Communicator was monitoring the planes he knew to be flying near him.

Every center of population in Alaska is served by air today. Along the 8,300 miles of airways, there are airports every 150 miles. A hundred other settlements have their river sandbar landing places for summer use, and a flat place in the frozen muskeg for winter. Dog teams—still widely used—and tractors pulling huge "go-devil" sleds get around in winter. Wherever the winding, sluggish rivers go, there is transportation in the summer. But everywhere, anytime, the airplane goes. You see planes perched on steep, snow-covered mountainsides, just below a black spot which is a mine entrance. You hear names of small settlements you cannot find on the map and learn that Alaskan pilots fly there regularly.

THERE are 20 airlines in Alaska certificated to do business by the Civil Aeronautics Board, and there are 13 others expected to seek their certificates of public convenience and necessity from the CAB, which has established an Alaskan office at Anchorage to speed up Alaskan air transportation and development. Some of these airlines are one-man, one-plane outfits, but most of them have ambitious plans for modern airplanes after serving their customers for years with planes discarded in the States. With modern planes, some of the casualness of Alaskan flying will disappear. Sig Wien, an officer and pilot of Wien Air Lines, may forget the spot in the mountains north of Nome, where "an old she-bear lives, and each year she has three cubs," and he won't throttle back his DC-3 as he did his ancient Bellanca to look for her. He'll be flying on instruments.

Alaska won't forget the Wien brothers and their kind. Not for a generation or so, anyhow, because the Eskimos name their children after pilots up there. Sig Wien Uguruk is a prominent member of the younger set at Unalakleet.

The CAA's plans for improving the airways call for replacing low-frequency communications and radio directional beacons with Very High Frequency transmitters. In Alaska, static causes lots of trouble, and VHF is static-free. The transition period to this better airway safety service now is beginning. There are 255 licensed planes in Alaska, including airline planes and more than 1,000 civil pilots licensed by the CAA.

(Continued on page 92)

On heating equipment or laundry tubs, farm fence or cooking utensils—on anything made with steel

—this label means the steel is good

MANUFACTURED FROM
USS
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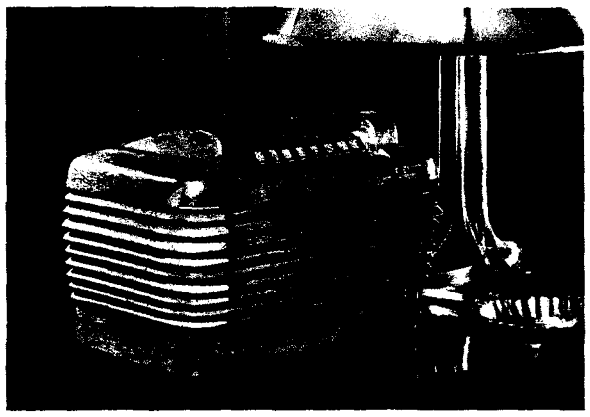
THE HEPPLEWHITE—New, automatic radio-phonograph in a beautifully finished cabinet of Hepplewhite inspiration.

Thanks to new production techniques, Stromberg-Carlson quality is now offered in a wide range of models and prices

If you have ever dreamed of owning a truly fine radio, a thrilling experience will soon come your way. You will step into your radio dealer's store and listen to the new Stromberg-Carlsons. And suddenly you will find yourself in a new world of musical beauty and perfection.

Rarely, except in the concert hall itself, have you heard music as the new Stromberg-Carlsons bring it to you—with such purity of tone, such naturalness of reproduction. You will listen entranced . . . and then will come the pleasantest discovery of all. This supremely fine musical instrument can be yours at a price easily within your means, thanks to new production techniques developed by Stromberg-Carlson during the war.

THE 18TH CENTURY—Automatic radio-phonograph in rich mahogany or walnut veneers with hand-rubbed finish. Standard broadcast, 2 FM bands and an international short wave band. Built-in album space... a superb instrument for any home.



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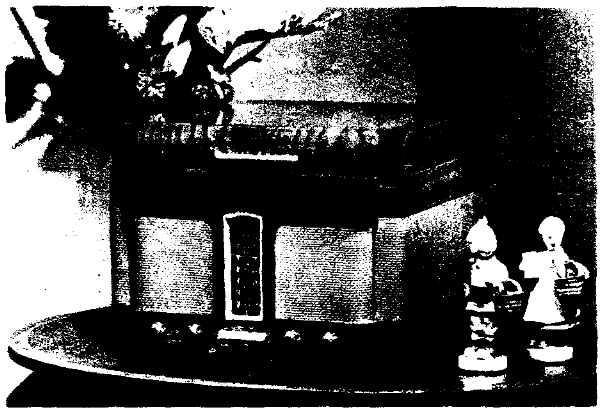

THE BEAUX ARTS—Compact automatic table radio-phonograph in modern walnut and fabric cabinet. Standard broadcast and international short wave bands. Magnificent performance for small radio-phonograph.

For the main radio in your home
. . . there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 17, 1945

Free Pu[illegible] [illegible]ry

NEXT

POLAND
ECHOSLOVAKIA
U.S.

RADIOED FROM EUROPE

FIFTY miles east of Berlin, a blond little Russian eyeful stopped our jeep. Normally her figure alone might have done the trick, but that Friday morning we wanted badly to keep going. She held up the red traffic flag, which you do not normally ignore unless you can outrun a bullet.

She strode toward our jeep. There is very little difference among the world's military police. You know what they want even when you do not understand the language. Especially when you have a guilty conscience. I had a guilty conscience.

As long as she spoke Russian, we sat and grinned at her like a couple of amiable dolts, shrugged our shoulders and said, "*Amerikanski.*" She had cold green eyes and a rifle. Close behind her was a male sergeant with small eyes and another rifle. She switched to German. And while I answered questions, my driver, Pfc. John Caswell, sat and beamed his round face at her. I maintain John can melt snow by grinning at it.

The blonde asked where we were bound.

"Warsaw," I said.

She said flatly, "Show me your papers."

"What papers?" I asked innocently. John grinned.

She said slightly less flatly, "You need a pass to cross the river." Pause. I said, "Oh, yes, a pass." Whereupon I fished out a red, white and blue bordered United States airmail envelope and held it up in full view for a moment, just for the effect, before I took out the green and gold U.S. passport. I nodded vigorously, explaining what a passport is. She was impressed. John nodded vigorously, too, and turned on a couple more ergs of sunshine.

Her cold green eyes were warming up. She was looking at John when she asked me what I intended to do in Warsaw. I told her I was going there to broadcast. Two minutes later she was grinning at John as he let out the clutch to head for the great wooden bridge across the Oder River.

For the next sixteen days and fifteen hundred-odd miles through Poland and Czechoslovakia and back to Berlin, I was never again asked for my papers. We went in behind the Russian Demarcation Line without trouble and came out just as easily. The little blonde on the Oder was the first and last Russian we had to deal with, directly or indirectly.

Without Benefit of Red Tape

We traveled unofficially and uninvited. It would have taken weeks of red tape to get the necessary official permits, passes, visas and stamps. So we went without. It did not matter. In Warsaw the Polish Foreign Office raised an eyebrow, but gave me credentials. I broadcast from both Warsaw and Prague. In Prague my copy was not even censored.

As a matter of fact the only people disturbed by our trip were the United States Embassy in Warsaw and the U.S. Army. The embassy sent frantic cables far and wide asking that no other correspondents be allowed in Poland without the full benefit of red tape. The Army, logically enough, suspended me for taking an Army jeep and an Army driver from the base for a fortnight, and gave John seven days for taking my orders.

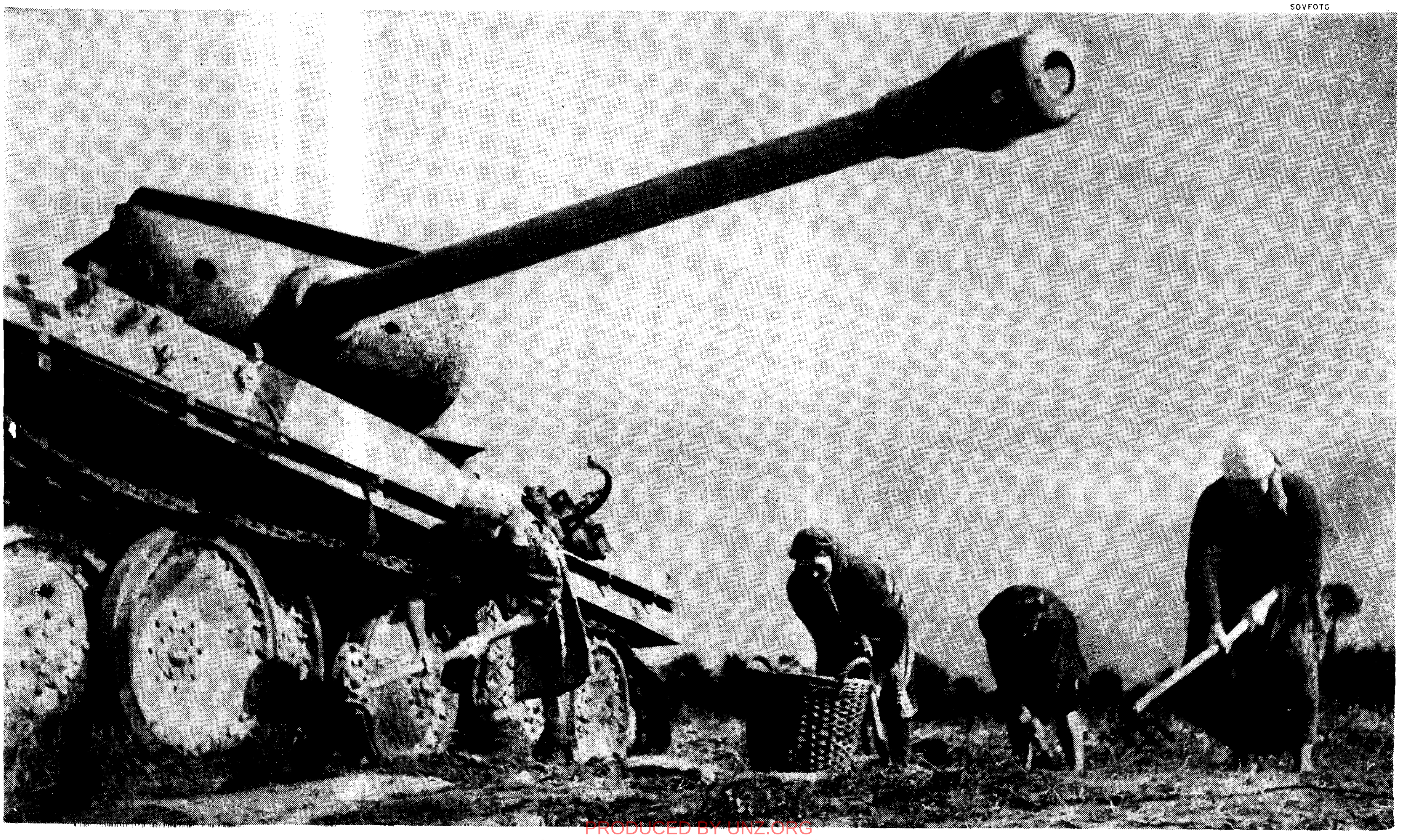
If Poland and Czechoslovakia are cut off by an iron curtain, it has come down since we left.

Conditions differed in the two countries. But they both lie east of the Russian Demarcation Line; both are parts of the new great Russian continental system. Here Russian theory and practice of liberation, influence and democracy are visible to the naked eye. Both countries provide answers—and new questions—to the whole matter of the Russian Eastern Bloc.

The principles governing Russia's position

Under the muzzle of a wrecked German tank Polish peasants, after years of slavery, dig potatoes from the land they own

SOVFOTO



in Poland and Czechoslovakia seem straightforward enough. It is generally agreed that they are: Moscow will guarantee the establishment of a left-wing democratic government it feels it can trust. It will ensure that no government comes to power which would become pro-Fascist or anti-Russian in its domestic and foreign policy. Thus, by direct intervention if necessary, no nation behind the high-water mark of the Red Army's westward advance will be allowed to become a threat to the Soviet Union. Within these clear-cut limits the national government will be given full freedom to govern the country.

That is the theory. To a certain extent it is being put into practice. Bear in mind the words "certain extent."

Everywhere, even in Germany, the Russians established four- or six-party coalition governments. The fact that the Russians are favoring the Communist Party should be surprising only to those people who have spent the past thirty years in a coal hole. But neither in Poland nor Czechoslovakia does there exist a purely Communist or fellow-traveler stooge regime, such as the Red Army could perfectly easily have propped up on the points of their bayonets.

The question which leaps to the mind is: How left-wing must the government be to be trusted by the Russians? Also, what does Moscow mean by democracy?

The Polish and Czech governments are cases in point. The Czech government is no more left-wing than the British Labor government. It is the only government in central and eastern Europe in the happy physical and moral position of being able to afford a liberal democracy on American lines. It is working, and the Russians have taken no exception to it.

The Polish government is in a different position. It is more exposed to the charge of being packed with men who owe allegiance to Moscow, but it certainly contains strong democratic elements such as Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, the former prime minister of the London government. These elements would be unlikely to knuckle under to totalitarian pressure groups without raising a riot for the world to see. Both Britain and the United States recognized this government and thought its word that it would follow democratic procedure worth accepting.

The definition of democracy, which is causing so much trouble, will not be settled soon. The Russian idea of democracy is limited and collective. It does not recognize the right of every man and every party to do what he pleases. The Russians say it is in the interests of building a more efficient political system that they restrict the variety of views which can compete for prominence and collect smaller bodies of opinion into larger ones.

This leaves the position of the individual lower than in American democracy. It must be taken into consideration without cynicism, however, that individual dignity has never been high in eastern Europe and the Russian scheme involves no comedown.

As a matter of fact it fits into the trend perceptible all over Europe now. The prewar liberalism which paved the way to its own death is now rejected to a large extent. The general demand is for stability and efficiency even at the cost of a certain amount of personal freedom.

A European Monroe Doctrine?

The Russians point out that their position in eastern Europe was fully recognized at Teheran and Yalta. They like to think it is comparable to the Monroe Doctrine in South America—not detrimental to the interests of the population.

Czechoslovakia is not too badly off. The governmental organization is good. There is little physical destruction. The main trouble is the desperate shortage of food and industrial raw materials.

Poland, on the other hand, is probably worse off than any other country in Europe. She would be in a complete mess even if Russia were a thousand miles away. There are crises and heartbreaking problems in every field—political, economic and social. There have been great territorial changes—losses in the east and gains in the west and north. Economically, Poland was changed overnight from an agrarian to a powerful industrial nation by the incorporation of Silesia. Millions of people are creeping across the map of eastern Europe. Millions of Germans are being thrown out of the new western Poland. The Poles are moving population from the east and also repatriating Poles from Germany in an effort to settle seven and a half million people in the new territory.

This would be a backbreaking task for a sound, healthy country. But Poland inherited chaos, destruction and demoralization from the war and the German occupation. Transport, telephone and telegraph facilities are almost completely destroyed. Machinery in the coal mines and heavy industry is largely destroyed, or it has disappeared or been overworked to junk. Harvest and farm machinery is largely destroyed or requisitioned by the Germans and Russians. Personnel records have disappeared.

At a time when Poland needs brains and organizing ability more than ever, she finds that the Germans have systematically destroyed many of her best people. Administrative inefficiency produces financial trouble, the absence of a rationing system increases trading and speculation when Poland most badly needs constructive work. But this is only the beginning of Poland's present problems.

On top of everything else Poland at present is in the middle of a social revolution. She is trying to make a clean sweep all at once of all her ballast of feudalism and Fascism. In the agrarian reform movement all the great estates are being broken up and distributed among the peasants. All basic industries are now under government administration. A clean break is being made with the old Pilsudski regime, from democratizing the army and civil service system to the extent of carefully changing the names of all brands of cigarettes in the Polish tobacco monopoly. The government is feeling its way to strictly limiting the secular activities of the Catholic Church.

In the midst of all this the government has promised to lay the groundwork for the establishment of democracy—freedom of the press and especially free elections.

Complications Setting In

At the same time Poland is concluding trade treaties with foreign countries. And a wave of violent Polish nationalism, which has been already manifested against the Germans and in the recrudescence of anti-Semitism, is raising complications with Czechoslovakia over the Teschen district.

It is fantastic—and pathetic. It is like a convalescent, minus his left leg and his right eye, getting into a fist fight on a moving platform at Coney Island.

Poland's biggest police problem is the "Men in the Woods." They are members of the former Polish Home Army who are hiding from fear of arrest and deportation to Russia, and another reputedly reactionary underground group called N.S.Z. which was repudiated in 1943 by the Polish government in London for refusing to obey orders. These groups, numbering thousands of men, operate in small bands and confine their activities mainly to stealing food and supplies. Occasionally they shoot Russian troops and skirmish with the Polish militia.

The government says they are definitely on the decline, but you are urgently warned not to travel through thickly wooded or mountain country, especially at night.

(Continued on page 83)

Democratic members of the Polish government, such as Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, shown here in London, are leavening for the radical majority

INTERNATIONAL

Residents of Warsaw return to their demolished city. No country in Europe has been so badly wrecked, but the people are struggling to rebuild

SOVFOTO

[redacted]

Cathy was certain that she knew what she wanted from life until she had to confront Kim Carew, the one man who had always challenged her definition of living

STANDING in the middle of her pleasant living room, Cathy read the note she had found on the coffee table and, quite suddenly, made up her mind to marry Mr. Elkton.

The note was not from Mr. Elkton or even about him. It was from Nicely, her part-time maid, and it said simply that a Mr. Carew had called and would call back later. But, reading it, she thought right away of Mr. Elkton and she decided to marry him.

The decision was followed immediately by a feeling of warmth and comfort and safety. For a moment she had been afraid; perhaps, really, she had been afraid ever since George died, a year ago. The note had just caused a sharpening of the fear, a realization of the immediate need for shelter and protection. Mr. Elkton would give her that, just as George had given it to her years ago when her father died.

She looked at herself in the long mirror between the long, narrow windows, searching for a reflection of the change which her decision had made in her whole life. There was none. The gay, silly hat, the red flannel suit, the brown snakeskin shoes and bag were exactly as they had been. It paid to buy good clothes. Everything but the hat predated George's death, and they still looked smart. Yesterday she had paid more than she could afford for the hat, and she was glad of it. One nice thing about marrying Mr. Elkton—she would not have to worry any more about money.

Suddenly she found herself no longer looking at her clothes, but at herself, Cathy Wilson, who had been Cathy Adams, who would soon be Cathy Elkton. Like most people, she usually looked only at parts of herself—her nose to see that it was powdered, her mouth to apply lipstick. Now, rather frighteningly, the parts swam together and became a person.

"Nonsense!" she told her image. "Nonsense!"

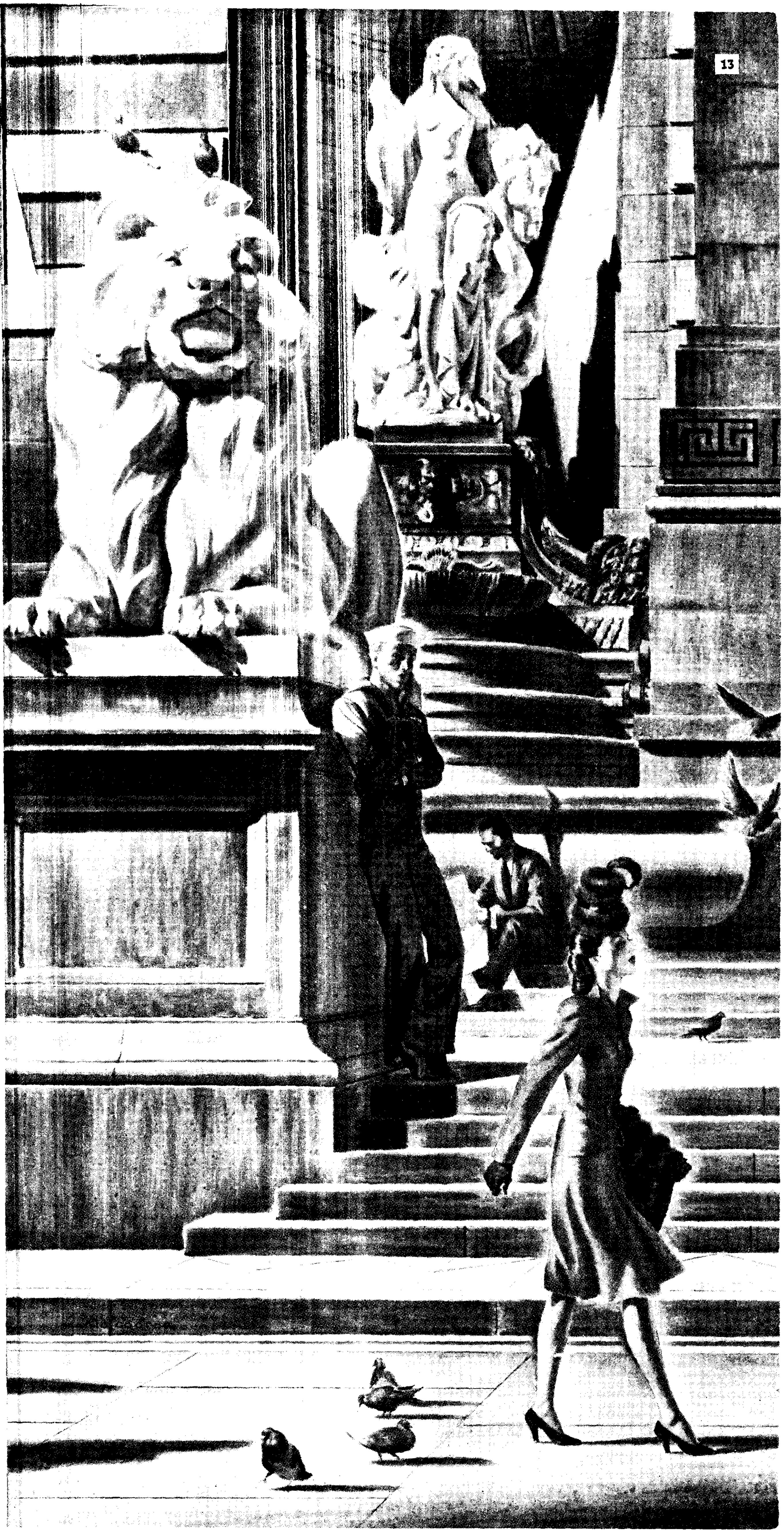
She did not know why she said it. There was nothing particularly nonsensical about the person facing her, a slim dark girl who did not look thirty and certainly did not look as though she had been married for ten years and widowed for one. Perhaps it was nonsense that she should look so cool and adult and elegant when, inside herself, she was exactly as she had been years ago, when she had worn white pinafores and her hair in braids.

Thinking of her childhood reminded her of the Carews, and she suddenly realized that at any moment the telephone might ring. Kim had said he would call back. Her panic returned for a moment, as though its mere ringing would trap her. That was silly, she thought; she could just refuse to answer it. But she knew that she would never have the strength not to. There was nothing for it but to get out of the house.

She was lunching with Mr. Elkton and it was still very early, so she decided to kill time by walking all the way uptown. It was a lovely day for walking, a perfect New York autumn day, and as she turned west toward Fifth Avenue, she began to feel safe again.

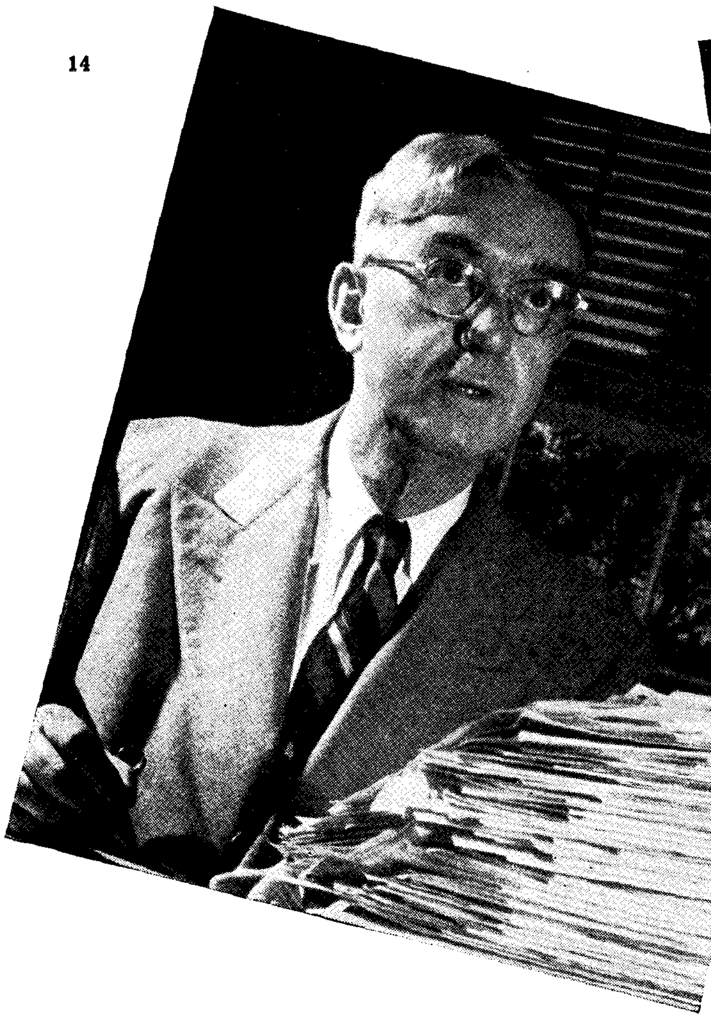
Her decision would please Mr. Elkton very much, and she was glad of that. He was a nice man, just such another as George, whose best friend he had been, even as George had been her father's best friend. They were a lot alike, the three of them, in their different ways—quiet and unexciting men, but solid and comfortable and utterly dependable.

She did not have to try to *(Continued on page 94)*



Somebody whistled at her. She could not tell how she knew the whistle was for her, but she did, as clearly as though it had been a voice calling her name

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



World's champion epistolarian is William D. Hassett, who handles the voluminous Presidential correspondence. A holdover from the Roosevelt secretariat, he wrote over 250,000 letters for his last boss

George J. Schoeneman, only Truman appointee in the administrative section, is an income-tax expert. He'll handle the chief executive's business with the Bureau of Internal Revenue

Brigadier General Harry Vaughan, military aide, was a Truman pal during the first World War. An all-around man but no professional soldier, his duties will be more personal than military

THE NEW WHITE HOUSE BOYS

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

President Truman's assistants, headed by Charles Griffith Ross, are "plain old home folks" to everybody. Politicians can't figure out how long this new idea is going to last

CHARLES GRIFFITH ROSS surveyed the White House waiting room with wise, humorous eyes. About a dozen gentlemen, all very neat and self-conscious, and a couple of purposeful-looking ladies occupied the leather chairs along the walls. Some of the men were talking guardedly like strangers in a parlor-car smoking compartment.

Mr. Ross, tall, stooped, lean and gray, is nominally at least head of President Truman's secretariat, and looks like a veteran character actor who has played everything from The Old Homestead in country opera houses to college dean parts in the movies. He nodded casually to two of the men and motioned to them. They were fat and shyly eager, and one of them dropped his brief case as he scrambled to his feet. Then he dropped it again and his face was very red.

They were from Missouri, Mr. Ross' home state, and had been promised that if Mr. Truman could possibly wedge them in between the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Interior, he would be glad indeed to shake their hands and rejoice with them that things were going so fine in St. Joe.

Unlike some of his predecessors, there is nothing brisk about Mr. Ross. He walks, talks and thinks deliberately, all with the air of a man who isn't concerned in the least about what you may think of him. He is inoffensively sure of himself. Nothing about him suggests that he considers his job important or that Mr. Truman's widely proclaimed shrewdness was demonstrated when he chose him for it.

The chances are excellent that were Clement Attlee and Josef Stalin suddenly to appear at the door of the White House executive offices, shepherded by Winston Churchill, neither Mr. Ross' manner nor his blood pressure would undergo much of a change. Mr. Ross is sixty years old and has seen, heard and done just about everything—in moderation, of course. Having been a journalist for forty years, he is convinced that anything can happen and probably will; therefore it is a great waste of time to be astonished.

To one who has known several Presidential secretaries and who has invariably left them with a vague feeling that somehow it was just in the nick of time, Mr. Ross is very comforting indeed. He neither swooshes you in nor swishes you out. He listens, patient and relaxed, like a man who is weary but not bored. He is impressed neither by himself nor his surroundings, having become completely familiar after many years with both. He is a scholarly but not pedantic gentleman who writes gravely, understandingly and, best of all, understandably on politics and economics and wears clothes as though they were necessary but otherwise of no particular consequence.

As you've probably heard a number of times, he was graduated from the Independence, Missouri, high school in 1901 with Mr. Truman, and people who knew them both put their money on Mr. Ross. After being graduated in 1905 from the University of Missouri shining with scholastic honors, he decided to be a newspaperman. As a reporter he always knew what he was looking at and for, and seldom got sidetracked by unimportant incidentals.

After a distinguished career as Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, he was appointed head of that paper's editorial page. He took the job he has now only because Mr. Truman convinced him that his calm, clear judgment and his knowledge of men and things were needed.

Just as it is too soon to make a just appraisal of Mr. Truman as a President, so is it a bit early to compare his secretariat with Mr. Roosevelt's. There is a simplicity and forthrightness in the White House executive offices today which didn't always obtain in the more complicated Roosevelt regime. Whether the current Old Home Week atmosphere will survive the political complexities which the White House will encounter when it becomes more heavily involved in purely domestic issues is something else again.

Of one thing, however, you may be assured: Mr. Ross will be his usual imperturbable, philosophical, disciplined self, soundly advising the President and keeping noises down to an irreducible minimum.

Tactful Treatment for Ladies

While Mr. Ross was taking care of the two stout gentlemen from St. Joe, his associated secretary, the alertly suave Matthew J. Connelly, had taken the purposeful-looking ladies into his office, and in no time at all they seemed convinced that he was the one man in America filled with understanding sympathy for their problem.

Mr. Connelly is Mr. Truman's appointment man, which means that if you want to see the President, you deal first with Mr Connelly. He complements Mr. Ross nicely—swift, acute, genial, a politician. He's from Clinton, Massachusetts, thirty-eight years old, a sharp dresser, amiably hard-boiled, a graduate of Fordham University. He was secretary to Mr. Truman when the latter was Vice-President and, as senator, chairman of the Truman Committee.

Mr. Connelly acquired his political education as investigator for various relief administrations in the Roosevelt regime, in which jobs he confirmed his early suspicions that not all his fellow Americans were fine, public-spirited citizens. Any doubts remaining to him were cleared away in his subsequent duties as investigator for several Congressional committees looking into such matters as unemployment, campaign expenditures and relief racketeering.

Mr. Ross insists that no one man may be regarded as Mr. Truman's secretary, that the job is a triumvirate: himself in charge of press and radio relations; Mr. Connelly, appointments; and William D. Hassett, general utility and correspondence.

Mr. Hassett is a holdover from the Roosevelt administration, a status shared by two others, both administrative assistants to the President: Samuel I. Rosenman and David Niles. How long Judge Rosenman and Mr. Niles will remain is beyond us. But more about them presently.

Mr. Hassett is a conscientious, nonloquacious Vermonter who, like Mr. Ross, hasn't many illusions left but who still believes that the world is a very interesting place. He is sixty-five years old, and it is estimated that since taking on the job of correspondence secretary for Mr. Roosevelt, he has dictated replies to more than 250,000 letters complaining about everything from night noises in Jim Hogg County, Texas, to Harry Hopkins. Mr. Hassett, an old-time newspaperman and government employee, is probably the country's champion letter writer, his art having

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Captain James K. Vardaman, USNR, new naval aide. A former St. Louis banker; he was on the band wagon when Mr. Truman first ran for senator in 1934

Matthew Connelly, appointment secretary, is the man to see if you want to talk with the President. With him here is the author, Walter Davenport

evoked from a Chicago University professor: "Mr. Hassett's reply contained nothing worth remembering; you just remember it."

Thus the three gentlemen who are the front of Mr. Truman's secretariat. They are Mr. Truman's own selections—which is not as it occasionally used to be in the olden days before Presidents were noticeably concerned with anything that happened outside the continental United States—the very old days when, with a few notable exceptions, Presidents were picked out of a hat and their secretaries were selected for them.

Democratic Party Stepchildren

There are tightly-buttoned Tories in Mr. Truman's party who regard Judge Rosenman as a very unprofitable influence. They are accusing him, hotly seconded by the Republicans, of having slipped a large gob of New Deal radicalism into the President's first postwar message to Congress. They couldn't adopt a course better warranted to make Mr. Truman urge Judge Rosenman to stay where he is. They shudder, too, to think that Mr. Truman has retained Mr. Niles. But Mr. Niles, who may or may not stick to the job, did a lot of clever range riding for Mr. Roosevelt amongst the maverick liberal and radical groups, keeping them in line. That's still his job.

The third Administrative Assistant in Mr. Truman's train, the only one appointed by him, is George J. Schoeneman who was an Assistant Commissioner of Internal Revenue. He's a quiet, informed man who knows all about your income tax and the like, if that's any comfort to you.

Mr. Truman is very businesslike in handling a caller. When the latter's time has expired, Mr. Truman, who has either his own eye on the clock or is warned by a light flashing on his desk, will rise briskly, extend his hand and say thank you. But Mr. Roosevelt frequently had the late "Pa" Watson (General Edwin Martin Watson) flirting with a nervous collapse.

Of course, Mr. Roosevelt could not rise and thus signify that the audience was over

(Continued on page 28)

Hooley's Fixation

BY BETTY BAUR

HOOLEY woke up at noon feeling dim and remote and other-worldly. As usual it was his head that was affected, and not the Hooley stomach which was characterized by great hardihood. He groaned, squinted at the sunshine on the curtains and reached under the bed. He encountered his jump boots. In time he located a bottle, took a suck, and relapsed on his pillow to await the effects. This, without much originality, Hooley called brushing his teeth.

Before long, his head began drawing closer to his shoulders and then seemed almost part of him. Like a soap bubble filled with that transparent element air, this head was filled with a single limpid idea. Hooley fumbled under his pillow and brought out a new elaborate blond pigskin writing case with a brass clasp. "Captain Theodore P. Hooley" was stamped in gold in the corner. He undid the clasp. Dangling from two small brass keys on a string was a note in a rather wobbly childlike scrawl: "To darling Teddy from his Mary. Think of me."

Hooley held the card between thumb and forefinger. Two things about this writing case occupied his attention. For one thing, that "Captain" et cetera Hooley on the front must necessarily have been put there before his promotion came through, the result of a touching faith. And secondly, Mary had sent the case on the improbable chance that it would get to Washington before he was sent abroad again. Hooley felt stupefied by so much ingenuous trust and love. He reached with shaky deliberation toward the night table and took up the phone.

"I want to send a telegram," he told the plaintive Southern belle at the switchboard of the Pulaski Hotel, "a telegram to Mrs. Theodore P. Hooley." Hooley repeated the name three times and spelled it twice. He proceeded at the same rate of speed to give Mary's Chicago address and the message: "Will phone you at midnight tonight love Ted."

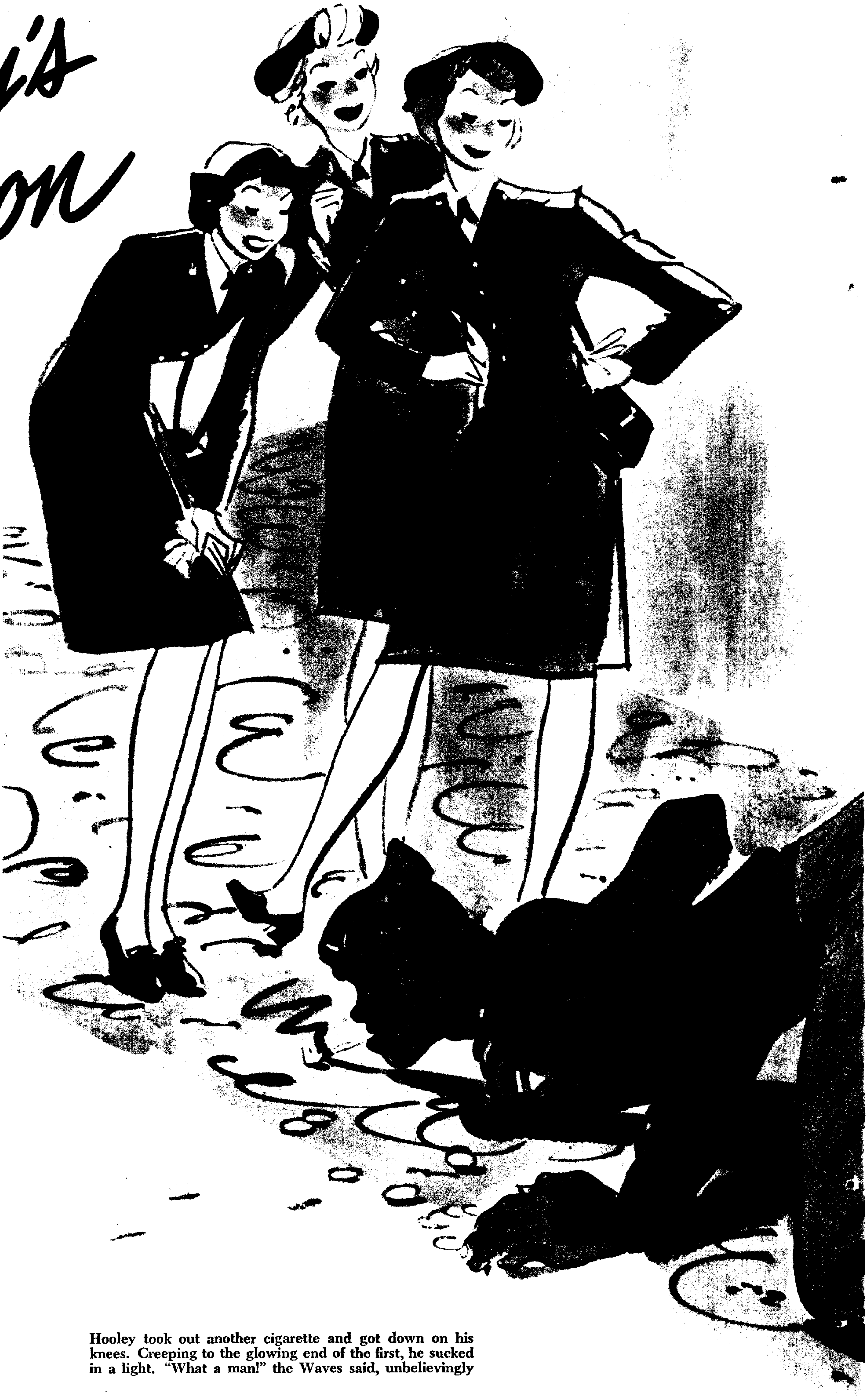
Hooley replaced the phone carefully and sank back. Midnight in Chicago meant one o'clock in Washington, D. C. Promptly at one o'clock tonight, whatever else happened, he would talk to his darling, his Mary, his bride of three weeks. He had made it midnight because it was Saturday and she might be out to a late movie with her sister. He stretched and scratched.

The phone rang. Hooley stopped stretching himself and looked at the instrument, offended by the unseemly noise. Eventually he picked it up. It was Ira Q. Jackson, another two-day-old captain who had also just completed thirty days leave at home after taking part in certain heroic and desperate events in France, Belgium and Holland.

Hooley, tender thoughts of Mary in Chicago evaporating as his restless fancy turned elsewhere, chuckled.

"Well, if it isn't old Doctor I. Q.! What a night we had! Boy! What a night!"

Captain Ira Q. Jackson, equally jovial, informed Hooley he was proceeding with caution via the elevator to the bar downstairs.



Hooley took out another cigarette and got down on his knees. Creeping to the glowing end of the first, he sucked in a light. "What a man!" the Waves said, unbelievingly

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

"I'll get there as soon as I can," said Hooley, "but first I've got to fix up my baggage. I'm going out to live at the barracks tonight. So don't expect any miracles of rapidity."

Jackson assured Hooley he was in no condition either to witness or perform miracles. He hung up.

Hooley began preparing to face the world. In his outfit he was generally referred to as "The Hair" because there was so much of it, black and curly, on his chest and shoulders. Also black eyebrows almost met over his nose. His complexion on the other hand was pink and white and gave his face a fresh innocence that he was quite aware of and which naturally he deplored. Now Hooley shaved this unsatisfactory face, and his image in the glass wore a pained expression. Then he secured his trousers nattily at the top of his jump boots, and transferred his ribbons and decorations to a blouse just back from the cleaners.

At length he emerged in the downstairs lobby of the Pulaski, glittering with knife-edge creases and polish, the only evidence of his latest drunk a certain puzzled expression in guileless eyes. He moved from elevator to cocktail lounge with the economical springy ease common to most paratroopers, almost a dance in its swifter manifestations.

CAPTAINS Jackson and Hooley settled themselves and ordered oysters to be brought, two dozen apiece. After they had eaten them in companionable silence, Hooley remarked dreamily, "I like the ice they come on, too. It cools my eyes to look at it."

"Yeah," said Jackson, "you certainly hung one on last night. On the boat coming home I thought you said when you got married you were going to reform. Martin is the only one who ever did better than you and he ended up you know where."

"In the Walter Reed in a strait jacket," said Hooley. "That boy just doesn't know when to stop. But last night doesn't count," he added. "I had a reason. What I've been through in the last forty-eight hours shouldn't happen to a dog. Two days ago I thought I'd bring Mary to Washington until my new orders came through. What happens? Telegram comes. Substance of telegram is to get to Washington as fast as I can. I hardly have time to kiss Mary goodby. I get here yesterday morning. The major's not even in his office. That Wac corporal—cute little tomato—never heard of me. I wait. At ten o'clock, the major comes back. He's glad to see me, but plans have changed. I'm de-alerted. I go to the Pulaski. I hardly get settled when telephone rings. I'm alerted again. By lunch I'm de-alerted. I'm alerted again the middle of the afternoon and at six o'clock they say, 'Might as well make yourself comfortable. You'll be in Washington two more weeks. You're only number two priority.' "

Jackson groaned. "You're kidding."

Hooley was enjoying an order of chicken chow mein. "So naturally I got stinko. Who wouldn't?" Then he became meditative, almost tender. "But in another way I'm absolutely a reformed character."

"Yeah?" Jackson thought he knew what Hooley was referring to, and he was politely suspicious.

"Yeah." Hooley fixed Jackson's eyes sternly. "If you think I'm going to cheat on Mary, you're nuts. That's a thing of the past. Absolutely."

Jackson looked reasonably convinced. "I'm glad to hear it," he said.

"No, sir," reiterated Hooley, "I'm not doing any cheating on Mary. Furthermore, I'm going to phone her tonight at one o'clock sharp. And by the way, I'll need some change for that call because I'll be checked out of here by then. How much have you got?"

Jackson emptied his pockets of eighty-six cents in change, twenty-one cents of it in pennies.

Hooley pocketed sixty-five cents, leaving Jackson the pennies.

"Thanks," he said.

Immediately after lunch, Hooley paid his bill at the Pulaski and, collecting his belongings, started out in a taxi for the barracks, a former swank country club.

"I'll be back around four," he told Jackson. They were going to a movie. Later they would collect some of their friends and have a big dinner. Then he would call Mary.

"Got change for a dollar?" Hooley suddenly asked the taxi driver. He pocketed the change with satisfaction, and as they drove through the shabby outskirts of Washington, he fondly imagined Mary's appealing voice with its hint of a lisp. It had such a darned breakable sound, it turned his heart over. He would never do anything to hurt Mary if it killed him.

THE first shape that Hooley's cooling eyes lighted upon when he came into the immense clubhouse dragging a barracks bag was that of Knocko Wulsky. Knocko could not be missed, even by eyes not entirely clear as to their function, like Hooley's. Knocko's shape was one of those immutable facts of life, two hundred pounds in weight, distributed through six feet two inches, topped with bright yellow hair and equipped with the arms of a gorilla.

"Knooo-ck-ooo!" shouted Hooley. He dropped the barracks bag and took a running dive.

"I'll be a post-office stove if it ain't The Hair himself." Knocko had been educated at eight universities and he often sounded surrealist.

They thumped each other wildly, wrung each other's hands and bellowed.

After all, Hooley had thought Knocko was dead. They had trained together in the States, they had beaten the British Commando school together, they had "gone in" together. Only Knocko had never come out, as far as Hooley knew. Missing in action had been the story. But not all the story.

"I flew home while you were wallowing across on that lousy boat," Knocko explained. "I got a bottle upstairs," he added, "and the bed next to mine is empty. You better move in with me. As usual Uncle Knocko taking care of 'ittle 'Ooley." He leered affectionately.

Hooley and Knocko spent a long time in shiny tubular armchairs, their feet on a Tudor window sill, killing the bottle and exchanging experiences. The afternoon sun moved slowly across the imitation oak in a luscious watermelon streak.

The story of Hooley the Great, Hooley the Magnificent — a captain in the paratroops, with a pocketful of change, some unexpected leave, and romance in his heart

Finally when the main points had been covered and the bottle was almost dry, Hooley recollected something. "Knocko, I've got some real news for you." He withdrew his feet from the window with an air of virtue. "I'm a married man."

Knocko's enjoyment of what he took for a piece of Hooley whimsy was unbounded. He slapped his thighs, kicked his feet in the air, and roared like a bull. He then offered Hooley another drink.

"Tha's a pip," he said.

Hooley exerted his will power and tried to concentrate long enough to convince Knocko. But Knocko's limited imagination was soundly reinforced by stubbornness.

"Where's the marriage certificate?" Knocko fixed baby-blue eyes on Hooley, an expression of cunning triumph on his square, handsome face. "You just wouldn't do such a thing, Hooley, you ol' wolf."

Hooley was furious but not convincing. "My wife's got the marriage certificate. Okay, you wait. I'm going to call her up tonight in Chicago and you can talk to her."

"All right, all right." Knocko considered himself cold sober, and as such, bound to humor his friend's fanciful delusions.

Hooley subsided resentfully. "Damn' thick-skulled Polack," he confided to his glass.

Knocko grinned like a man who has secret information. He watched Hooley with maddening superiority.

"Will you believe old Doc I. Q.?" said Hooley. "He's at the Pulaski. He'll tell you. He saw me make out the allotment."

"Oh, sure," said Knocko, "of course."

At Hooley's insistence they eventually decided to return to Washington and the Pulaski Hotel, and find Captain Ira Q. Jackson. But Jackson was not at the Pulaski and nobody knew where he was. And as it was Saturday the banks were closed and Hooley could not get any change. Finally he announced that he knew a source of chicken feed at the Beecham, an elaborate hostelry near by.

Knocko thought about this new idea for a long time, allowing it to sink gradually so that it wouldn't disturb him too much.

"Fine. So you go to the Beecham. But I'm going, too." To himself he mumbled earnestly, "Gotta take care of Hooley."

When they at length entered the Beecham, neither could remember why they had come.

"Take it easy," Knocko murmured, as they came to the top of the four or five steps down into the main lounge.

Hooley looked about him with satisfaction. To the casual observer they appeared merely two well turned-out paratroopers taking their time, for reasons best known to themselves. But in Hooley's brain, all these palms in tubs got mixed up with tropic strands and Dorothy Lamour. A sea of easeful places to sit, with bellhops like floating lily pads, undulated before his eyes.

"Now I remember," Hooley said brightly to Knocko. "Change. I want some change."

"Yesh," responded Knocko, and he put a soothing hand on Hooley's sleeve.

ON THE couches and armchairs near at hand sat businessmen and congressmen in dark suits and white shirts, too many to be counted. They held their overcoats and their brief cases on their knees. Some were reading newspapers. All were waiting, waiting. For what? Appointments? Rooms?

Hooley gave them a careful scrutiny. "Executive zoot-suiters," he sneered. "I'm damned if I'll ask them to change five dollars." He pulled out a crumpled bill and waved it at Knocko.

Then through the dream sea of palms and mirrors Hooley spied a military oasis. His heart swelled with gratefulness and recognition. Two British colonels were sitting side by side on a love seat. Each of them was calmly, gently, proceeding through a newspaper from front to back.

Hooley, alight with a feeling of military brotherhood, made toward them, the five in his hand. One of the colonels had a very plump, pink face and a magnificent head of thick white hair. The other was tall, sallow and wore glasses. The pair had the settled amalgamated look of couples married for thirty years.

As he neared the domestic tableau, Hooley felt a hand on the tail of his blouse, and Knocko's thick and agitated voice demanding, "Hey, where do you think you're going?"

Hooley sprinted up to a rocking stop in front of the two British colonels.

"Beg your pardon, sir, sorry to disturb you, sir. . . ."

The white-haired colonel put down his paper and looked at Hooley with china-blue eyes. The thin one with glasses peered over the edge of his paper suspiciously.

Hooley opened his mouth and had just time to wave his five out in front of him when he was propelled smoothly away from the love seat and out of the hotel on a ground swell of garbled apologies emanating from Knocko. He heard Knocko bleat in his ear, "Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." He felt grieved, misunderstood and frustrated.

It was not until much later, away on the other side of town in a pitch-dark cocktail lounge done in the nautical style, that they fell over Captain Ira Q. Jackson and a selection of their friends. The reunion—after all, it seemed years since they last met—was gaudy and prolonged.

When everyone had subsided, Hooley emerged with a dim, eager look and thrust himself forward. He proceeded to make a quick canvass, collecting everyone's change. He distributed bills in return. No one knew who came out best in the deal, and Hooley still could not remember why he had wanted change in the first place. But he did order a

(Continued on page 99)

D. C. FOWLER

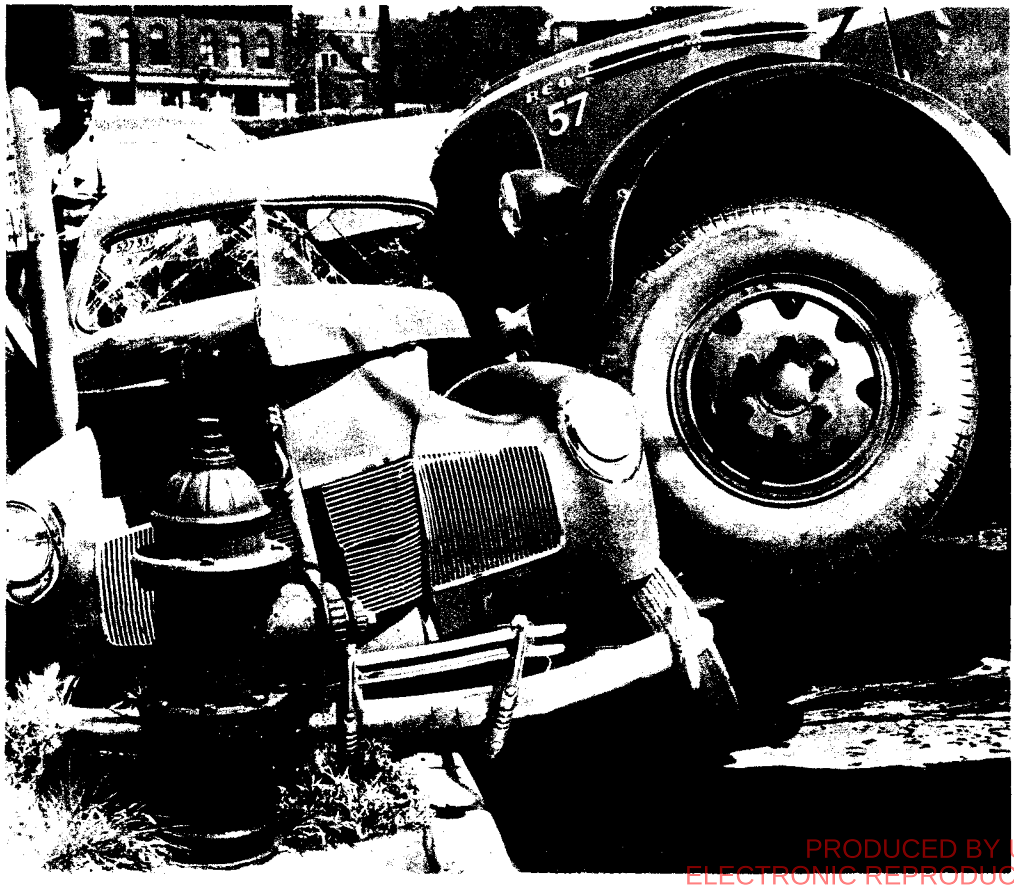
On these two pages are pictures of automobile accidents. In some of them people were killed or injured. They are happening all over the country every hour of the day

Since the War ended, the accident problem has assumed the proportions of a national emergency, with the number of deaths and injuries constantly increasing. A clear-cut over-all program is needed, and such a program exists. In this article the president of the Automotive Safety Foundation, one of our most noted safety experts, outlines the program and calls for a co-ordinated national safety effort to be mobilized under the leadership of the President of the United States

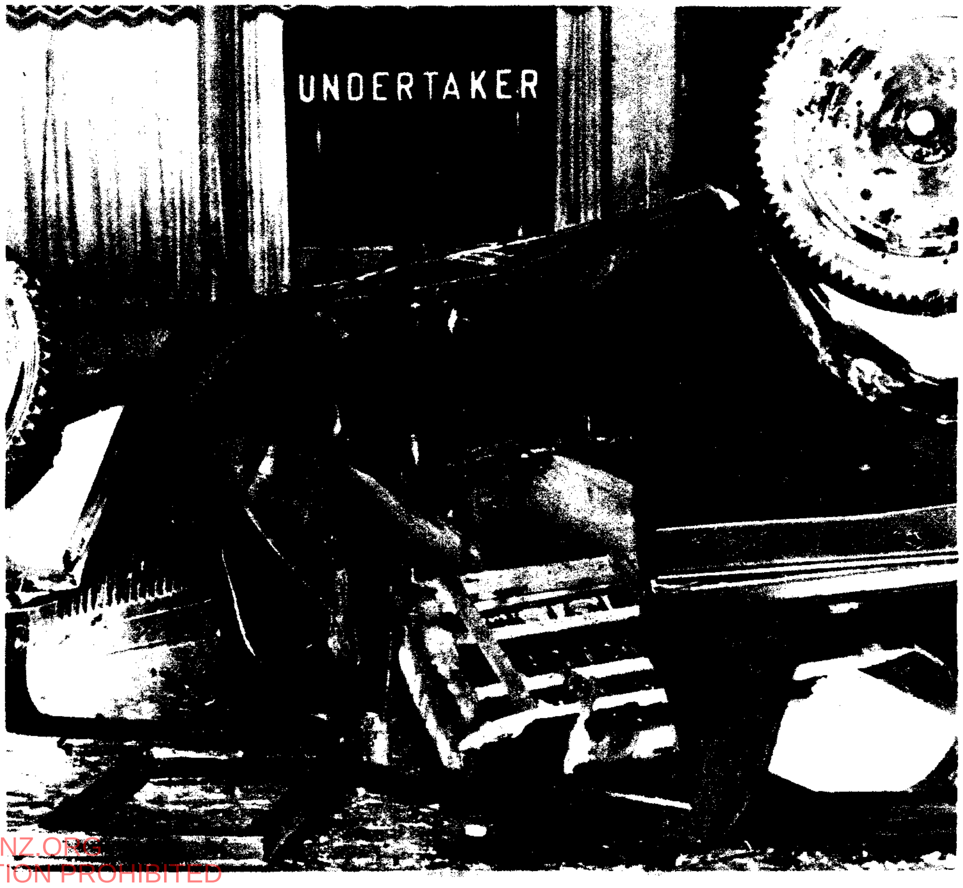
DEATH RIDES THE HIGHWAYS

BY PYKE JOHNSON

JOHN L. GARDA



NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL, INC.



H. J. Brunnier, president, American Automobile Association: "At no time during the American Automobile Association's decades of traffic-accident prevention work has the probability of an unprecedented toll of highway fatalities and injuries loomed so ominously as it does today. A conference sponsored by the President of the United States could do much to focus attention on what is becoming a critical national issue and would undoubtedly lead to a more determined attack on the job now."

Ned H. Dearborn, president, National Safety Council: "The immediate rise in traffic accidents after V-J Day has turned forecasts about 'postwar traffic' into cold, unpleasant fact. This national emergency can be met only by energetic, co-ordinated efforts of officials, civic organizations and the entire public, under the highest possible leadership."

Herman A. MacDonald, president, American Association of State Highway Officials: "Collier's, as usual, has again scored in its attempt to shock the nation into sane, careful and safe motor vehicle operation. The nation needs to be shocked, for death and human agony wait with grim uncertainty on every highway in the land unless this warning is heeded. Let's drive this warning home!"

C. J. Joyner, Jr., president, American Association of Motor Vehicles Administrators: "Congratulations to Collier's for a constructive and hard-hitting article on a problem of growing concern. Motor vehicle administrators will especially appreciate the support given here for greater uniformity among states in regulatory laws and procedures, which is one of the major objectives of our association."

General D. C. Draper, president, International Association of Chiefs of Police: "If we are to realize the full economic and convenience value of free motor vehicle transportation to the public, the police and every organized agency must join in a never-ending effort for traffic safety. The President of the United States has demonstrated his understanding of this need. With his sponsorship, united action as suggested cannot fail to produce real results in traffic safety."

FILL 'er up!"

Of themselves, these are innocuous words. But as spoken happily by millions of American motorists when gasoline rationing ended, they marked the beginning of a major disaster. Within the next year 10,000,000 people will hear the sickening sound of crumpling fenders and bumpers, the rending crash of two masses of steel hurtling together. For nearly 40,000 of them it will mean agonizing death, and for many, the horrors of fire. For almost 1,500,000 it will mean blood and broken bones, hospitalization, grief and remorse, loss of time and property. Thousands will be maimed and shattered beyond repair.

The casualties on the streets and highways of the United States, in this single year, will exceed those of any war in American history; the number of dead will probably be at least as great as were killed, on the American side, in any single battle. Safety experts predict that there will be at least as many fatalities as in the peak accident year of 1941, last year of so-called "normal" driving, when automobiles killed more than 39,000 persons and injured about 1,400,000 others.

Even during the war years, though the curve in general was downward, almost a third as many Americans died in automobile accidents as fell in battle with the Germans and the Japanese. And last spring, as more gasoline became available and more ancient cars came out of storage, the death curve began to ascend. March, 1945, produced more fatal accidents than March of 1944. So did April, May, June and July. In August of this year, when wartime driving controls were lifted, the curve shot upward in earnest—deaths were 26 per cent higher in number than in August of 1944.

All the factors of "a slaughter grim and great" are present and operating—plenty of gasoline, overage cars, thin tires, worn brakes, inexperienced and out-of-practice drivers, broken pavements, highways and bridges in bad condition, and depleted police and highway patrol forces which are unable to enforce the traffic laws adequately. To these may be added the impalpable factors—the incurable carelessness of thousands, the curious but common assumption that accidents can only happen to someone else, and the fact that few automobile drivers have any conception at all of the enormous power of the vehicles they steer so nonchalantly along the roads.

Too many motorists approach the problems of driving a car with the attitude of the young Massachusetts schoolteacher who bought a new automobile and a few days later drove it into a tree. Her dealer asked her how it had happened.

"Really," she said, "I have no idea. I was reading at the time."

The vintage of the automobiles in service today is something for us to tell our incredulous grandchildren about. Half of them are 1938 models or earlier. That makes the average age approximately eight years, or double the prewar average. Thirty per cent are ten years old or older. And although the manufacture of new cars has been resumed, it will take several years to replace all the overage vehicles now in the traffic stream.

The Toll of Mechanical Defects

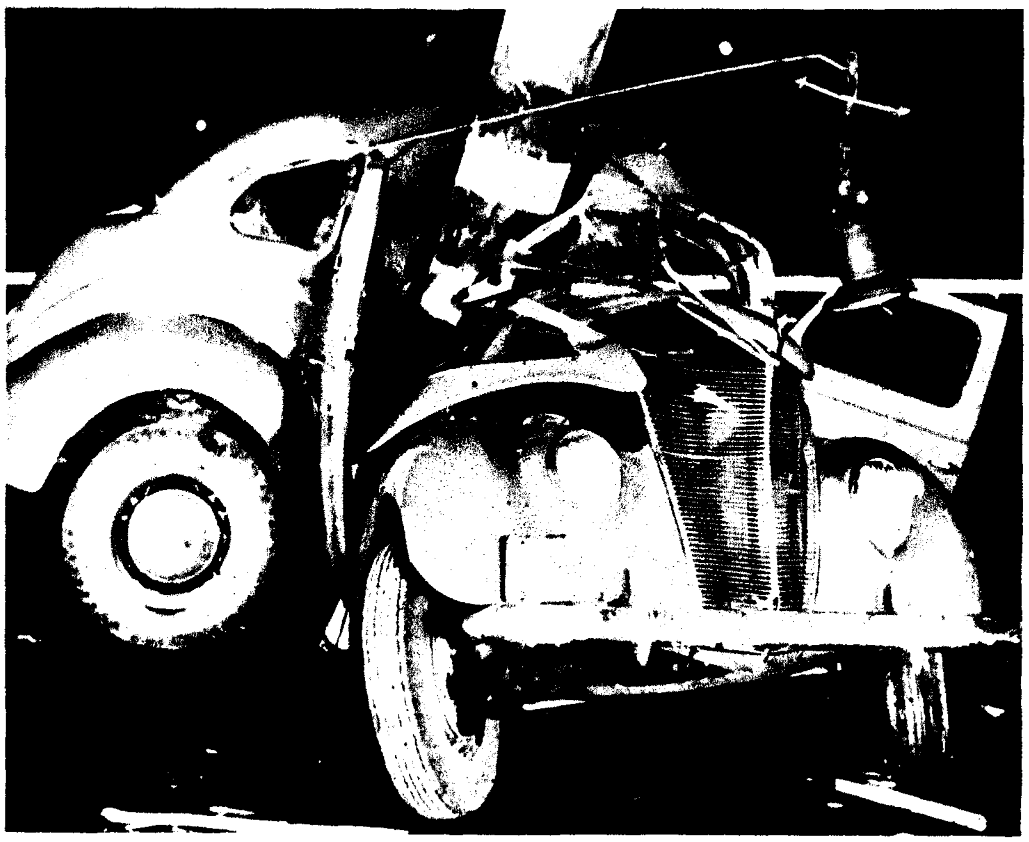
It is of course true that the age of an automobile is not necessarily an index to its safety. But a great many of the cars which survived the war are not in good mechanical condition; it has been difficult to keep them in good shape because of the shortage of manpower and repair parts. During a six-weeks period last spring, state and local police checked 1,800,000 cars, and found that one in every seven had brakes which failed to meet minimum safety requirements. In 1941, eight per cent of the automobiles involved in fatal accidents were reported to have mechanical defects. By the end of 1944 this percentage had gone up to 17. This year it will unquestionably be even higher.

Trucks and passenger cars stalled along the highways testify to the seriousness of the tire situation. During the Labor Day week end this year, the Connecticut State Police counted 381 cars, most of them with blowouts or other tire trouble, parked on the Merritt Parkway alone. Motor clubs and garages are flooded with service calls. It is a rare automobile that doesn't have at least one recapped tire.

These are all unpleasant facts, and so are many others which any motorist can supply from his own observation. And they add up to an accident problem of enormous size and pressing importance, involving tens of thousands of lives, hundreds of thousands of injuries, and billions of dollars in economic loss. Everyone agrees that something must be done. But what? Well, we can begin by remembering that traffic accidents *can* be prevented. Sound and effective techniques have been developed and tested repeatedly in state and community safety programs. We can have just about as much traffic safety as we really want and are willing to work for.

But only an aroused public can get the job done, and the public can be aroused only if it can be made to understand that the

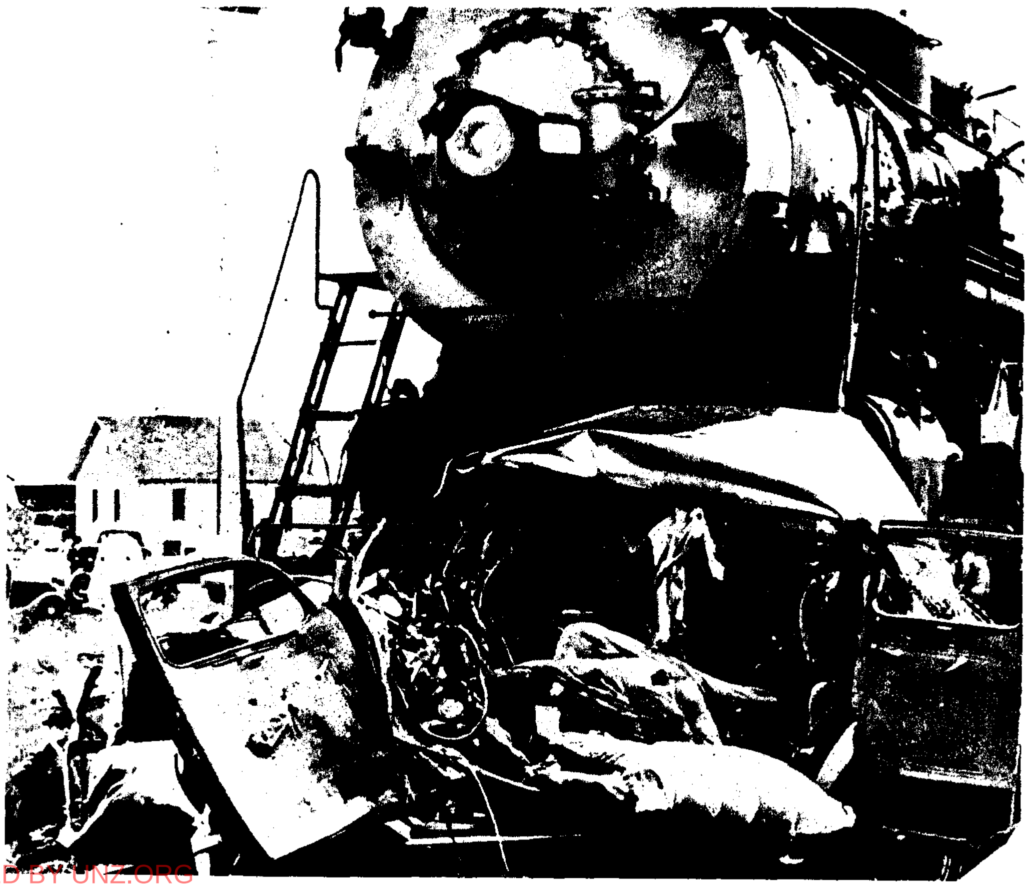
(Continued on page 86)



NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL INC.

INTERNATIONAL

NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL, INC.



The Hollywood version of what the customers found in dance halls on the old Santa Fe route is played by Angela Lansbury

The Return of Miss Harvey

By Jim Marshall

The West's favorite waitresses, many of whom served again in wartime, at last get a well-deserved break on the screen

DURING the Pacific war hundreds of thousands of service men and women, shuttling between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, were fed and sped along by kindly, gray-haired women who, twenty, thirty and forty years ago were famous all over the country as Harvey Girls. Now that the war is over, these same women are working at trackside eating houses as the boys and girls come home from the Pacific.

Back in the old days they were the trim, white-aproned waitresses who fed travelers over the old Santa Fe Trail, when trains made meal stops three times a day.

There never were more than a few score Harvey Girls at any one time, but the turnover was so great that thousands of Western wives today are proud that they once belonged to the army of young Easterners who went out into the "Wild West" for $17.50 a month plus board and room. For this they worked usually a 12-hour day, seven days a week. Many of them were walked to the altar by lonely cattle barons, miners, tradesmen and railroaders, and taken out of circulation.

In the years between, hundreds of these girls have settled down to raising families, running civic clubs and becoming community leaders. Now, scores of them have come back to be Harvey Girls again, feeding soldiers and sailors as some of them did in the first World War.

Old-timers, riding the rails today, sometimes talk over the old days with "Miss Harvey," recalling the fabulous food and elegant service available at a score of Western train stops, and for a few dimes. Passengers proceeded across the prairies and through the mountains and over the deserts at a sedate rate, pausing every few hours to stuff themselves in the leisurely manner prescribed by Fred Harvey himself.

Mr. Harvey had a rule that no passenger ever was to be afraid that the train might depart without him, and dining-room managers walked solemnly up and down among the eaters, intoning the glad news that there was no hurry.

The original Harvey Girls were lured into the West by means of want ads run in Eastern newspapers, calling for "young women of good character, attractive and intelligent, aged 18 to 30." The good character requirement was lived up to. At their stations the girls lived in dormitories under the stern eyes of matrons and spent their days under the direction of a headwaitress, known as the "wagon boss." They had to be in by ten o'clock each night, but there was usually a dance one evening a week, a barrel at the door being provided for weapons which were not allowed inside.

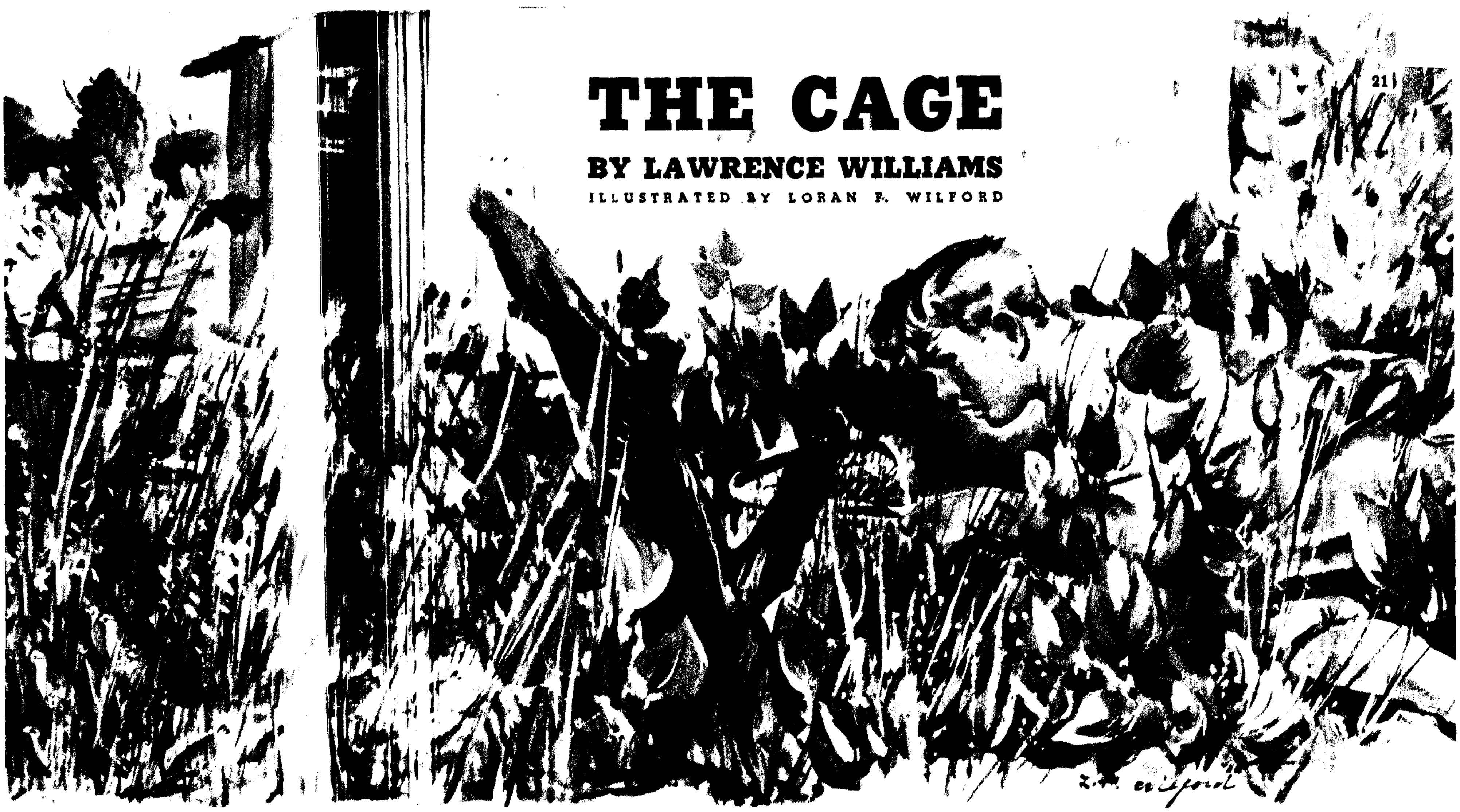
(Continued on page 98)

Judy Garland, as a Harvey Girl, guards the meat supply in a scene more appropriate to 1945

THE CAGE

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY LORAN F. WILFORD



PERHAPS for Joey Filbrook [illegible] was nine years old, the angry, bi[illegible] rel between his father and his b[illegible] was hardest to bear because it was no[illegible] ar-rel. Joey had no part and wanted [illegible] in it, but he had to live with it. He [illegible] ally heard them quarreling, too, a[illegible] he was not supposed to have heard [illegible]

It was one o'clock in the afte[illegible] on the seventh day after Gordon Fil[illegible] d returned from the Army to his fat[illegible] m, and Joey was walking past the cow [illegible] ith his frogging net, on his way to the [illegible] nd to catch some specimens for his [illegible] From inside the barn Joey heard h[illegible] rs deep, usually calm voice speaking [illegible]

"Look at this equipment, Gord[illegible] el Filbrook was saying. "You've got [illegible] me-chanical bug in your ear. What [illegible] be more up-to-date mechanical equip[illegible] an this? A farm isn't a thing you r[illegible] a mule and a forked-tree plow any [illegible] A farm is a highly specialized business"

Then Gordon's voice spoke, a little [illegible]er, thinner in tone than his father's, re[illegible]ful, yet stubborn. "I know that, sir," he said.

"Well, then?"

There was a pause before Gordon spoke again, as though he were searching for different, more explicit words to say better the thing he had been trying to say for these last days. "It's not that I don't respect farming," he said at last. "It's . . . it's just that while I've been away I've learned a different trade a skill, that I want to do more than anything else." He stopped, then with a shadow of pride in his voice, "Radio telegraphy is a pretty highly specialized business, too, you know."

"Then you still feel the same?"

"I'm sorry, sir," Gordon answered. "Yes."

Then Joey saw his father stride quickly from the barn, walking toward the farm house, his eyes staring hard at the ground.

Presently Gordon came out into the bright sunlight, and saw Joey standing in indecision.

"Hi," Joey said, smiling as though he hadn't heard anything.

GORDON glanced at his brother absently then said, "What are you going to do with that net?"

"I'm going to catch me some frogs over at the pond." Joey hesitated. "Do you want to come with me, Gordon? There's quite a lot of good frogs over there now."

Gordon looked up the path which led from the cow barn to the house, and turned back to Joey. "All right," he said.

They walked in silence away from the barn and across the adjacent pasturage. Finally, as though it were up to him to make some conversation, Joey said, "I guess you're thinking about going away again nowadays."

Gordon looked at him sharply. "If you heard what we said, you ought to know." Then he looked down and spoke differently. "Yes," he said. "I'm thinking about going."

Joey's net hissed through the air and severed the heavy stem of a mallow weed. "Where're you going to?"

"Kansas City, Chicago maybe. Some city."

"What is it—better to live in a city?"

"I think so. For me, anyway."

Joey kicked a stone out of his path and watched it skit across the ground. He said, "I like it all right living here." Suddenly his eyes were caught and held. He clutched Gordon's sleeve. "Look, Gordon!" he whispered. "Don't move. By the pond."

AT THE water's edge was a small brown band of quail. There were ten or twelve in all, trotting nervously to and fro with quick little steps. Five of the quail were chicks, no more than a month out of clutch. They were wonderful small creatures, not scrawny and bald, but perfectly formed miniatures of the grown quail. Gordon said, "For heaven's sake, it's just a covey of quail, Joey."

"No, no, Gordon! Look. The little ones!" Joey whispered. His voice trembled with excitement. "There's a whole family of little ones! Help me catch some, Gordon. We could catch some!"

"How are you going to catch them?" Gordon said doubtfully.

"In my frogging net," Joey whispered. "I could catch some of the babies. Help me catch them, Gordon."

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "All right. What do you want me to do?"

Joey held his small body tense to stop its shaking. "I'll sneak over to the other side of the pond on my belly, see, and when I get there you throw a rock out in the pond and scare them over, see? I'll head them off."

"All right, you go on," Gordon said. Some of Joey's excitement had transferred itself to him, and he crouched noiselessly down on the ground to wait.

Joey made a wide circle around the pond, then lay silent in the high mallow weeds. He could see Gordon rise and cock back his arm to throw, but the quail saw him, too. Instantly they set up a wild twittering and scurried up the bank toward the weeds where Joey waited.

The leader of the quail, a big brown cock, saw Joey first and sounded his warning call. At once the hens obeyed it and veered sharply, but the little quail were confused. They ran in formation, zigzagging crazily first in one direction then in another, but never breaking ranks. Joey leaped to his feet, his face flushed with excitement, and ran after them.

When he was only two yards behind them, the little quail took a sharp, inexplicable turn to the right, almost a backtrack, and Joey had only to jump three quick steps sideways to stand in their path. As they tried to pass him he dropped his net. Tangled in the mesh were three of the little quail.

"I got them!" Joey shouted. "Look, Gordon, come and look! I got three of them!"

Gordon was already running around the pond. He grinned down at Joey. "Well, I'll be!" he said.

Joey stared at the three fluttering, twitting birds in wonder. "Look how little they are!" he said breathlessly.

In the fenced yard behind the house they met Joel Filbrook. "I'll put them in an empty orange crate for now," Joey explained, "and then I'll build them a swell cage."

"All right," Joel Filbrook said. "That sounds fine, Joey. I'll help you if you like."

"That'd be swell, sir," Joey said. He knew that a cage he would build himself would only be moderately swell, while Joel Filbrook could fashion delicate and exquisite objects with his farmer's hands.

"Well, shall we start?" Joel said. Then there came into the air a curious tension because it was plain that the Filbrooks could not deal with even a trivial problem as a group. Gordon and his father stared at each other and the discord was in their faces.

Finally Gordon dropped his glance, and said, "I'm going in the house. I have some work to do." He strode around the building and let the screen door clatter shut. Joey and his father walked to the barn.

As though he were speaking an apology, Joel said, "We'll build a fine cage, Joey."

Joey fetched an orange crate from the back stoop, carefully transferred the quail to it and set it in the shade just outside the barn door. When he got back, his father was already at work.

Joey watched critically all afternoon, and the sun hung red on the edge of the westerly pasture by the time Joel Filbrook eased himself down onto a sawbuck to show that the work was done.

It was better than any store cage. The slender upright bars were made of dried willow cuttings, stripped and carefully whittled to a uniform size. The pine floor was strong. The door had on it a delicately carved wooden hasp. The whole thing was slightly elevated on legs so as to protect the little quail from snakes and weasels. Joey and his father carried it outside and set it close beside the orange crate.

Joey lay silent in the high mallow weeds. He could see Gordon, but the quail saw him, too. Instantly they scurried up to where Joey waited

Joey's hands trembled in his excitement. "I'll get them out, sir," he said softly.

"All right," his father said, "but be careful. They're quick."

JOEY knelt down in the dust and cautiously lifted the edge of the orange crate. In the gathering twilight he saw no more than three fleet brown streaks skit across the open yard before it was too late. He cried out sharply and leaped to his feet, but he could see only some gently stirring brush beyond the house.

He turned wildly to his father, and on his face was blank incredulity. "They got away!" he cried. "Did you see, Pa? I only lifted up the edge a little bit, just a little tiny bit, and they got away!" Joey's desolate eyes fell on the beautiful cage. He began to weep, just a little at first, then in heaving, shattering sobs.

Joel Filbrook drew the boy to him, and spoke gently. "I know, Joey," he said, "but it won't do any good to cry."

"But our cage!" Joey sobbed. "They never got to live in our swell cage we made."

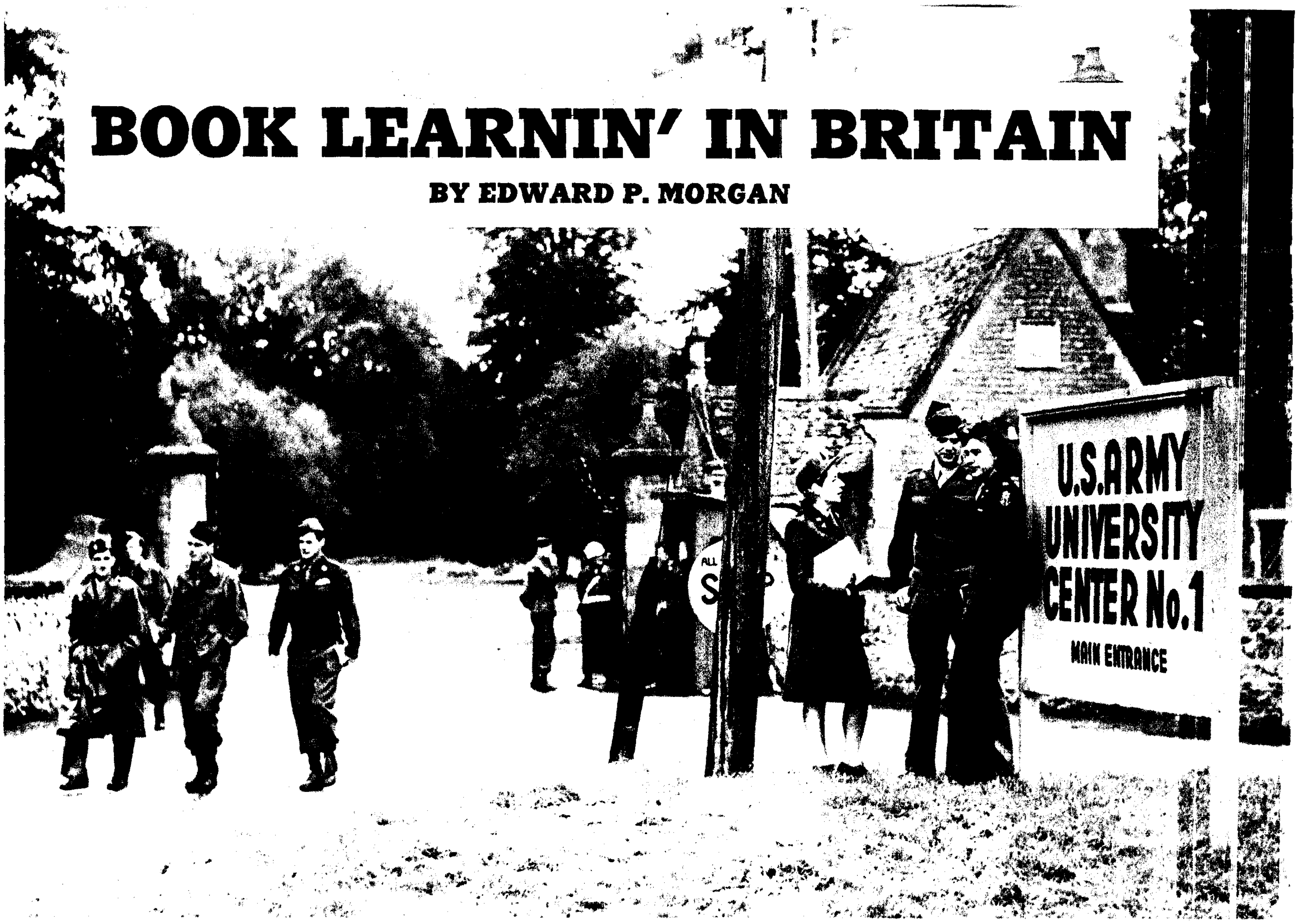
"Yes, it's a nice cage we made," said Joel. He held Joey against him for a long time, letting him cry and not saying anything. Finally he said quietly, "You'd better go in the house now and wash up for supper." He gave the boy his handkerchief and smiled at him. "Oh, and, Joey," he went on, "ask Gordon to come out here if he has a minute."

After the boy had gone, Joel sat down again on the sawbuck to wait. He swung his foot idly and it touched the cage. He swung it again, harder this time, and two of the willow stems snapped. Then Joel continued to swing his heavy farmer's boot without passion or violence at the cage he had fashioned so tenderly, until he had destroyed it.

a short short story complete on this page

BOOK LEARNIN' IN BRITAIN

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN



Occasionally a group of students will stop at the main entrance of the school for a chat, but usually they are too busy for such frivolities. The courses are pretty tough. Also, the school is in the heart of some very historical country, and the students like to make frequent trips to the many places of interest

In the Shakespeare country the Army has established a school where G.I.s and officers can brush up on their education and make tangible plans for a civilian future

THE corporal's amazement was vivid and profound. "Heck!" he said, addressing a neat formation of red brick buildings framed in a green and yellow lacework of autumn trees. "This can't be the Army. Nobody pushes you around."

He gazed lazily across the campus grass to the rolling English countryside that Tom Brown knew in school days gone by. Like a small boy savoring a lollipop, his mind licked at the sweet fact that for him there would be no K.P. duty, no rifle to clean, no drill to stand.

He tucked his notebook under his arm and started up the cinder path toward the mess, remembering that tonight his Shakespeare class was riding over to Stratford on Avon to see Othello, and that Sunday he had a date to see some sights and a blonde in Oxford. He gave a passing major a casual, starchless salute that would have hardened the arteries of a second lieutenant, and the officer responded, smiled and said, "Hi, Joe."

A doughfoot's dreamland? No; it's Shrivenham, Berkshire, in the heart of England, technically catalogued as U.S. Army University Center Number One (AUC), where a soldier can come for an eight-weeks refresher course modeled after a university summer session.

Shrivenham is part of the Army's elaborate education program. You might call it a sort of human reconversion plant, where is started the delicate process of changing the machine back to the man. Here a soldier can begin to taste again the lovely liberties of civilian life and tune his brain once more to the wave length of a self-propelled individual. It is an expensive but interesting experiment, designed to help a G.I. pick up his education where the war interrupted it, to guide him back into the habit of study so that, whether he is waiting his turn for a transport home from Europe or sitting out a longer assignment with the Army of Occupation in Germany, he can do something tangible now about his civilian future.

The kind of thinking and planning he is doing at this scholastic way station should prove invaluable aid to the experts, military and civilian, who are trying to make the soldier's transition back to normal life as smooth as possible. The G.I. represented here is above the average because he must have a high-school education, or its equivalent, to get in. But the type of American soldier reflected in this student body makes it plain that civilians will have to adjust themselves to him far more than he to them.

The war has made him wise in many ways, surer of himself than he ever was before, and fiercely demanding of a purpose to life. Far from cockily knowing all the answers, however, he realizes now that he knew too few. And that is precisely why he is at Shrivenham.

If the soldiers were astonished, albeit suspicious, at the lack of military S.O.P. (Standing Operating Procedure) at Shrivenham, the Army and the imposing staff of civilian instructors were incredulous at the students' response to the program.

"The Army couldn't believe that a lot of these cookies came here for anything but a lark," Elmer T. Peterson, Iowa State University's dean of education and ranking civilian dean at AUC, remarked after watching registration last August 1st. "But they are so serious it hurts," he added.

The men not only get to their eight o'clock classes on time; they get there early, revolutionizing an American undergraduate tradition. Instructors turn in daily class attendance records but most of them found roll call unnecessary because absences were so rare. Students pestered the engineering section into opening its laboratory at night, so they could work at their drawing boards overtime.

The library, once a mess hall, literally has S.R.O. in the evening, and at almost any hour it is difficult to find a vacant chair; you often see a student sprawled on the floor, his books spread out in front of him. After two weeks, one English instructor reported that there had not been a single soldier without his assignment prepared; some messed it up pretty badly but they tried.

Soldiers in the Classroom

The atmosphere of the place is charged with kinetic energy. As you move around the campus, a feeling of excitement seems to rub off on your shoulders and tickle the back of your neck. It is an excitement born of release from the necessary handcuffs of Army discipline. It is a vibrating thrill generated beneath the breastbones of 4,000 youngsters of college age who came here not under Army orders, but because they wanted to come.

The good dry smell of books, the grating whisper of a piece of chalk across a blackboard, the bullfests, the whole stirring atmosphere of school again—all the things they never thought they would miss until they were taken away seemed to make them quiver with eagerness, like setters on the first day of the pheasant season.

A morale problem may arise when a soldier finishes the eight-weeks term and returns to his unit. After a transitory taste of semicivilian life, he may suffer a sharp letdown if he has to wait a long time before shipping home, or if his job in the Army of Occupation cannot be steered around boredom and frustration. The experts in the Army's I & E (Information and Education) Branch say they have anticipated these difficulties, and that a man can continue his studies in correspondence courses or command schools.

The AUC at Shrivenham is a specialized piece in a broad pattern of instruction by which the War Department hopes to salvage a large part of the "lost generation" of service men and women of high school and college age, whose scholastic training has been in a state of suspense for four years.

The Army expects that in the European theater alone more than a million and a half soldiers will use some part of its education program before returning to the U.S.A. A million of these are attending command schools where they can learn almost anything from reading and writing to college sophomore chemistry. One of these schools is organized for every 1,000 men, in other words on a battalion level, staffed with specially trained officers and enlisted men.

Then through the United States Armed Forces Institute, a sort of super correspondence school, a man may take courses by mail, prepared by the War Department. USAFI also will help him get extension courses from his favorite college or university. Enrollment in these combinations may be half a million in Europe.

Arrangements have been made, as well, to send a limited number of G.I.s to several of the leading universities in England and on the Continent, including Oxford, Cambridge and the Sorbonne, for both regular and short courses. Certain groups of soldiers will even serve apprenticeships in selected civilian industries in Europe, for specialized training.

Shrivenham comes under the following simple, succinct heading: "Army University Study Centers and Centralized Technical Training Schools Branch of the European Theater Education Program." (The technical training part includes carpentry, photography, mechanics, etc., offered in a separate school unit.) Enrollment at each University Study Center is limited to 4,000. When one

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PLANET NEWS

Prof. Charles W. Hendel, of Yale, heads the Department of Philosophy

Soldier students line up for lunch in a dormitory dining room unromantically called "Watson West Mess." Officers and enlisted men eat in the same room but at separate tables. Kitchen police duty is performed by German prisoners of war

eight-weeks term ends, the men go back to their outfits, and a new student body moves in.

The enrollment maximum is divided among the various Army units in quotas proportionate to their strength. Term schedules and course lists are posted on Army bulletin boards and published in The Stars and Stripes. Soldiers interested fill out applications giving their educational background and studies they want to take. Then the men to go are selected by the unit commander and his I & E officer.

Authorities admit this system is far from perfect and they are trying to improve it. It depends heavily on the discernment and energy of the CO and his education man, qualities which vary widely in individuals. During the first term at Shrivenham AUC, a Navajo Indian appeared in an advanced Shakespeare course. His basic intelligence was keen and his enthusiasm unquestioned, but he had to drop school because he had only a grade-school knowledge of English. He should have been piloted into elementary courses in a command school in the first place.

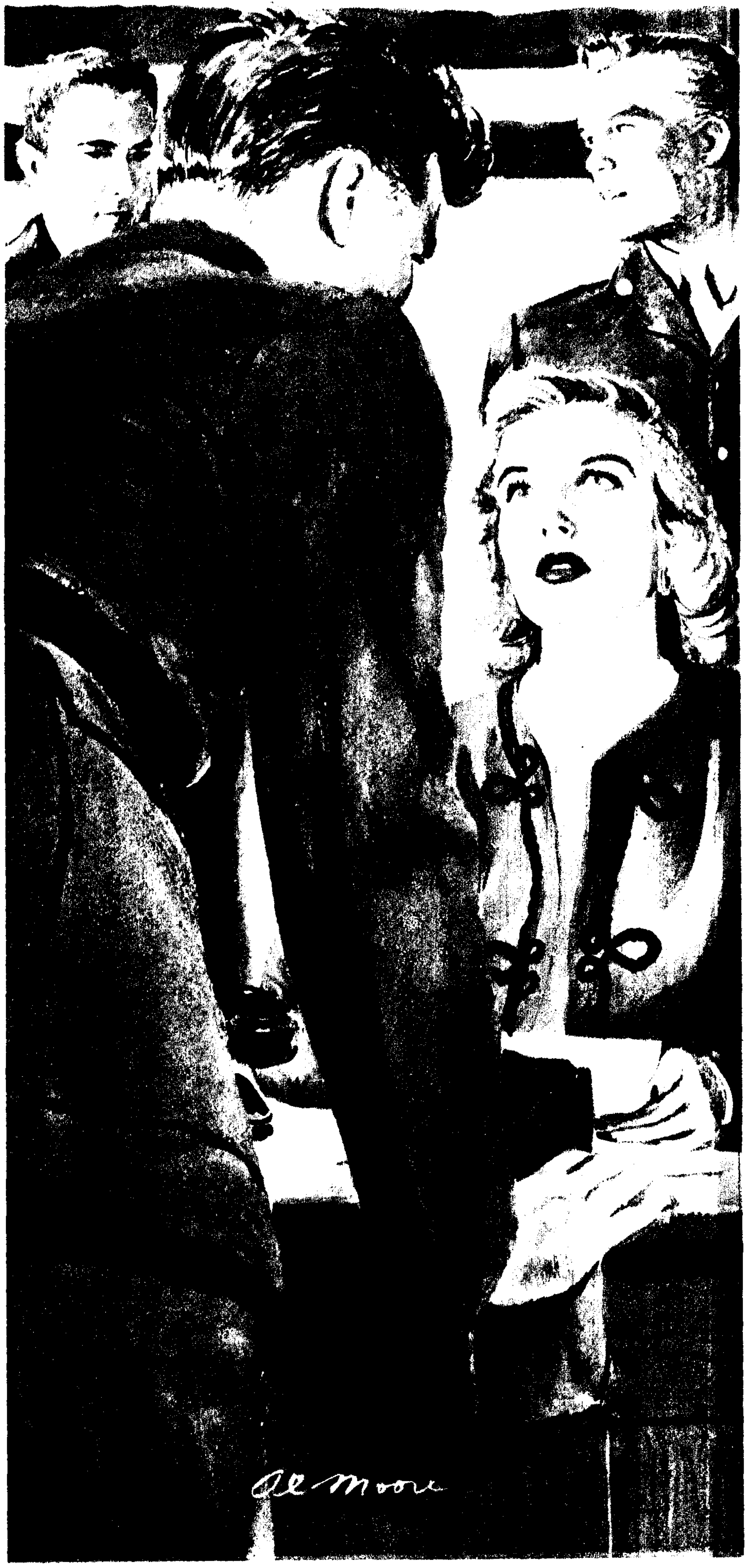
AUC Number Two is in Biarritz, France, near the Spanish border, and a similar project was drawn up in Florence for troops in Italy. Biarritz boasts an alarmingly idyllic setting but it cannot match the plant or the historic surroundings of the school at Shrivenham. This school, on the edge of Shrivenham village, is twenty miles from Oxford, within a comfortable bus ride of Stratford, and lies in the middle of the White Horse Vale country where King Alfred repelled the Danes. Not far away is the land of King Arthur's legends, and Stonehenge with its strange monuments of the Neolithic age. In neighboring Uffington, Tom Brown's schoolhouse stands, and on the campus itself is a manor house once owned by King John, who made some history at Runnymede.

(Continued on page 34)

Below, eager students hurrying from their barracks down the "long walk" to early classes. The time is 7:35 in the morning

Give Us Tomorrow

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING



"What did you do before you went into the Army?" Ellen asked a boy with a challenge in his eyes. "I was just a kid then," he said. "I worked in a drugstore. I'm more competent now. I can handle a bigger job"

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

The Story:

Although Peter Wymark had anticipated conflict when he promised his fiancée, Ellen Desmond, that he would take back his old job in her father's company after he got out of the Army, he had not foreseen the failure and disappointment that now threatened his career: Ellen's father, Jay Desmond, who had hoped that his daughter would some day marry Bob Lindley, prepossessing young assistant superintendent, resented Peter's engagement to Ellen, and refused to tolerate Peter's active collaboration with Joe Lacey, a politician who was promoting a bill which would lead to more jobs for veterans. Every chance of advancement seemed blocked by the company, marriage to Ellen began to look impossible, and when Desmond succeeded in bribing Lacey to withdraw his support from the veterans' bill, Peter reached the end of his rope. Determined to continue fighting for his convictions, he arrived late at a party Ellen was giving in his honor, told Desmond off, then received another blow: Ellen, having just heard Violet Clyde, attractive divorcee whom Peter had met in London, claim that she was going to have a child, and, unaware that the father was wealthy Lewis Hewston, greeted Peter by openly asking him if the child were his. Hurt and infuriated by her doubt, Peter refused to answer Ellen's accusation, walked out of the house, determined that he would never see her again. . .

Conclusion

Jay Desmond mumbled a casual good morning to his daughter. In the second that his newspaper was lowered for a look at her, he saw that she was dressed to go out. Clinging to that little job at the Veterans Service Bureau, he thought, to keep herself busy.

She was having a rough time no doubt. But far better now than later. Desmond was glad that she had broken off the affair with Wymark when she did, for it never would have worked out. Give her a little time and she'd get over this.

But somehow his mental argument didn't convince himself.

"How are things going?" he asked. "Finding plenty to do with your veterans?"

"More than plenty. And it's hardly started to be a rush yet."

His curiosity got the better of him. Anyway, he wanted to have it out in the open between them. No use pussyfooting around a difficult situation. For more than two weeks they had been avoiding the subject.

"Have you heard anything from that fellow Wymark?"

"No. I don't expect to hear from him."

"I suppose his conduct made a lot of talk around town."

"I haven't been listening."

"You're absolutely right. These things blow over."

He didn't like Ellen's expression. The snap had gone out of it, he told himself, clumsily trying to analyze the loss of the glowing delight in living which had made her so beautiful on that day when she had met him and Peter Wymark at the club. The look she wore now reminded her father uncomfortably of women quite differently placed. He'd seen it on young widows adjusting to a lonely life because they had to, on girls who had stopped looking for men.

"How would you like to go away for a trip, Ellen? To get a little change of scene?"

"I'm not in a mood for playing. What I need now is good hard work, and lots of it."

"You wouldn't necessarily have to play. I was thinking that you might find something you'd like to do in New York. A change always gives a person a new slant on things."

"New York is already full of girls trying to hide out like that."

"What do you mean, 'hide out'?"

Ellen smiled at her father as if she saw through him. "Isn't that what it would be? Hide out until the gossip blows over? I suppose I could find some job there that wouldn't do any harm. But I'm certainly not needed in New York. What I'm doing here isn't very much right now, but I like it. And I'm pretty good at it because I've lived here all my life and know the city. I'd much rather not run away unless you really mind having me here. Or feel disgraced because your daughter didn't hold her man."

The words came out with an unmistakable scorn for herself, and Desmond put down his cup with a clatter.

"I'm damned glad you aren't holding on to that fellow!"

"Are you?"

"I don't know what went on between you. Of course, he was all worked up that night by finding out that Joe Lacey had been making a monkey out of him. But that was his fault. He had no right to take it out on you."

"He didn't. I took things out on him."

"You had every right to be sore. You'd asked a lot of people to meet him in your own house, had the Clyde girl here on your hands—"

"Yes, I did that, too," said Ellen.

Desmond had sometimes wondered in this last week about where Violet Clyde came in. Now he asked, since they were talking about it.

"Is the Clyde girl mixed up in this? She told me that she'd known Wymark before. She's a good-looking girl but I wouldn't trust her very far with a man."

"She's not mixed up in it," answered Ellen.

Definitely not. Violet had told her so next day and given dates to prove it—when it was much too late.

Her father got up from the table. But he wasn't ready to leave. He was lighting a cigar, glancing at her, and he had something on his mind. It had been clarified in these last few minutes.

"Personally I think you're well out of the whole business. But I talked to Kane yesterday, and from what he tells me, Wymark's still on the job. I thought he might walk out but he needs the money, I expect. Would you like me to send for him and talk turkey to him?"

She was on her feet in utter consternation. "Talk to Peter? About me? You wouldn't do anything so horrible?"

"All right. All right. I wouldn't do it without asking you. We'll forget it. But if there's anything to straighten out or you want a man to talk for you, you can count on me, you know."

"There isn't anything you can do. Now or ever."

"It's up to you. I won't interfere." He still hesitated. "But there's just one thing I'd like to say and don't think I'm suggesting anything—"

She made a gesture as if to stop him and then stood there, her hands clenched as if accepting punishment.

"It all depends on how you feel about this young man. You're worth ten, twenty of him! But I've lived a long time and I know there's no arguing with women about men. This Wymark may have something on the ball if he gets squared around. He's got capacity but he's headstrong and cocky. He seems to think he can get what he wants by demanding

(Continued on page 41)

Shining Example

AN OLD FASHIONE[illegible] made with Four Roses [illegible] a shining example of the best [illegible]lity.

For there is no whiskey in [illegible] world exactly like Four Roses

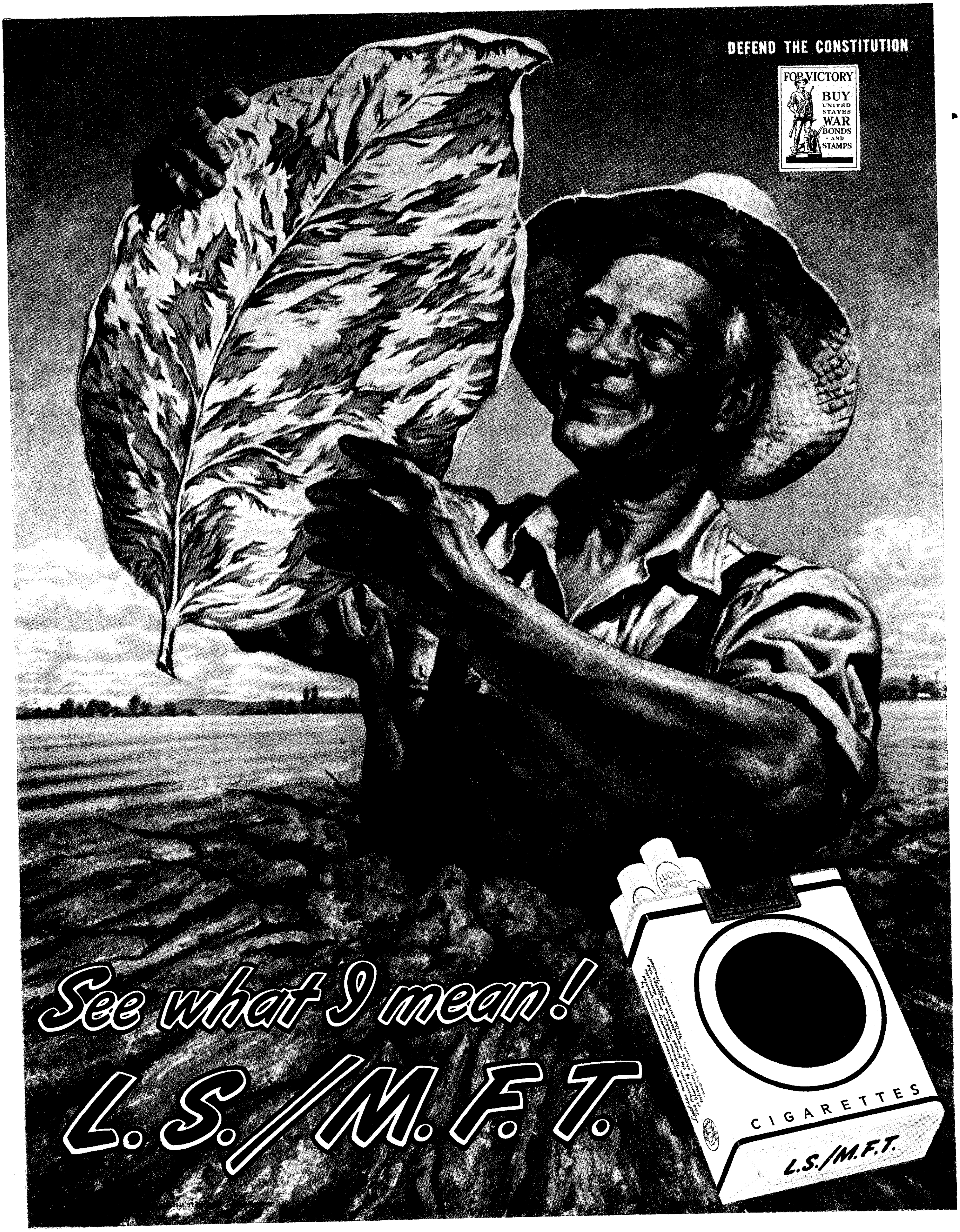
It has—as you'd expect—a [illegible]stinctive flavor...different from other [illegible]skies... mellow and flavorful in its o[illegible] special way. That's because Four Roses is an exclusive combination of specially distilled whiskies.

And of still another thing you can be certain: The superb quality of Four Roses has not been changed in the slightest. It is the same magnificent whiskey today as it was before the war.

FOUR ROSES

Still the same great whiskey
as before the war

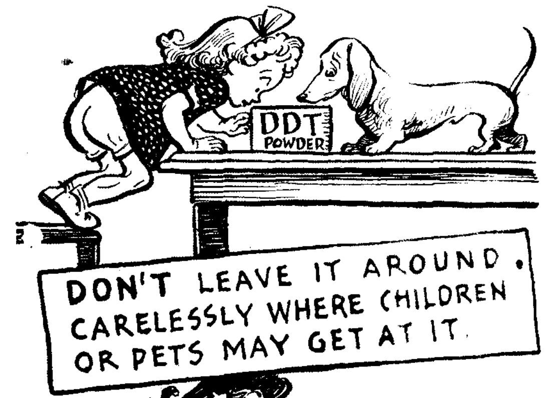
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

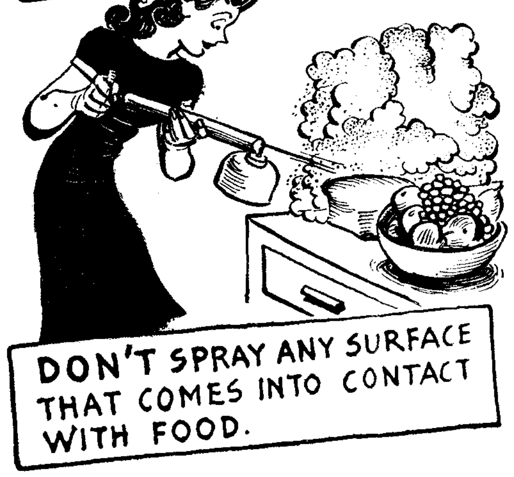

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
See what I mean!
L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

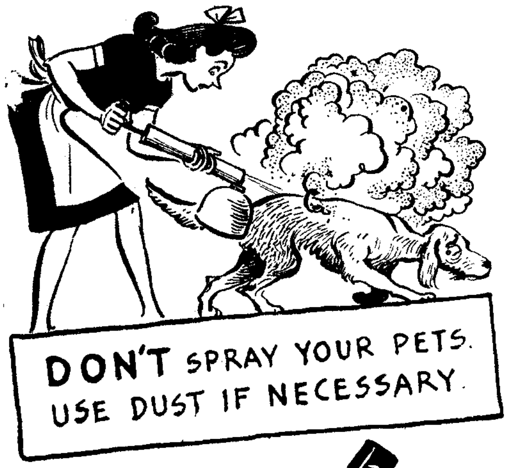
DDT IS NO CURE-ALL

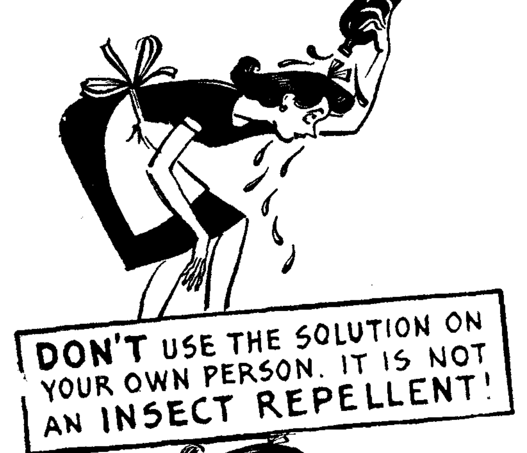
BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

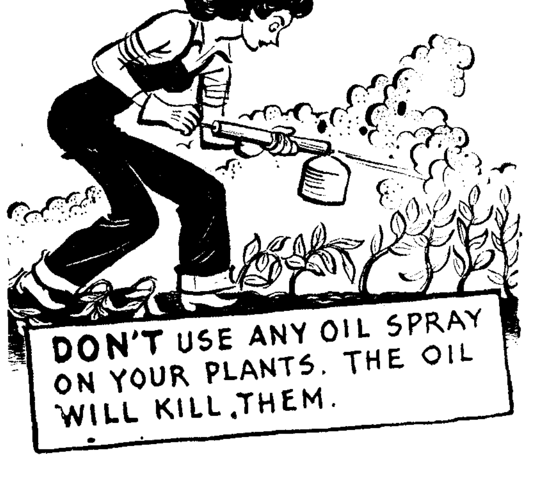
The Army's new insect-killer has nearly every householder pawing the ground in eagerness to buy. Which is all right because it's great stuff; but it has to be used properly and with care. Here's how


DDT POWDER
DON'T LEAVE IT AROUND. CARELESSLY WHERE CHILDREN OR PETS MAY GET AT IT.


DON'T SPRAY ANY SURFACE THAT COMES INTO CONTACT WITH FOOD.


DON'T SPRAY YOUR PETS. USE DUST IF NECESSARY.


DON'T USE THE SOLUTION ON YOUR OWN PERSON. IT IS NOT AN INSECT REPELLENT!


DON'T USE ANY OIL SPRAY ON YOUR PLANTS. THE OIL WILL KILL THEM.

OF ALL the technological and scientific advances tossed up by the war, a combination of chemicals for killing insects has caught more public interest than any other. It's DDT, and so fabled is its prowess, that people have come to expect it will kill on sight anything from dandruff to silverfish, and are raiding the stores for every can that shows its top above the counter.

Even while scientists are still learning what DDT will do as a civilian insecticide, new brands of bug-destroyers are appearing on the market daily with formulas based on it. Customer-harried chemical firms are hastening to add doses of the glamorous new insect-killer to their old products. And some manufacturers who don't have access to DDT are solving the problem by simply adopting similar initials for their insecticides.

Actually, if the insect-troubled public that drank in reports of how the Army wiped out plagues with DDT doesn't learn the facts about this new insecticide and how it should be used, a great many hopeful citizens are in for a big letdown and a waste of their time and money. Furthermore, some of the human beings who use DDT with more zeal than knowledge may become victims of its toxic powers sooner than the insects.

DDT is a fine, whitish powder with a tendency toward lumps. The initials stand for "dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane," a chemical compound. Don't try to remember that. What you do want to know is that this powder, dissolved in oil or used in dusts, destroys more different kinds of insects than anything previously available, and retains its killing powers a remarkably long time. However, it won't kill as quickly as several other insecticides, and overtones of disappointment already have been sounded because it doesn't speedily slay some hardy house guests like the cockroach.

Its staying power is the big reason why DDT has stirred such public interest. A single application of DDT solution properly applied will continue to kill for weeks and even months. The Army put DDT's long life span to good use on Saipan where thick swarms of flies were choking G.I. nostrils and usurping the chow. Low-flying planes sprayed tons of DDT over the island rendering the land surface for weeks to come as unsafe for flies as it was for Japs.

To make a spray for household use, DDT powder must be dissolved in oils. It is not soluble in water. The Army's favorite recipe for a DDT solution is one part of technical DDT powder (i.e. the standard commercial material) completely dissolved in 19 parts of kerosene (preferably crude). This provides a five per cent concentrate. Also usable as solvents, but not for household use, are fuel or Diesel oil, mineral oil, or even waste crankcase oil.

A multiplicity of prepared solutions are now on the market, some under brand names, others sold simply as DDT. These generally have from two to five per cent concentrate of the death-dealing powder dissolved in refined kerosene. How much DDT concentrate each manufacturer puts into his version appears to depend on his own theories. Those who inject as much as five per cent say, quite correctly, that this will provide a more powerful, longer-lasting residue of DDT on treated areas. Firms making the weaker solutions insist their formulas are safer for the average person to use at this stage of the game, and they, too, are right, since most people insist on applying the material as a fog spray rather than directly to the walls, etc.

Unfortunately, government standards regulating the advertising and representation of DDT are incomplete. Any maker can claim DDT power for an insecticide merely by adding a pinch of DDT to a batch of solvent. For real effectiveness, a DDT solution may contain as little as one per cent concentrate provided it contains an adequate amount of some other effective insecticide.

For general home use, colorless and odorless refined kerosene is a satisfactory solvent for DDT since it does not usually leave stains and has no corrosive effect on walls or wallpaper. Crude kerosene, on the other hand, almost certainly will leave an oil stain.

DDT has a high "kill" rate but not the "knockdown" ability of some other insecticides. A pest must contact it to die from its lethal powers, absorbing the poison through the mouth, feet, proboscis or body. After absorption, DDT works on the creature's nervous system to accomplish its deadly mission. The process may require from 20 minutes to several hours. To clean out pests quickly, people will still have to resort to the standard sprays, or a mixture of quick-acting insecticides such as pyrethrum and DDT.

The point that DDT requires time to kill, emphasizes what has been overlooked in the wave of publicity: that for the average family, DDT is not a panacea. It is simply an accessory—valuable if used correctly—to screens, drainage, and other insecticides.

Among those who know DDT best, chief concern is over its dangers to human beings. The chemical components of DDT affect the nervous systems of mammals like us and our pet dogs as well as those of insects.

"One customer bought DDT to spray on his dog," a manufacturer of a DDT insecticide confided. "I told him 'For heaven's sake, no!' I'm worried that people may do things with DDT like spraying it in a room where there's a baby sleeping."

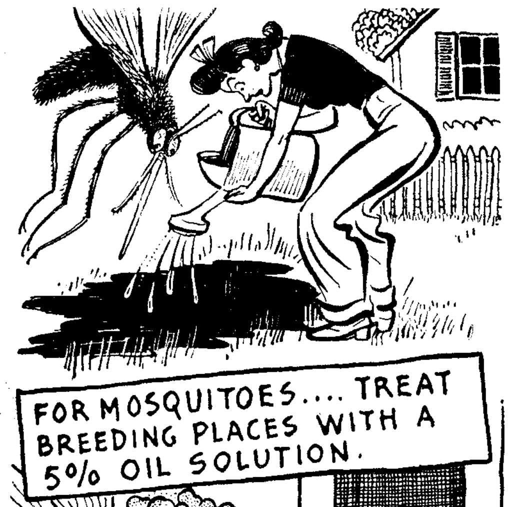
A spokesman for the Food and Drug Administration recently put it to businessmen this way: There have been no reported established cases of poisoning by DDT, but laboratory tests show poisoning is possible. This agency is currently experimenting with DDT on animals to determine what effects there may be from consuming crops sprayed with it, what effect it may have on the skin, etc.

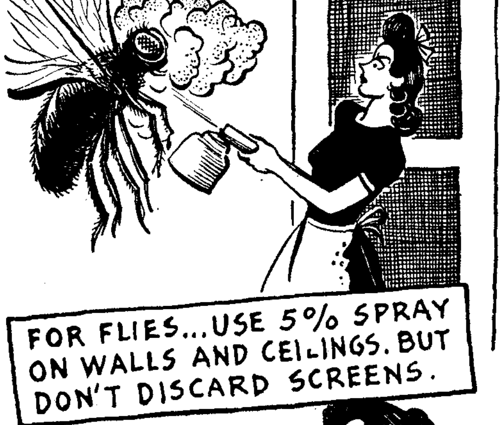
There is no need to become frightened suddenly and shun DDT altogether because of its toxicity to humans, which is low enough to allow general use. The main thing is to know that it is poisonous and adopt the techniques worked out by experienced users. Its most apparent danger is that the powder form is odorless and colorless (some states require coloring of white insecticide powders), and if left carelessly in a kitchen, might find its way into food. Left where children, pets or even adults might get at it, it might be unwittingly consumed.

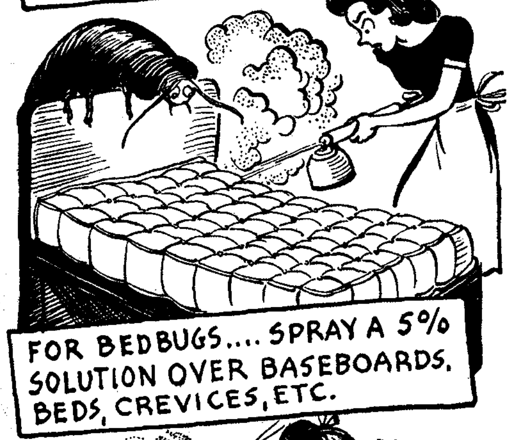
The solution itself must be prepared with care. When using the solution continuously for more than an hour it is wise to wear rubber gloves and a gauze respirator, or just a damp towel, over the nose and mouth. Be sure you don't spray DDT in kerosene on or near an open fire, or with a lighted cigarette in your mouth (the respirator ought to take care of that). And, of course, don't spray or treat surfaces that may come in contact with food. If some of the solution is spilled on the skin, wash with soap and water fairly soon. The powder form of DDT is said by the Food and Drug Administration to be nonirritating to the skin, and less likely than DDT solution to poison human beings.

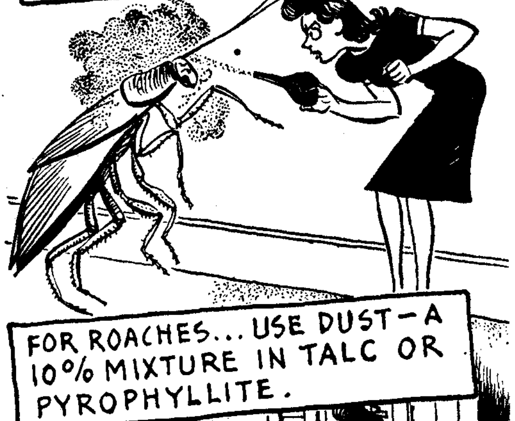
Some of the symptoms of DDT poisoning observed on animals are loss of appetite, nervousness and tremors. Constant use of a kerosene solvent may produce dizziness and

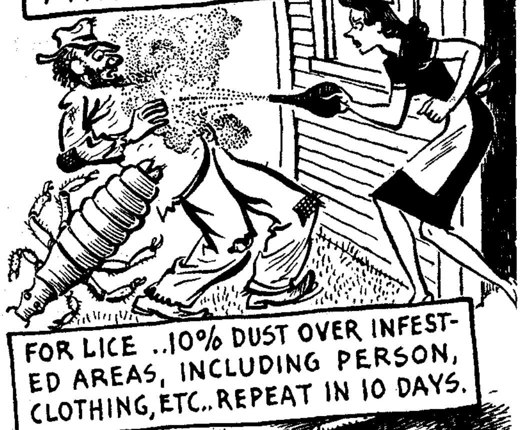
(*Continued on page 57*)

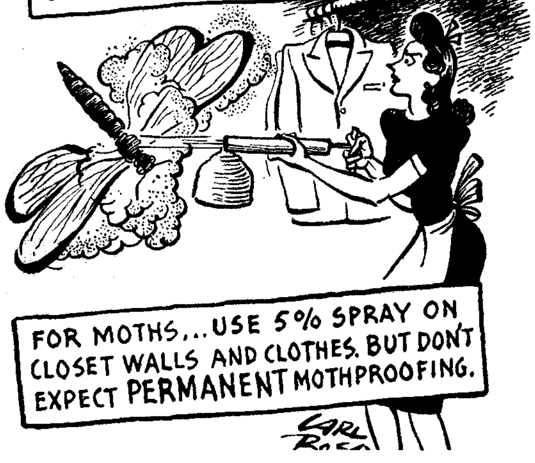

FOR MOSQUITOES.... TREAT BREEDING PLACES WITH A 5% OIL SOLUTION.


FOR FLIES...USE 5% SPRAY ON WALLS AND CEILINGS. BUT DON'T DISCARD SCREENS.


FOR BEDBUGS.... SPRAY A 5% SOLUTION OVER BASEBOARDS, BEDS, CREVICES, ETC.

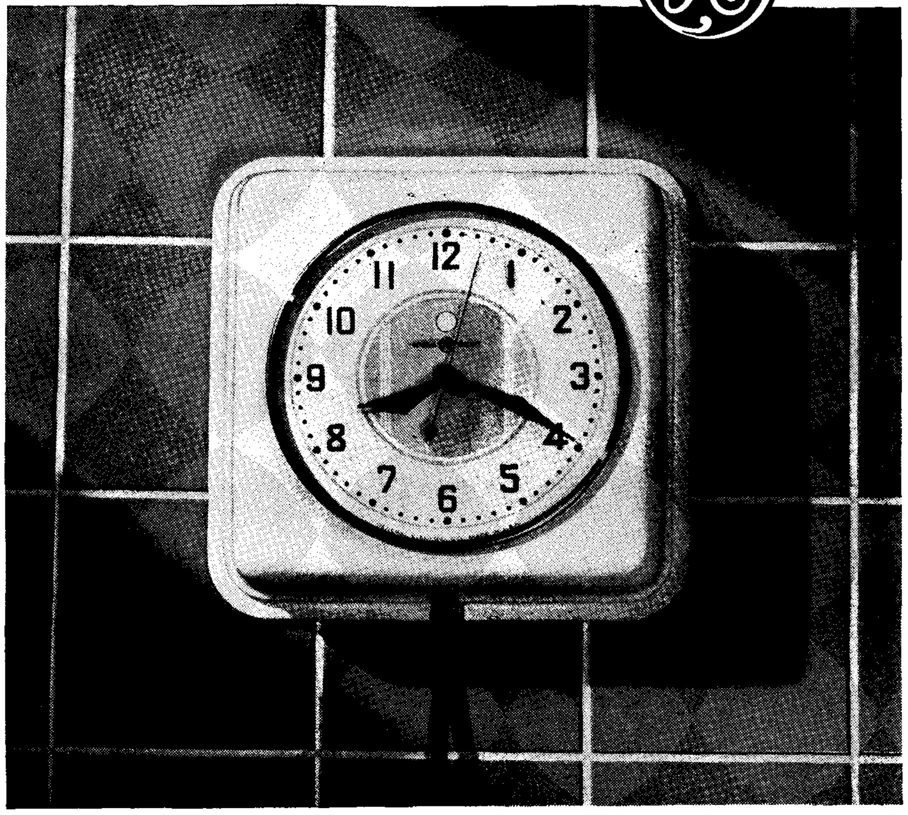

FOR ROACHES... USE DUST-A 10% MIXTURE IN TALC OR PYROPHYLLITE.


FOR LICE ..10% DUST OVER INFESTED AREAS, INCLUDING PERSON, CLOTHING, ETC.. REPEAT IN 10 DAYS.


FOR MOTHS...USE 5% SPRAY ON CLOSET WALLS AND CLOTHES. BUT DON'T EXPECT PERMANENT MOTHPROOFING.
CARL ROSE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

G-E Kitchen Clocks are back!



"Garcon" O.P.A. Ceiling Price, $3.95, plus tax.

On sale again! . . . the dependable General Electric Kitchen Clocks you've been waiting for!

They come in a *range of colors*, red, ivory, green, or white, so you can complement your kitchen color scheme.

RIGHT WITH ARLINGTON!

On time, all the time

These G-E Clocks just can't run fast or slow. The electricity is regulated by your power company to keep *your* clock exactly the same as official Arlington time!

And they have all these G-E features:

- Self-starting mechanism, never needs winding.
- Sealed-in-oil construction requires no oiling.
- Easy-to-read dial, big sweep second hand.
- Extremely quiet operation. Extra long cord set.
- Give accurate service for only a penny a week.

Quantities are limited. If your dealer is out of stock, or can't give you the color you want, be patient . . . he'll have it for you *soon!*

G-E Electric Alarm Clocks also are available now! Ask your dealer to show you the new models. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The New White House Boys

Continued from page 15

but it would have made no difference, anyway. If he liked his caller and the latter was a good listener, Mr. Roosevelt would frequently launch forth on any one of his favorite subjects—ships, sociology, books, odd personalities, public works—and the day's schedule was in for chaos. Pa Watson, who had Mr. Connelly's job, might poke his head in, prepared to do a bit of elegant bowing out, and Mr. Roosevelt was just as likely to wave him back, saying, "Now, Pa, don't hurry me. Ed and I are enjoying each other immensely."

F.D.R. Disregarded Schedules

Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt had never met the caller before. Nevertheless, by that time he was Ed. Mr. Truman is not quite so easily familiar with new acquaintances. Anyway, Mr. Roosevelt's day seldom had much in common with the schedules written by his secretaries.

If eventually Mr. Truman's problems approximate Mr. Roosevelt's in number and complexity, the current peace and tranquillity enjoyed by his secretaries and assistants may be merely pleasant memories. Mr. Truman may not play his aides off against one another, as Mr. Roosevelt liked to do, Mr. Truman being a less complex person. It was not unusual for one of Mr. Roosevelt's fellows to leave the White House under secret orders and presently, after having about finished that particular ground-mole tour of duty, run into one of his associates and discover that the latter had been covering the same assignment starting at the other end. This was enjoyed much more heartily by F.D.R. than by the secretaries.

That sort of thing is popularly supposed to have been started by the late Louis Howe who with Marvin Hunter McIntyre and Stephen Early made up Mr. Roosevelt's first triumvirate. Mr. Early, who held the job now occupied by Mr. Ross, is the only survivor of this original three. Unlike some of his associates, Mr. Early refused to participate in labyrinthian methods. Mr. Early played the game faces up and seemed to get a great deal of honest merriment out of the whispering contests flourishing around him. How long it will last is something else we don't know, but each of Mr. Truman's secretaries and aides seems to know exactly what the others are doing and why.

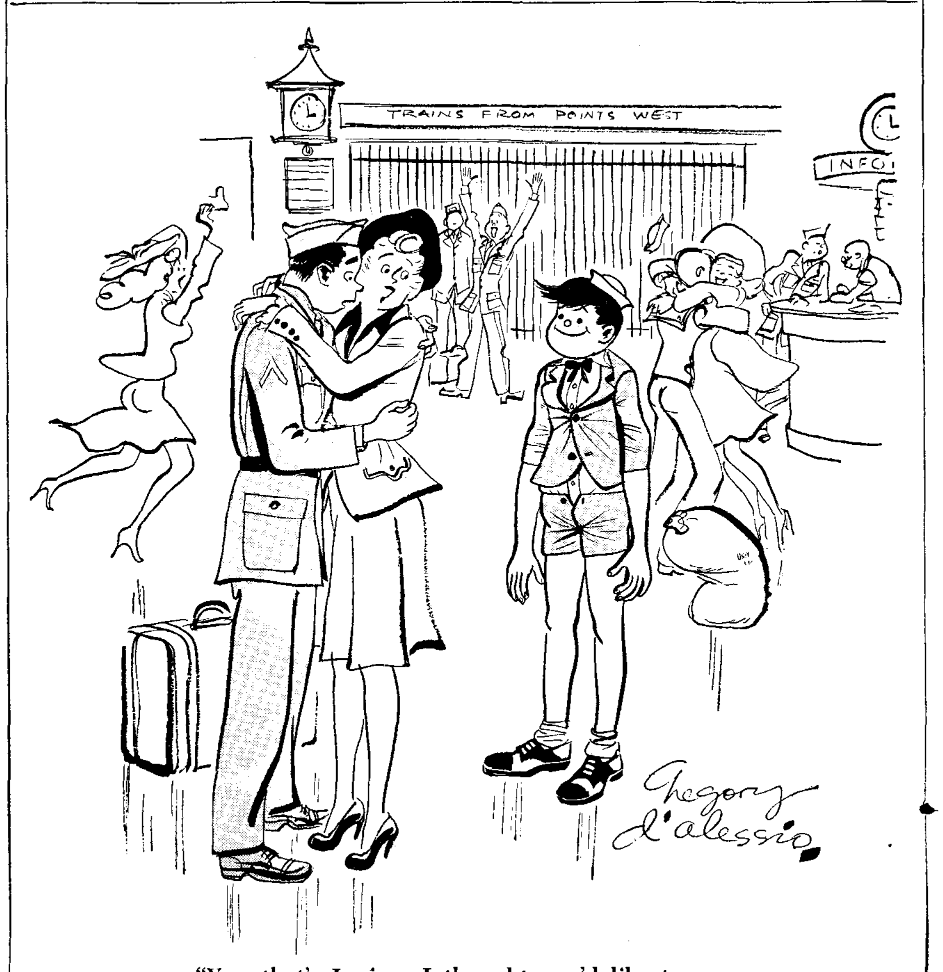
Among a number of things which didn't tend to simplify the lives of Mr. Roosevelt's secretaries, particularly during his first two terms, was the entree to his office enjoyed by so many individuals representing many phases and factions of many causes and movements. They included sociologists, depertist economists, classroom agronomists, youth crusaders and many other hitherto unencouraged insurgents who managed presently to convert the New Deal into a catchall and cause it to burst at the seams. For the most part they were honest folk and well meaning, and many of them, alas, were entertaining, too.

The Elect of the White House

Mr. Roosevelt, eager for fresh minds to contribute to his own broad reforms, liked them even when they showed a tendency toward the harebrained side. At any rate many of them, plugging for their own particular race, creed and reform programs, almost won "the run of the White House." A number of them attained to such personal intimacy with Mr. Roosevelt that some of his secretaries and aides didn't hesitate to upset existing daily schedules at their demand and usher them forthwith into the President's presence. It was due to them that some of the early New Dealers were prompted to complain that what had started as a revolution ended as a run-around.

It's different today. To get in to see Mr. Truman, an aspirant has to have something more than an untried theory to discuss. A sound, practical politician has more chance of getting in than a well-meaning uplifter lacking in practice. You're more likely to be asked "What's on your hands?" than "What's on your mind?" The tendency in the White

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Yes, that's Junior. I thought you'd like to see him as you remembered him three years ago"

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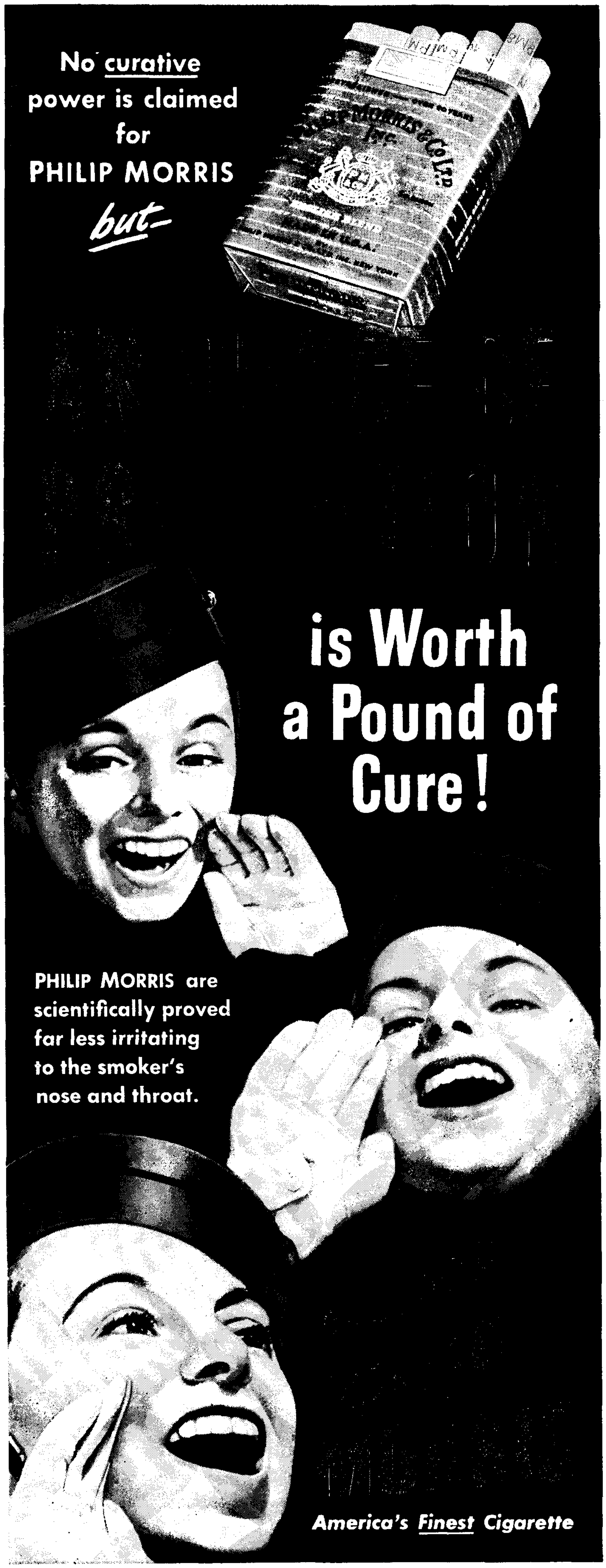
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PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.
America's Finest Cigarette

House executive offices just now is decidedly on the practical side. In granting audiences with the President today his secretaries are not paying much attention to visionaries or special-interest representatives.

In its political processes, too, the White House tends toward the old pre-Roosevelt frontal attack and reliance on the once familiar majority-party solidarity. Observe the operations of Mr. Truman's secretariat for a while and look carefully at his daily caller schedules, and this becomes increasingly clear.

Statecraft for the Masses

For the time being at least, the ideals of the Truman Administration, as demonstrated in the executive offices, are more homely bread and butter than cakes and ale. Anyone who has ever pulled precinct doorbells or held so humble a statecraft post as polls watcher can understand what goes on today in Mr. Truman's offices.

It seems unlikely that Mr. Truman will have on his staff any special legislative agents to lobby on Capitol Hill for his own legislative program. Mr. Truman will do his own lobbying. Washington is already saying that the Administration is being steered by Truman, Vinson and Byrnes.

As Secretary of State, Mr. Byrnes may not be seen quite so often on Capitol Hill. A matter of Foreign Office austerity and dignity is involved. Also, Mr. Byrnes will be rather busy watching the maneuvers of deviously inclined foreign countries, to say nothing of the carefully plotted meanderings of some of the old guard diplomats in his department.

Nevertheless it will take a great deal more than the top Cabinet job to keep Mr. Byrnes out of active Capitol politics. His influence in the Senate is enormous, and what he can do there in behalf of his friend Harry Truman is duplicated for similar reasons of friendship and respect by Fred Vinson in the House.

Mr. Vinson is making it clear that all of his time is not going to be consumed, as Secretary of the Treasury, in scowling down at balance sheets.

Therefore, Mr. Truman, a more conventional politician than Mr. Roosevelt, will do his own lobbying through the firm of Truman, Vinson & Byrnes, and if they need any help, there are always such Capitol Hill powerfuls as Barkley, Doughton and George.

This is not digressing as much as you'd think. It means that in the light of current circumstances, Mr. Truman will not follow the grander manner of dealing with Congress that Mr. Roosevelt preferred. Maybe eventually he will have to go to the people direct, by radio, with his troubles. But there's no sign of that yet. Mr. Roosevelt had several Congress contact men, not members of Congress but in his immediate official family.

Perhaps the most able of these was Administrative Assistant James Barnes, once a member of the House from Illinois and now practicing law in Washington. Mr. Barnes spent much of his time plugging F.D.R.'s ideas in the Capitol. He was well liked, adroit and circumspect, and yet whenever anti-Roosevelt members saw him approaching with his disarming smile they had a tendency toward apprehension.

It was Mr. Roosevelt's way, through other secretaries and administrative assistants, to build home fires under difficult legislators while Mr. Barnes was making the man-to-man frontal attack.

The opposition gentleman from so-and-so might be telling Mr. Barnes that not while he breathed the pure air of a proud, free America would he vote for such a blankety-blank, Socialistic measure. But it frequently happened that before the patriotic gentleman had regained his composure and Mr. Barnes had moved on to his next objective, he began to receive telegrams from the home folks warning him to vote yes—or else. And he usually voted yes, although his love for Mr. Roosevelt was not noticeably enhanced when he read the White House propaganda that built the home fire.

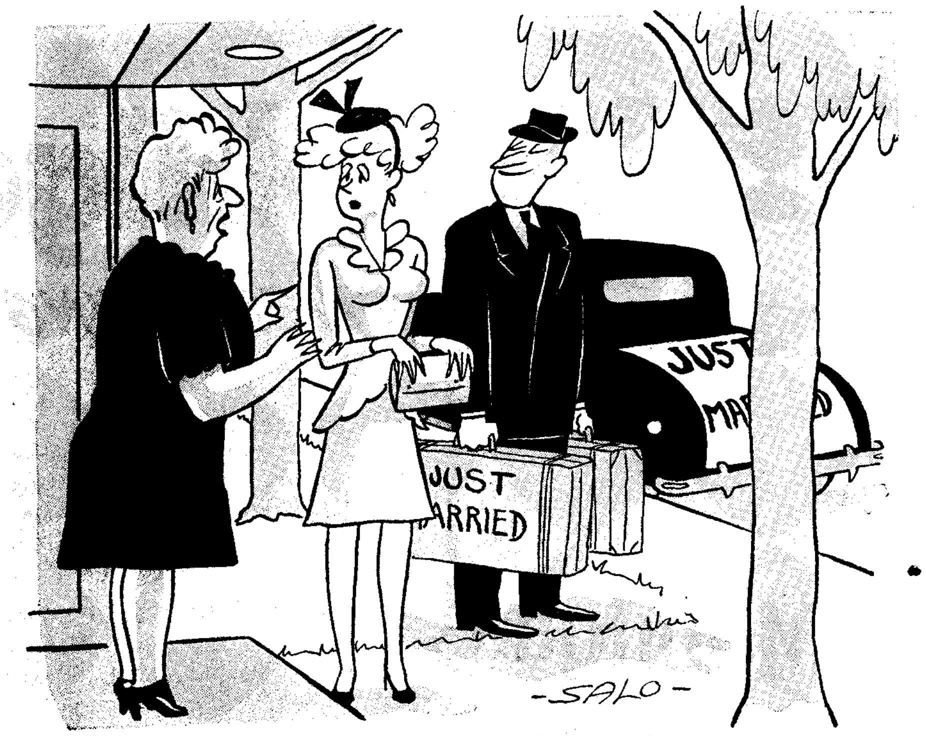
Oratory and Fireside Chats

If mere reading matter weren't sufficient to turpentine the reluctant member into favorable action, Mr. Roosevelt always had a few thick-chested orators to give out in that district with speeches. He wasn't so bad himself on the microphone, either.

The only men who know the whole story of the White House secretariat under Mr. Roosevelt are Mr. Early and Harry Hopkins, and perhaps neither will ever tell it in all its magnificent detail. These details are to be found principally in the assignments given by Mr. Roosevelt to his administrative assistants.

There was the dark, introspective Lowell Mellett, the New Deal zealot who produced propaganda movie shorts and did it well, too. There was Jonathan Daniels, whom Mr. Early fetched in to take over his job. Mr. Early yearned to quit and make a little money in private industry while he was still able to enjoy spending it. But Mr. Roosevelt wouldn't let Mr. Early go, and Mr. Daniels got the frequently ungrateful job of placating the Negro vote when it became dangerously restive. Dave Niles knew all the radicals and the labor crowd, and knew just whom to talk to when a bit of fast talking was strongly indicated.

Another of the first six of the assistants



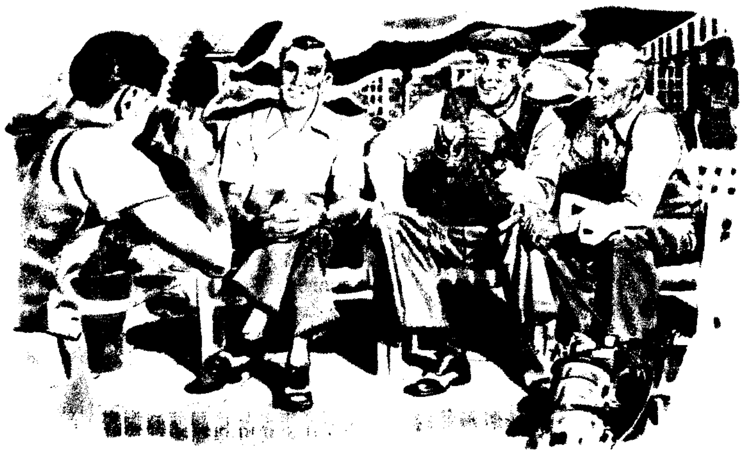
COLLIER'S

"Goodby, dear, and try to make a go of it—your father is going to rent out your room"

SALO ROTH

Candid Camera Color Shots Developed at Home

by Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow



1. Candid Camera fan shooting a snapshot in full color. The big news is that with this coming film he can develop it right in his own home.

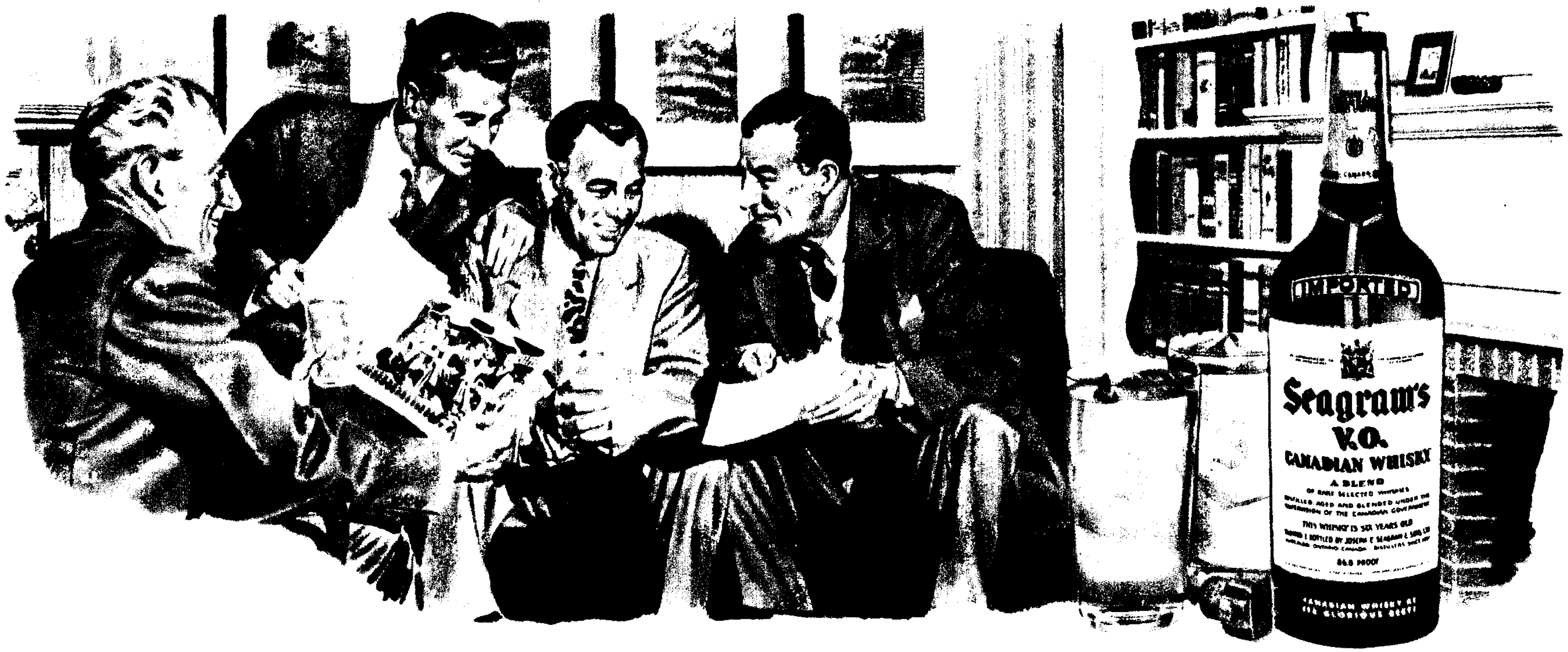
The dream of every amateur photographer (many professionals, too) will be realized tomorrow in full-color film developed with the ease and speed of black and white. Expect it when war needs end.

This is no overnight achievement. Perfection in anything—in a whisky as glorious as Seagram's V.O., for example, is the result of the planning of many men over many years.

2. In just 90 minutes, full color transparencies are produced in ordinary home darkroom. The process is no more difficult, requires very little more time than black and white. Mailing and delay are ended.

3. In another hour and a half, transparencies are enlarged on color paper, developed, fixed, dried. So simple, anyone who knows how to work in black and white can do it. Local services will be equipped to do it.

4. A toast to the tomorrow of another great industry. Miraculous until you remember the many years of planning that brought it to perfection. Toasted, appropriately, in a magnificent whisky, Seagram's V. O. another product of years and skill.



For Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow. The Seagram's V.O. you enjoy tonight, tomorrow or beyond tomorrow is the result of careful selection, blending and foresight. It's a blend of many fine Canadian whiskies, none younger than six years old, each selected for some distinctive contribution. Today, enjoy this superlatively light whisky—enjoy its clean, different flavor. Ask for Seagram's V.O.—Canadian whisky at its glorious best.

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Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND.... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Things Aren't Up to Scratch Around Here!
GOSH, JULIE! YOU TREAT ME LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN! WHAT'D I DO THAT RUBBED YOU THE WRONG WAY?
YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, JIM. IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE OVERDUE AT YOUR DENTIST'S FOR A BAD BREATH CHECK-UP, HONEY!
JIM SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
JULIE'S SURE A SMITTEN KITTEN! THINGS LOOK GOOD FROM WHERE I'M SITTIN'!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

was James V. Forrestal, now Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Forrestal was summoned to the White House to be Mr. Roosevelt's contact with Wall Street and industry, Mr. Forrestal being an investment banker by trade.

Moving in and out was Lauchlin Currie, economist, statistician, and very New Deal, who supplied the President with many reams of figures which did the opposition no good, or at least gave them small comfort. And there was kindly, easy-going William H. McReynolds whose job it was to keep as much peace as possible coursing through the ranks of the government's civil service armies. Eugene Casey was charged with maintaining liaison with all farm groups and organizations and blocs, too. He had no sinecure. It is said of him that he used to waken suddenly of nights screaming, "Farm bloc! Farm bloc! Help! Help!"

The Officeholder Extraordinary

Then there was always Harry Hopkins, whose devotion to the President sometimes awed his associates. Mr. Hopkins held so many jobs under Mr. Roosevelt that it was almost forgotten that he was Special Assistant to the President. Nobody in Mr. Roosevelt's corps of aides, assistants and secretaries knew everything that was going on in his mind, but Mr. Hopkins came nearer to it than anyone else.

As we've said a couple of times, it is noticeably different in the executive offices today. Even Mr. Truman's military and naval aides are less of servicemen and more of personal advisers.

The military aide is Brigadier General Harry Vaughan, a first World War buddy of the President. He is one of the few military aides of Presidents who is not a West Pointer, a regular. A practical fellow who was a railroad inspector and at another time a sales manager for a tea company in Missouri, he has become a handy man, a well-mannered greeter, a citizen soldier who advises Mr. Truman from the nonprofessional soldier's viewpoint.

Captain James K. Vardaman, USNR, is the President's other service aide. He was a banker in St. Louis before entering World War II, a shrewd political mind, the son of a former senator from Mississippi. Vardaman's left hand has been in politics for a long time. He was one of Mr. Truman's strongest advocates when the latter ran for the Senate in 1934.

In spite of all the differences existing in the President's administrative offices today, Mr. Truman has made it clear that he intends to follow in his predecessor's large footsteps as far as postwar conditions permit. He will merely walk somewhat differently, taking shorter strides. After Pearl Harbor, Mr. Roosevelt had no more faithful aide within or without his personal train than Mr. Truman himself; nor any more valuable. And this brought about a close friendship which, in turn, had much to do with the selection of Mr. Truman for Vice-President—a little-known story.

The popular version of why Mr. Truman was chosen gives almost all the credit to the preconvention work of Robert E. Hannegan, Democratic National Chairman, Postmaster General and rough-and-ready St. Louis politician. It is perfectly true that Mr. Hannegan devoted himself and all the political wiles he could command to promoting Mr. Truman for Vice-President against James F. Byrnes and Henry A. Wallace.

Hannegan's argument to Mr. Roosevelt against the renomination of Mr. Wallace was that the latter was certain to alienate a dangerously large number of conservative Democratic voters, and that labor would follow Mr. Roosevelt whether Mr. Wallace was on the ticket or not.

But before Mr. Hannegan and other advocates of Mr. Truman could warm up to a selling talk, Mr. Roosevelt told them to save their energies because he, too, wanted Mr. Truman.

Mr. Roosevelt said, in effect, that as chairman of the Senate Special War Investigating Committee, Mr. Truman had not only been of immeasurable help to him but had lightened his burden as perhaps no other man had. He told how Mr. Truman, the chairman senator, coming upon some flagrant violation of war contract, uncovering skulduggery which might have done serious injury to public morale had it been given its worst interpretation in print or on the air, had frequently come to the White House and laid the whole thing before the President and offered sound methods of dealing with such situations.

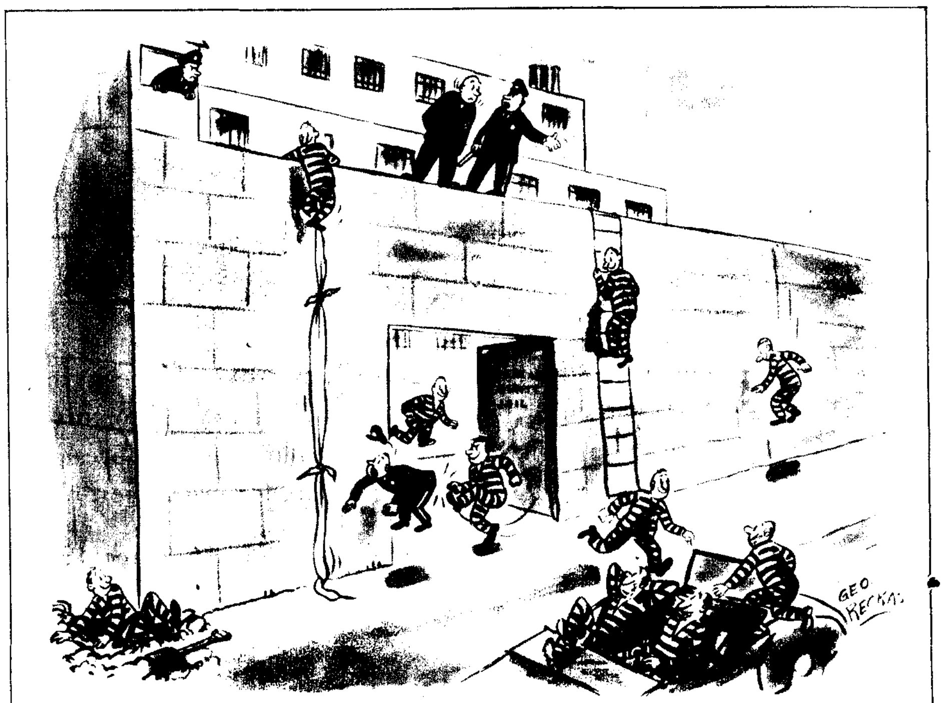
This Was True Patriotism

Mr. Roosevelt told them that he considered this true patriotism. He asked them to think of what publicity-seekers heading several other Congressional committees might have done if they had been given such opportunities.

Here, said Mr. Roosevelt, was a public servant who put the business of winning the war a bit ahead of self-promotion, who had no other ambition than to do just that. Therefore, said Mr. Roosevelt, Harry Truman was his first choice.

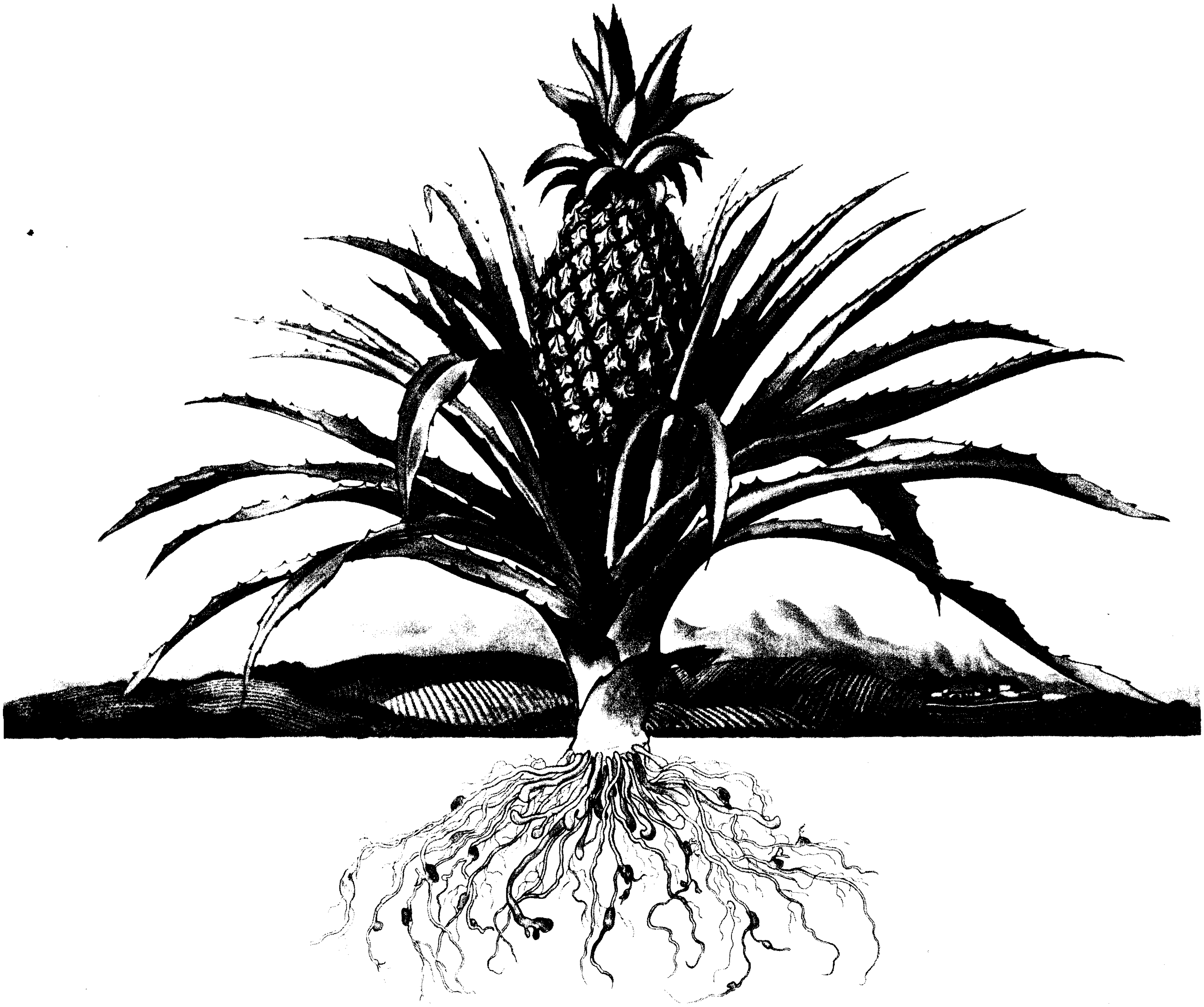
And that, too, is not too great a digression from the story of Mr. Truman's secretariat. As it indicates where his first interest lay while the war was on, it marks the course he follows now—and the Messrs. Ross, Connelly, Hassett & Co. are functioning accordingly.

THE END



"Oh, come now, Warden, you must admit that the honor system you inaugurated *is* getting off to a rather bad start!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS



Warts in Paradise

HAWAII—"Paradise of the Pacific"—suffered *two* sneak attacks. The one you haven't heard about was made by *nematodes*—microscopic worms . . .

These attacked Hawaii's prize crop, pineapples, causing a wart-like growth on the plant roots. Warty roots cut the size and quality of the crop.

Four years ago, experts representing the pineapple growers came to Shell Research, looking for new materials for *fumigating* infested soil—less costly and dangerous than the poison gas then in limited use.

Shell scientists had produced, in the laboratory, petroleum derivatives available nowhere else. They suggested trying a certain chlorinated hydrocarbon.

The experiment was tried and worked. Injected into the soil, the fumigant—called "D-D"*—killed so many of the parasites that the pineapple menace, in the experimental area, was brought under control.

It was a triumph with a tragic side. For the Japs, meantime, had made *their* sneak attack, and no full-scale plant could be built to expand Shell's "pilot plant" output of the important materials.

Yet the need was growing with every season. In continental United States as well as Hawaii, nematodes, and garden centipedes—all found controllable through soil fumigation with D-D—were destroying carrots, sugar beets, lettuce, beans, tomatoes, peppers, egg plant, cucumbers, melons—even potatoes, alfalfa, and cotton . . .

With food shortage one of the gravest international problems, Shell was authorized, before V-E Day, to start building a plant for the purpose of bringing D-D into full-scale production with all possible speed.

Shell Chemical, 100 Bush Street, San Francisco 6, California, is prepared to give information on D-D, in answer to inquiries.

On the basis of known results, soil fumigation with D-D can become as important to the health of plant roots as spraying, dusting, and fumigation are to plants above ground.

Look to Shell Research for finer gasoline and motor oil . . . Shell's wartime leadership in petroleum research and technology is your assurance of the finest fuels and lubricants ever sold by your Shell Dealer. He will be glad to serve you.

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Leadership
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Book Learnin' in Britain

Continued from page 23

In a countryside so crusted with an important past, AUC raises its rectangular modernity in red brick, its interiors gleaming with modern plumbing and heated with steam. Spread neatly around a 700-acre campus, the buildings were constructed in 1937 for a British officers' training center. The U.S. Army took over in 1942 and started an officers' candidate school, using the place for various other training purposes before AUC was opened.

There is a rumor that the school costs something in the neighborhood of a million dollars a month. An executive officer said frankly that the Army was leaving it for somebody else to calculate, but he confirmed that over-all costs were "very high."

The fellow who determines the "weather" at Shrivenham, the military and undergraduate mixture of the campus atmosphere, is Brigadier General Claude M. Thiele, the CO, a pleasant, 57-year-old officer who, when asked if he considered himself an educator, quickly replied, "Hell no, I'm a soldier!" (He finished Cornell in 1911, joined the regular Army in 1912.) But the atmosphere at AUC today, about 65 per cent civilian to 35 per cent military in emphasis, reflects the general's broad-mindedness.

Thiele has laid down few rules. Students are supposed to stand reveille roll call in the mornings; they must be neatly and properly dressed in uniform and observe military courtesy. On the whole, a student salutes an officer only when addressing, and not in class. Officers and men take the same courses and sit together. Often the instructor himself will be a private.

Where All Fare and Fare Alike

The officers mess and live separately from the men, but the food and barracks facilities are the same. The colored students are together in one wing of Watson Barracks. The women have a dormitory and dining room of their own across the campus. Students sleep between sheets. They are supposed to tidy their own bunks.

There is a guardhouse on the campus and white-helmeted M.P.s patrol the streets, but for once they are little more than a part of the scenery. A man may stay up as late as he pleases and week-end passes to London and elsewhere are easy to get.

No general distinction exists between men of different class standing, although a man with a freshman record is not put in an advanced history course and vice versa. There have been exceptions but normally a man is permitted to take no more than three courses, with a maximum of fifteen hours a week. Classes operate on a five-day week.

The War Department does not give credit for any course but grades a man's proficiency in five categories: superior, excellent, very satisfactory, satisfactory, unsatisfactory. (Absences cut the grade.) A card with these ratings is prepared on each student, along with identity and length of course and number of hours completed. This he can submit to a college or university, which will allow him whatever credit it sees fit. By previous arrangement in Washington, these cards will be taken as near their face value as possible.

There has been some criticism of the I & E branch for not giving actual credits for AUC studies, but there is now no indication that the system will be changed.

A Faculty of Noted Educators

Army-civilian relations at Shrivenham are surprisingly good. Besides Iowa's Peterson and Olson of Northwestern, the faculty includes Charles W. Hendel, professor of philosophy at Yale; Kimball Young (one of Brigham's grandsons), head of sociology at Queens College, New York; J. Frank Dobie, University of Texas English professor; Francis Sears, physics professor at M.I.T.; Major H.W.K. Fitzroy, chief of AUC's liberal arts section, who was assistant dean at Princeton before joining the Army Air Corps in 1942; and many other prominent educators.

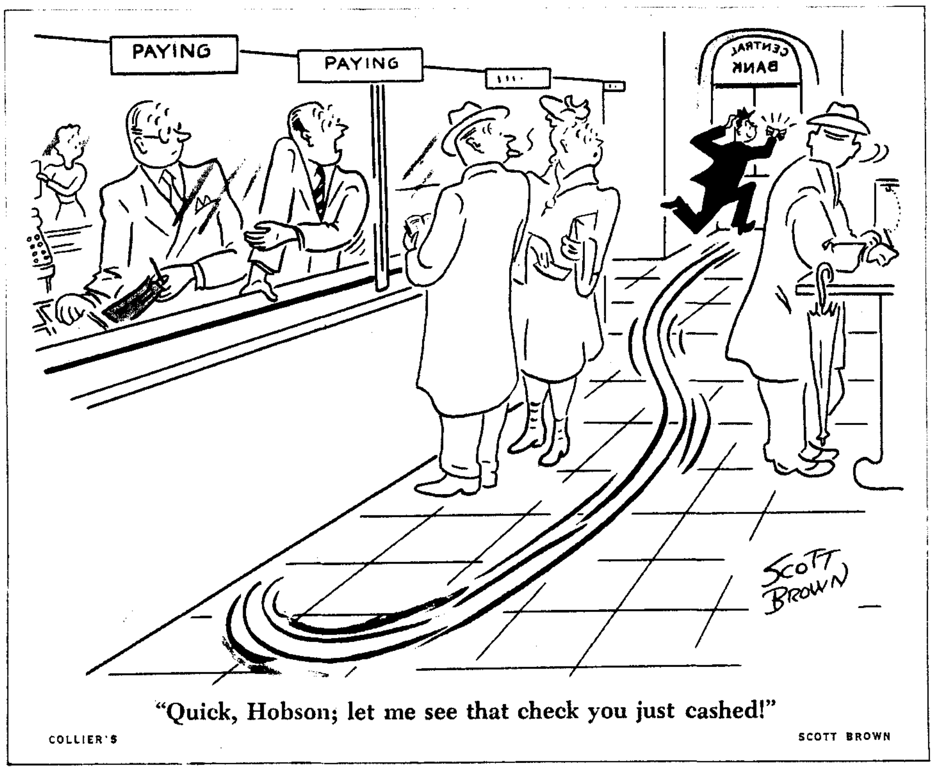
A breakdown on first-term attendance of courses is illuminating. There was such a rush on French and German classes that scores had to be turned away. (After V-J Day, several of the students tried to drop languages, reasoning that they would be going back where a fellow needed to know only American.)

Three hundred and sixty-two soldiers signed up for philosophy, and to the astonishment of Professor Hendel, fifty elected logic, one of the toughest courses in the catalogue. Two Russian history classes were quickly filled.

The biggest surprise was the swing to fine arts, where 838 were registered in drawing, music, architecture, etc., before enrollment had to be closed. Liberal arts, as might be expected, drew the most, 2,957; then came commerce with 2,875; science 1,448. Agriculture attracted 797; engineering 434, journalism 382 and education 351.

In commerce, the accent was on small business, and instructors, remembering that hardly a third of these men had held any kind of job before the war, had to emphasize the complications of running everything from a beer parlor to a corporation.

As one dean put it, "They had to be just as anxious to try to spot potential business failures and steer them into something else, as to encourage the potential wonder boy of industry."



"Quick, Hobson; let me see that check you just cashed!"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

"Don't Forget to Buy a Victory Bond!"

"Most of these cookies," Dean Peterson likes to say, "come here with a pat idea of what they want to do. They've done a lot of thinking and they believe they have it all figured out. In their eagerness they are inclined to be too ambitious and overstep their capacities. One of our big jobs is to keep a fellow who hasn't been to school for three years from plunging right into aerodynamics. If his last course was college algebra, we try to convince him that a refresher would save him time in the end. I don't know how many fellows we've had to dissuade from taking four courses instead of the allowed three."

To ease students over the humps, AUC employs the latest training aids, including charts, maps, movies, slides and courses in remedial reading.

Localizing History and Geology

"We are not running this place as if it were in Des Moines," Peterson will tell you. "We're in the middle of England, with a limited time to try to help war veterans resume an interrupted education. We want them to see as many sites of their history and geology lessons, for instance, as is feasible. We want to bring British Cabinet ministers, members of Parliament and educators here to lecture, and we would like to have some British professors on our regular staff."

Major Fitzroy, whose Princeton and Army life has sharpened his insight into human problems, moves around the campus watching the Shrivenham experiment with a look of fascination on his round, jovial face.

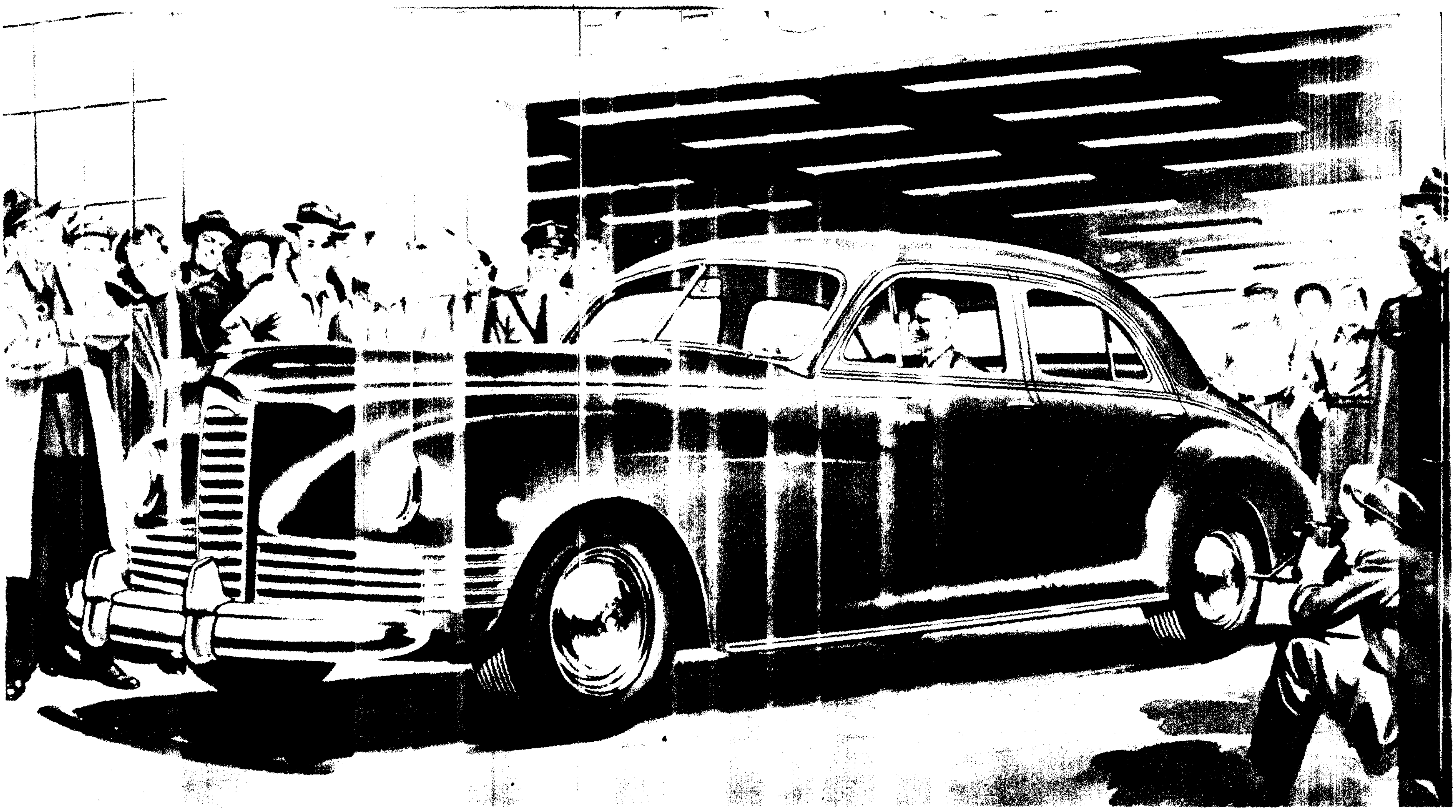
He recalls the heavy registration in languages, world history and politics, and then he says, "This is the end of our isolation. It's coming home to us with a bang, and it is something faculties in the States are going to encounter more and more as the boys get back and into the regular rhythm of education again."

(According to War Department surveys embracing all theaters, about one soldier in twelve plans to return to full-time school after leaving the Army. No poll has been taken at Shrivenham, but instructors estimate that as many as 50 per cent want to go back to school before hunting a job.)

To men like Major Fitzroy and Professor Hendel, the students' surge to philosophy and logic, to music, drama and art, indicates a fresh, healthy desire to find out what life is all about, coupled with an urge to crack the repressions and express the experiences that war has crammed into the mind and soul of a soldier.

"All these guys have had unique experiences," Fitzroy says. "Something large has happened to them or to their friends. They are looking for answers. Maybe philosophy will give it; maybe something else. They don't know, but they want to find out."

THE END



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When you buy a 1946 Packard Clipper, it's more than ever . . .

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In style, and engineering, the new Clipper is truly ahead of its time. We predict that when you see this dazzling new 1946 Packard, you won't be happy until you own one . . . and you'll always be glad you bought one!

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★

See

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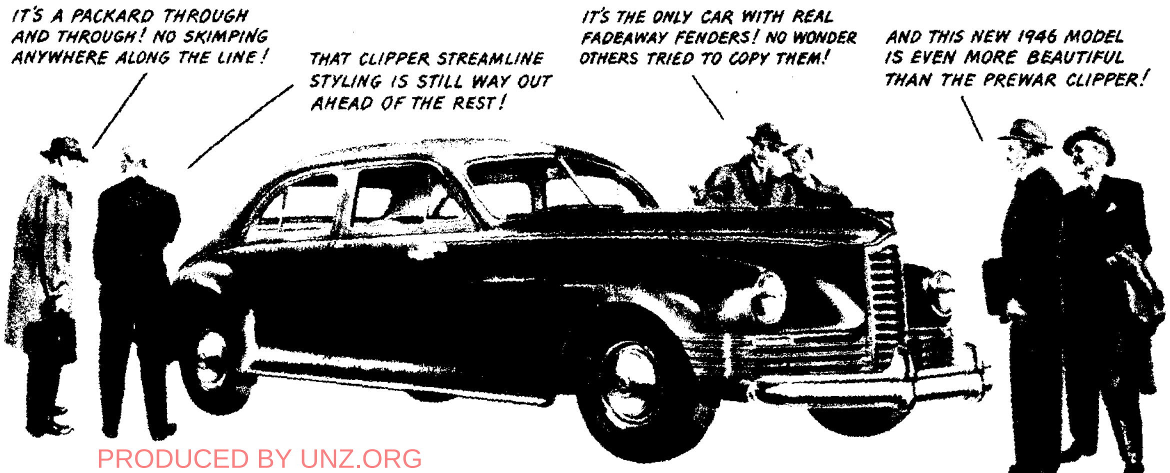
FOR 1946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AND THIS NEW 1946 MODEL IS EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE PREWAR CLIPPER!

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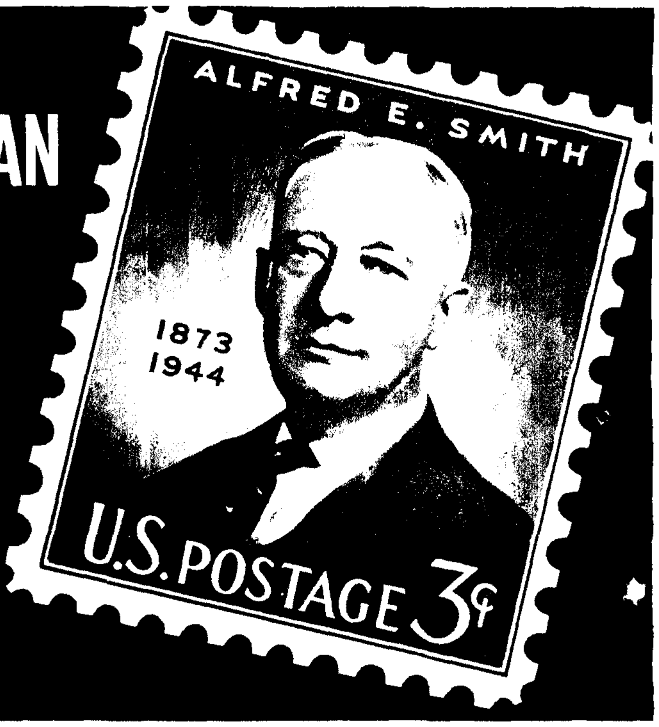
ALL DAY NECKLINE NEATNESS WITHOUT STARCH

FELLOW MAN TO EVERY MAN



BY FRANK GERVASI

ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH ran for President against Herbert Hoover in 1928 when, as the song had it, "the nation was sad and things were bad and dark clouds filled the sky." The Democrats sang it to the tune of The Sidewalks of New York, and urged Al—few called him anything else—to lead the people "onward in the fight between might and right."

Al lost the election, and by all the rules of politics, he should have faded from the people's minds and hearts. But he didn't, for there was even more substance in the man who helped others than in the politician who had attained the governorship of New York. Now they plan to build a hospital in his memory on the lower West Side of New York. It's to be 16 stories high and to have 250 beds and it'll cost about $3,000,000.

And that's not all. The Post Office Department has issued a stamp in his image, an honor never before accorded to a political leader who had failed to rise above a state governorship. He thus joins a company of renowned Americans and a few foreigners who've influenced American history. They include Jane Addams, Susan B. Anthony, Daniel Boone, Alexander Graham Bell, Virginia Dare, Thomas Alva Edison, Benjamin Franklin, General Pulaski, Nathan Hale, Alexander Hamilton, Robert E. Lee, Walt Whitman and Daniel Webster.

The hospital which will honor Al Smith's memory will be known as the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Hospital and will form a part of the present St. Vincent's Hospital, of which Smith was Chairman of the Board. Funds are being raised throughout the country by a committee headed by James A. Farley, former National Chairman of the Democratic Party, and a close friend of Al Smith for many years. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, Francis J. Spellman, is honorary chairman. Among the honorary vice-chairmen are Herbert Hoover, Charles Evans Hughes, Bernard Baruch and Cordell Hull.

On a plaque over the main entrance of St. Vincent's Hospital are inscribed these words: "These doors are ever open to the afflicted of all classes without distinction of creed, color or country." This text might well have been taken from Al Smith's own political creed. I met Smith long ago, in Rome, when he visited the late Pope Pius XI. I asked him for his own definition of the word "politics." This was his reply, as nearly as I remember:

"Politics is the science of translating into government the social and economic forces of the people in such a way as to advance their welfare, with full regard for justice and the common good."

Al Smith was born in 1873 within sight and smell of the East Side's Fulton Fish Market. As a boy he played in the shadows of the Manhattan abutments of the Brooklyn Bridge. He knew poverty, and his formal schooling was limited, although in later life he received many honorary degrees from the best universities and colleges in the country. As a person he was enormously liked and admired, for he was as unaffected as an old hat and epitomized the plain citizen in dress, manner and speech.

The issuing of the Al Smith postage stamp was an event of considerable philatelic importance. There are in the United States about 14,000,000 collectors who acquire postage stamps for love or money, or both. Since the death of Al Smith in October, 1944, thousands of them have clamored for an Al Smith stamp. Robert E. Hannegan, Postmaster General, finally decided to heed their petitions, to which were added the requests of private citizens all over the country.

Ordinarily the Post Office Department in Washington received from 400 to 500 letters suggesting that this or that public character be commemorated by a stamp. But the volume of mail urging an Al Smith stamp reached several thousand letters.

The first edition of the Smith stamp will run to about 100,000,000, but it is expected to sell many times that number. It is a three-center, and similar in purpose to the Great Americans series founded by Al Smith's late friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In the past ten or twelve years, philately has developed into a very profitable business for the Post Office Department. The philatelic activities now take in approximately $13,000,000 a year, of which about 85 per cent is pure profit. The Washington office alone, during the fiscal year which ended last June 30th, sold $2,489,406 worth of stamps to dealers and collectors. The business keeps a staff of some 60 clerks handling requests for special issues of stamps.

A Collector's Inspiration

In 1922, philatelists bought only $20,900 worth of stamps from the Washington Post Office. The figure grew slowly, until by 1933 it had reached $302,619. Two years after Franklin D. Roosevelt became President, in 1934, the business of the philatelic office jumped to $811,722, and a year later had reached $2,340,484.

The increased interest in philately was largely due to President Roosevelt and the eagerness with which he met every new development in the field. The enormous publicity given to the fact that Roosevelt was a stamp collector stimulated interest throughout the country. Gradually it became known that the hobby was pursued by men notable in many fields, among them the late King George V of England, and General Mark Clark of the American Fifth Army.

If Al Smith himself was a collector, there is no record of the fact in available biographical material. He was a politician by profession, but his chief interest lay in people.

As governor of New York he made profound reforms in housing, education and recreation. During his governorship, slum-clearance projects were begun in New York City, the state's contribution for the big town's schools was increased from $9,000,000 to $82,500,000, laws were enacted reducing the number of hours women might work in industry, and legislation was sought to abolish child labor.

Smith fathered a state park system and fought for the development of New York's waterpower. The St. Lawrence Waterway was one of his favorite projects. ★★★

"Tell them we'll have Schlitz"

When you serve SCHLITZ to your guests, it says more plainly than words, "We want you to have the best." Where friendly glassware filled with Schlitz beams a cordial greeting, even the tick of the clock seems to say "You're welcome."

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JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

A story about a war dog that came home to the people he loved only to enter a world of misunderstanding and fear

Two of A Kind

BY COREY FORD

HE BREATHED deep, spreading his nostrils and trying to get it better. He remembered it best with his nose. His eyes remembered the gate and the lawn and the white house; but what his nose remembered, as the car turned the corner and started down the wide, familiar street, was the way the asphalt simmered in the noonday heat, the cool-smelling shadows under the maples, the steamy smell of fresh-mown grass on the lawn. He sniffed the air, and his body shivered a little with excitement.

His excitement had been mounting each hour during the long train trip yesterday, and before that during the trip home across the ocean on the crowded transport. He had never forgotten his home. The thought of it had kept coming back to him at the strangest times: while the guns were blasting and shaking the ground under him, or once on patrol on a dark road in Normandy when a shadow moved and a guttural command rang in the night. Sometimes in his sleep he would think of coming indoors and tracking mud on the green hall carpet, or hanging around the big comfortable kitchen while supper was getting ready, and his body would twitch and he would make a sobbing sound in his throat. Little things would bring it back, bread baking in a French farmhouse, or always the smell of grass in the sun.

The car stopped in front of the house, and he saw them come down the steps and start across the lawn toward him, the man in front, the woman a little behind. The involuntary sobbing began in his throat again, a sharp intake of breath that was like a shrill whisper.

"Hello, Nick," the man said, holding out his hand. "Hello, boy."

He pressed his nose against the man's knuckles, remembering the faint tobacco smell. The sobbing in his throat grew louder, and his tail banged against the sides of the crate.

"He knows you," the expressman said.

"Sure he knows me," the man said; "don't you, Nick?" He said to the expressman: "It's over two years."

"He's quite a dog," the expressman said admiringly. "I bet he's strong; lookit the shoulders on him. And those teeth."

"George," the woman said, "now be careful." She was standing a little to the rear of the man, watching uneasily through pince-nez glasses.

"He's all right, Edie. He's been to detraining school, he's okay." He helped the expressman lift the crate down and set it on the lawn. "Maybe you might have seen his picture in the paper," he mentioned to the expressman.

"Is that who he is?" astonished. "That killed the German? Sure, I was reading about him only the other day."

"He got a decoration for it," the man said with pride. "This German had his pistol pointed, and Nick jumped up and grabbed his wrist, and he got him down and got him by the throat. It was all in the citation they sent us."

"I'd hate to have him get my throat," the expressman said, slamming the back of the truck.

The woman still hesitated on the lawn with her hands clasped; she was stout, gentle-faced, worried. "George," she said, "do you think you ought to let him out until you're sure . . . ?"

"Sure of what?" the man laughed. He unsnapped the catch, and opened the door of the crate. "He wants to stretch his legs."

Nick stepped out of the crate stiffly, his tail whipping against the man's knees. The grass was soft under his feet; his body shook uncontrollably; the excitement was about to burst inside him.

He halted for a moment in front of the woman, straining his neck toward her and sniffing. She stood rigid, forcing a weak smile; his nose touched the tip of her fingers, and she snatched her hand away. "Nick," the man said. The dog moved past her, and let his nose lead him across the lawn to the border of shrubs, and along the shrubs to the edge of the porch steps. His tail was wagging faster and faster, and he sucked the air with long delicious gasps. His nose was remembering it all: the favorite place behind the steps, the cool hole he used to dig in the dirt under the lilac, the water dish. He followed his nose across the driveway onto the lawn, and he began trotting faster, galloping in a wide circle, halting abruptly to sniff the grass again. He wanted to press his nose deep in it, to feel it against his belly, and lose himself again in the sweet smell of grass in the sun.

He rolled onto his side and over onto his back and began to wriggle ecstatically across the lawn, kicking his legs and arching his powerful neck to inch himself forward. He twisted first one way and then the other like a puppy, making deep, happy growls, sneezing.

"Glad to be out of the Army?" the man laughed, and he laughed back, his tongue lolling and his strong white teeth showing. The woman caught her breath as he squirmed off the edge of the lawn into a border of flowers.

"George," she wailed, "he's ruining the iris."

The man called "Nick!" and he rose and shook himself and trotted over, tail slapping. "Come on, boy. Let's go in the house and say hello to Richie."

"You're going to let him in the house?"

"Why not? Of course."

"But you don't know how he'll be with Richie, he's apt as not to . . ." She did not finish the sentence.

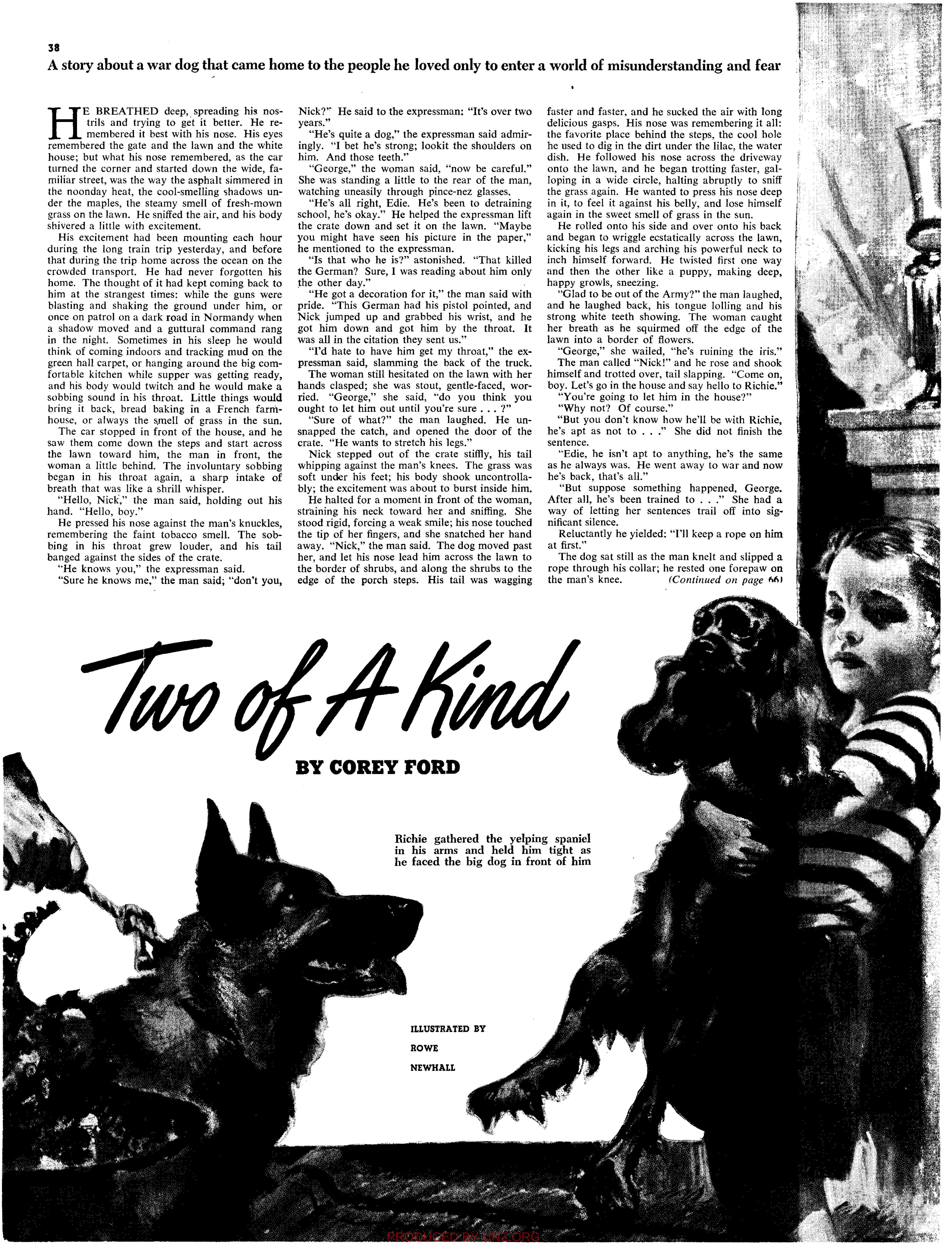
"Edie, he isn't apt to anything, he's the same as he always was. He went away to war and now he's back, that's all."

"But suppose something happened, George. After all, he's been trained to . . ." She had a way of letting her sentences trail off into significant silence.

Reluctantly he yielded: "I'll keep a rope on him at first."

The dog sat still as the man knelt and slipped a rope through his collar; he rested one forepaw on the man's knee.

(Continued on page 66)



Richie gathered the yelping spaniel in his arms and held him tight as he faced the big dog in front of him

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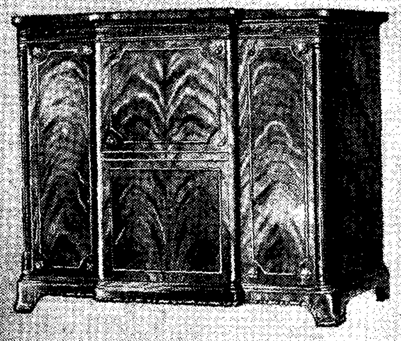

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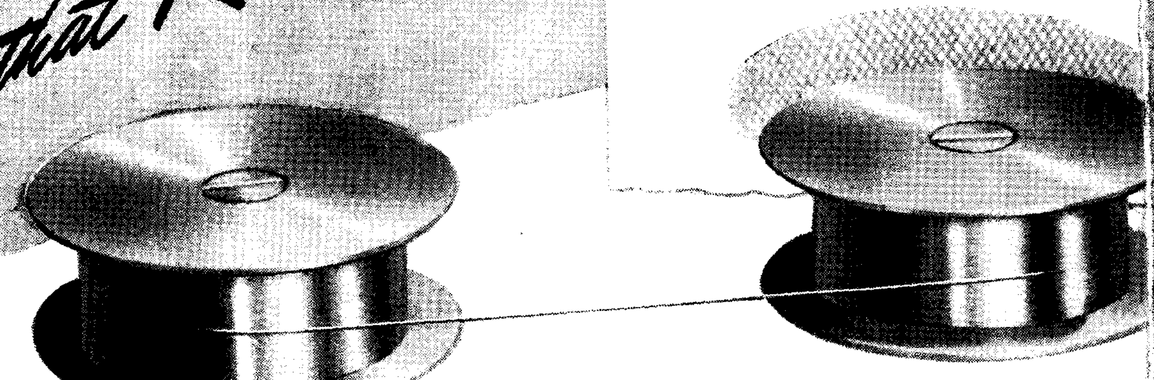

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Give Us Tomorrow

Continued from page 24

it. I never liked the way he put things over with you—rushing you into something before you knew what you were doing or before he said a word to me. But if he's on your mind—if he's the man you want, there's one thing you should take into account. After what's happened, it's pretty hard for a man to make the first move."

"Peter never would make any move about this."

"That's what I say. Sometimes a woman has to swallow her pride and go halfway. No matter how hard it is."

She shook her head as if she could not speak.

"Well, anyway, you know he'd come running if you whistled." He was saying more than he meant to say and pulled himself back, with, "But you'd be foolish to do it. Don't think I'm suggesting it."

Ellen drew a long breath. "I think I had better make one thing very clear," she said, "and then, please, let's never mention it again. I went after Peter Wymark. That was the way it was. I made him ask me to marry him. I asked him if he wouldn't, in so many words."

Mr. Desmond stared at her, shocked. "I don't believe it," he declared.

"It's the truth. I'm not a liar; you know that. I went to Peter's house that day in Carmine and waited for him. I practically forced him to be engaged to me."

"But why on earth should you act like that?"

"I was afraid I wouldn't get him. So now you can see that I can't ask him again. And you can never ask him to come back. He wouldn't if you did. Because he's disgusted with me. For reasons I won't discuss. With you, too. I hate to tell you this, because it's so humiliating for both of us. But I've got to, for you must get the idea out of your head that I can ever make things up with Peter or that you can do it for me."

Finally Desmond said, "You poor child!"

"I'm not a poor child. I'm a rather spoiled, greedy woman. I've had more than I deserve—all my life. More things. More luck, too. I'm not going to be sorry for myself if I can help it. If I didn't come out very well, whose fault is it? I had every chance in the world. But there's no use in going into that."

She was steady now. She looked very young and beautiful and grave, and her father didn't know what to say. He wanted to tell her that she'd get over it, that she hadn't begun to live, but he didn't. She went on, finishing thoughtfully.

"And certainly I don't want to run away from anything. I've got to begin to do a job. I'm sure this one I have is on the right track and every bit of experience I had in England—and lately—helps. What I want to do is to help to clean up the confusion and wreckage that the war has made. You don't realize how much there is, Father. But honestly, I see it more in that little office every day now than I did when things were bombed around me over there. . . . What a miserable breakfast I've made it for you! But dinner will be different. We won't talk about me any more."

THE Veterans Service Bureau, where Ellen worked, was housed on the first floor of an old office building, which hadn't been recently rented and was correspondingly dingy. But it was close to the railway station and the bus terminal, and the government employment offices were only a block away. In one small office a middle-aged member of the American Legion explained the G.I. Bill of Rights all day long. In another, several high-school teachers took shifts, advising men who wanted more schooling. There was a third room where a businessman, whose son had been lost in the Pacific, tried to compensate for his grief by counseling those veterans who wanted to set up a small business or to employ themselves.

Ellen's job was to direct the men to one room or another, to answer questions, to explain what couldn't be done in this bureau, which had no money to lend and no jobs to sign up for. At first she had worked only part time, but one of the girls who had shared the volunteer work had gone to join her husband in another city and another had tired of the routine, so gradually in the last fortnight Ellen had taken over the whole job.

This was a busy morning.

"It's like this," said a veteran Marine, with cheekbones like knives; "I was coming here to stay with my aunt. She asked me, you see. She said that was all right with her. Then she broke her hip, and they took her to a hospital and sent her furniture to storage. I don't know anyone else in the town. I'm not supposed to work just yet."

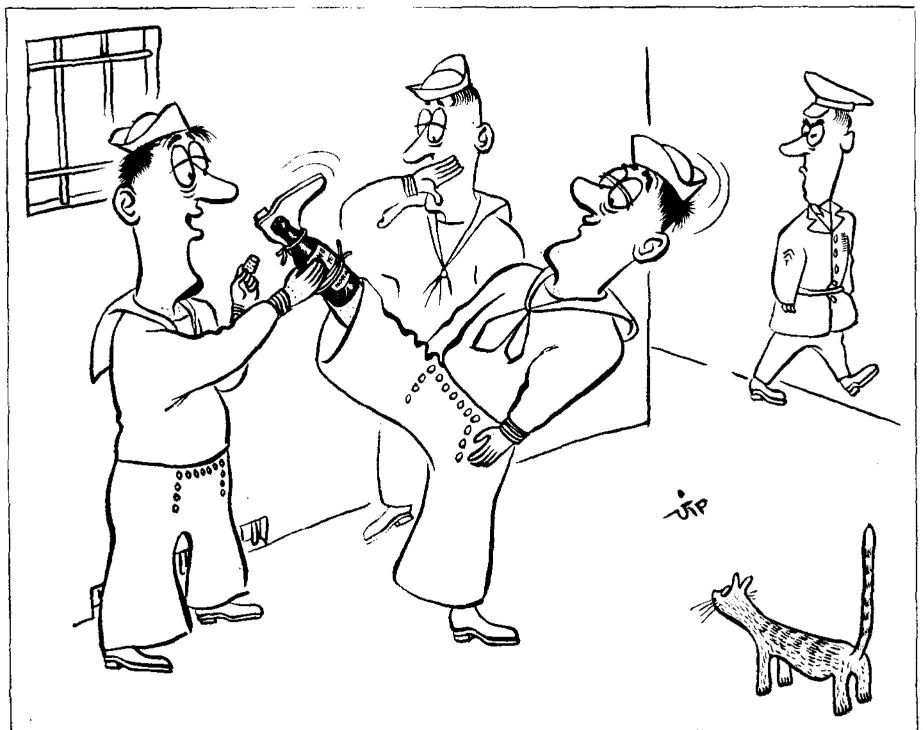
Ellen figured that case out, remembered that a certain woman in the city had lost her son and might do something about this dazed boy.

"Say, sister, someone told me to come in here and you'd tell me where I could find a doctor to look at this finger of mine. It was all right when I left the separation center but it's swelling up."

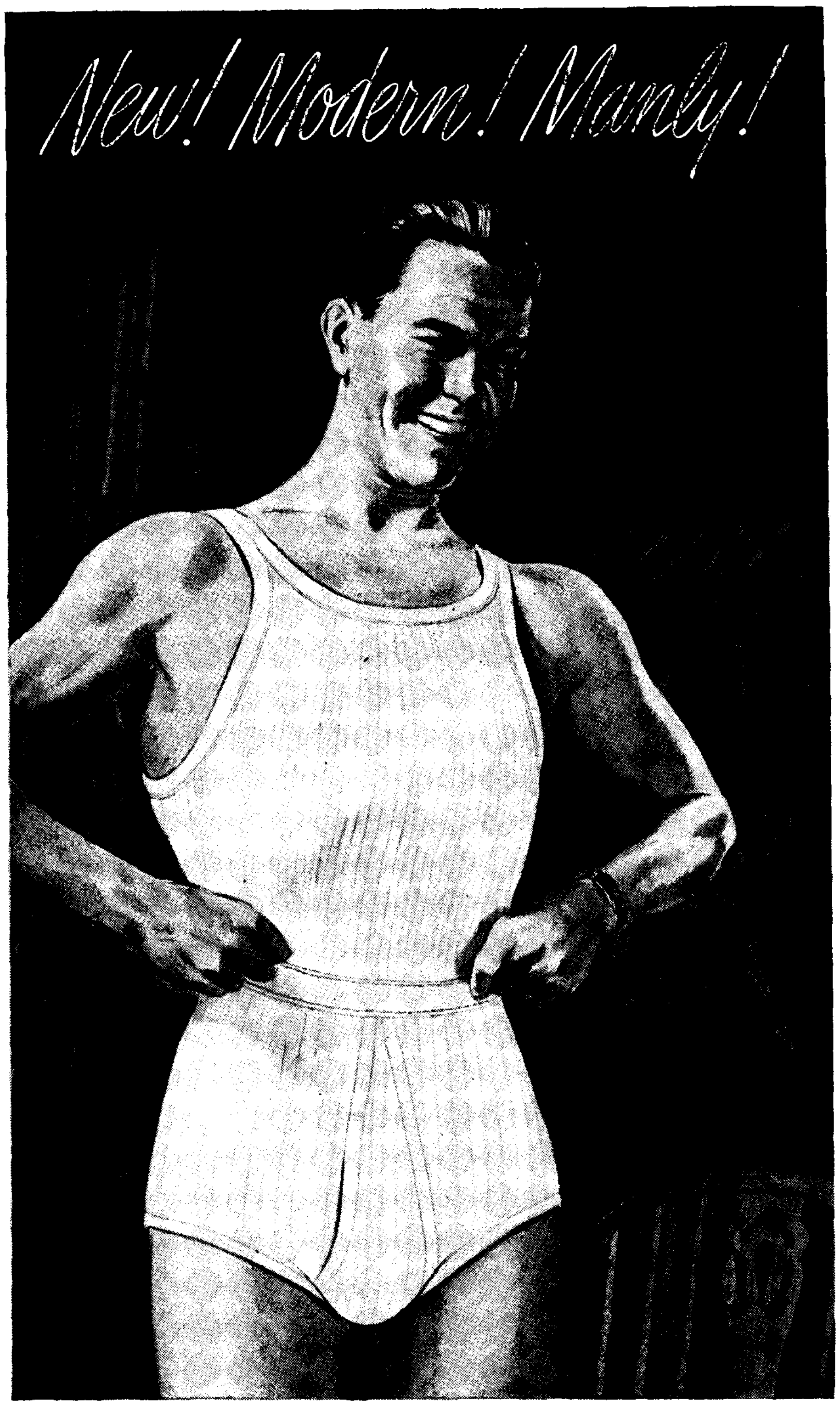
That was easy.

"My wife says she'll come on and bring the baby if I can find a place to live that's comfortable. She's from Tennessee, my wife, and it would be pretty cold for her up here, anyway. But I had a job here and can get it back. It's not very big pay, that's the trouble. If I could get a flat with good heat—"

It took time to get anything started on



COLLIER'S "One more all around before we go aboard?" VIRGIL PARTCH



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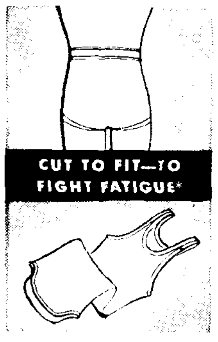
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that housekeeping about which he was so eager.

"What do you give out in this joint, anyway?" asked a skeptical soldier.

"Can you tell me what's the bank that gives you the best break in a loan?"

One after another they came. All of them were finding it harder to become civilians than it had seemed when they were in Europe or in the Pacific or the Aleutians. There were men who had been discharged after years of being told what to do, and found it almost impossible to direct themselves. Boys who had never had a real job. Or men who found that the place where the old job used to be had been boarded up. It wasn't a good place to forget about Peter.

"What did you do before you went into the Army?" Ellen asked a boy with a challenge in his eyes.

"I was just a kid then. I worked in a drugstore. But I've been doing radio repair in the Army. I'm more competent now. I can handle a bigger job."

Ellen had heard that before. Her thoughts slipped back to the afternoon when she and Peter had been sitting at Henry's for hours, talking it over, being together.

FRED COPLAND, the man who handled the G.I. Bill information, came out of his room at noon. "I won't be back this afternoon, Miss Desmond. Can you carry on and give the boys the dope they need?"

"I'll do my best."

"You know all the answers as well as I do. I hate to run out on you but I've got to go down and talk to some of the people in the legislature. We're going to kill that bill for county memorials or know the reason why."

"Has it been introduced?"

"Yesterday, and they'll try to railroad it through, of course. They're being very smooth about it. It's being supported in some counties by men who have as much interest in the welfare of veterans as Hitler had. They see a chance to get their hands on public money. The worst of it is that if it passes, the legislature will figure its big job for the veterans is done for this session."

"Can't you kill it?"

"We're going right after it. The ex-servicemen themselves that can be rounded up are going to write letters protesting it. Some of the people at the university will help. Wymark's going on the air on a state-wide hookup to give the veterans' point of view. He's good. Wymark ought to be in the legislature or in Congress—"

Copland stopped, embarrassed because he remembered that Ellen had been engaged to Wymark, and apparently that was all washed up.

"What did they do about that other bill?" asked Ellen. "The one for setting up a state commission to study employment—that bill there was so much talk about before the legislature met?"

Copland said, "It's out the window. It wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance. The Lacey contingent said thumbs down on that, you know."

"Yes, I did know. But can't it be proposed in spite of them?"

"What's the use? It would just go up against the ax. Never get out of committee."

"I don't know about that. If the servicemen wanted it—and men like yourself who were fighting in the last war got behind it—there'd be popular support."

"The servicemen aren't back in sufficient numbers yet."

"Well, their wives are here. And their parents."

"The women could pack a wallop if they could be rounded up."

"I'll bet they could," said Ellen with interest. "There were more than fifteen hundred of them at one meeting in Minneapolis. They think pretty straight. They know that, when their men get back, a statue or a fountain or a recreation building isn't what they'll want. They'll want jobs and money coming in."

"You know, you might have something there," said Copland seriously. "I'll talk it over when I get down this afternoon and let you know the reaction. Thanks for holding the fort."

She was still holding the fort at six o'clock, though usually the office closed at five-thirty. All the others had gone, and Ellen stood for a moment at the plate-glass window in the front of the room, looking at the street signs. It was time to go home and be lonely now. Here it wasn't so bad.

The door opened again but this time it wasn't a veteran. Bob Lindley stood there, looking deliberately sure of himself, hearty, ignoring all the things he didn't want to remember.

"I'm the rescue squad," he said. "Your father said you were probably here. He also said that if you could be persuaded to come out with me for some air and something to eat, not to worry about him. He was going to have a bridge game."

It was obvious but Ellen didn't mind. Her father was demonstrating that there were just as good fish in the sea as she had yet caught. Perhaps, too, he didn't want to be alone with her tonight, after the shock of her frankness this morning.

"Are you down here in Duluth for conference?" she asked.

"Yes. It looks as if I might be here a good deal of the time. I'd like to tell you about that."

"Sounds like a promotion again, Bob."

"Well, it would get me into the executive end of the company."

It was Peter whom she wondered about as she congratulated Lindley; he never seemed to get promotions.

"You will come some place for dinner with me, Ellen?"

Why not? She had not broken the routine of office and home for weeks. She hadn't seen people—or cared what was said about her and the fiasco of the party for Peter. To those who frankly asked what had happened, she had said in one sentence that she and Peter would not be married.

"Do you really want me to go out with you? In spite of everything, Bob?"

"That's particularly why I hope you will. Let's go to the club. I'm a member now, thanks to your father for putting my name up."

BOB was being very decent. She could see the pattern he was making, the executive job, the young man of growing importance socially. She could even see her own place in the pattern, the one he would like to have her fit into. But she couldn't help thinking, as they drove to the club, that he always treated her like her father's daughter, like the social and emotional part of the organization. She couldn't help remembering how different it was driving along with Peter, who made her feel not like Jay Desmond's heiress, but like a woman who was at the mercy of her own love.

Sooner or later, Bob was bound to talk about his hopes. She waited for it to come. But he wasn't impatient. Ellen knew, too, that he was enjoying the occasion itself, the good dinner, the sense of being a member here, and even the looks that came their way with a good deal of curiosity in them. He had wanted Ellen for years. But he wanted all the rest of this, too.

It was when he was sure that the waiter wouldn't come back again and the coffee was giving them a reason to idle, that he asked, "Can't we get back to where we were, Ellen?"

"Where was that?" she asked, smiling at him.

"Before you went to England it seemed to me that you liked me, that I had a real chance with you. You said then that you didn't want to commit yourself, that you were going away and that everything was too uncertain. Then when you came back things were different. You'd met Pete Wymark and between one thing and another, you were swept off your feet. I think I understand that. The war's upset practically everybody, thrown a lot of people off their base."

"Right you are," said Ellen.

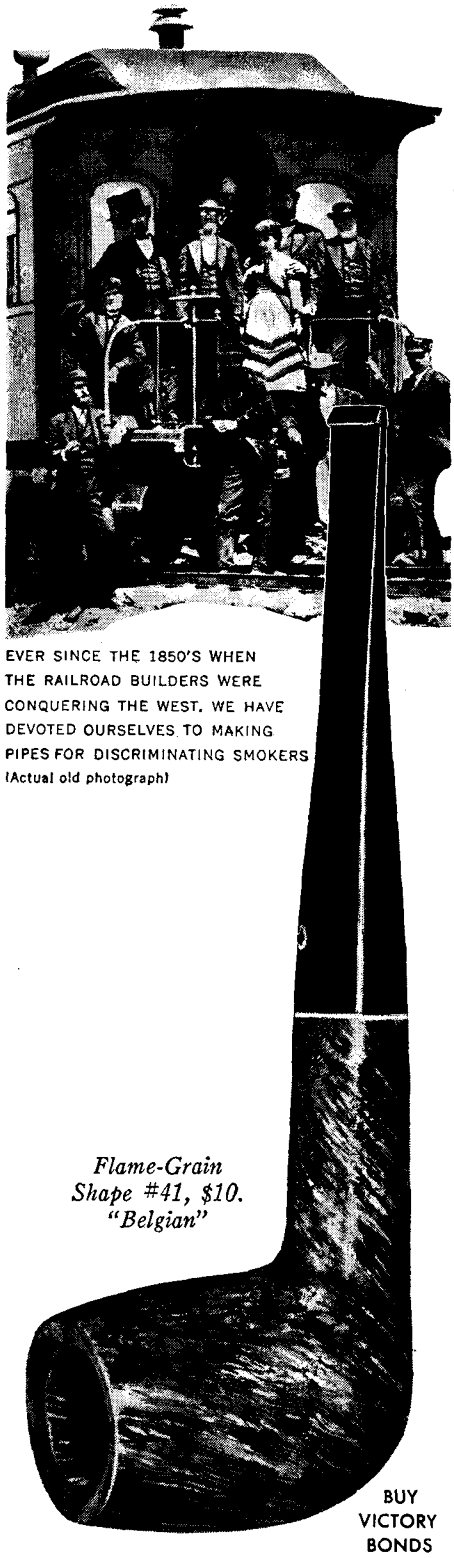
"But it does make sense now to look forward to what is coming next. We want to go on with our normal lives. You and Pete have really busted up, haven't you?"

"We really have," she said slowly.

"I went through hell over that business," Lindley told her. "He never was right for you. I knew that all along."

"Let's leave him out of it."

Ever since the 50's



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YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THE NEWEST AND BEST IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF ♣

"That's exactly what I'd like to do. Ellen, why don't we get married? I think it would be the best thing in the world for both of us. Your father would like it, I believe. And I've wanted you for years."

"I know."

She thought, with a sudden longing for peace, that if she married Bob it would settle things. Suppose that he were right and the experience of the past two years and her love for Peter had been a kind of war fantasy. Sometime, if she didn't want to be an old maid, she would have to marry. Every girl didn't get the man who was to her the most exciting. Once I thought I probably would marry Bob in the end, she reminded herself. There would be a house and children and plenty of things to look after. . . .

"We could be married very quietly, and I'm sure I could get away for a little while—"

"I couldn't Bob. Not now."

"You mean because of that job you're doing? Surely somebody else could take that over." He felt her hesitation, and it made him more urgent, more confident. "We shouldn't wait, Ellen. These are the best years of our lives—we don't want to waste them."

THE phrase caught her up. She remembered Peter talking at the dinner table at Windower about how young men had to waste their best years in war. She heard the same worry or bitterness from veterans almost every day.

"A lot of people have had to waste them during the last few years," she said.

Bob stiffened up. "I'd have gone into the service if I could. I didn't ask for deferment."

"Of course you didn't. In one way I suppose the years were wasted for you, too. How do we know what the best years are for anybody? And how can you possibly tell if they are wasted? Or gone? Or still ahead of you?"

"Mine are ahead," he said confidently. "I'm sure of that, unless I happen to run off the road some icy night."

"Or unless you happen to marry someone who doesn't love you."

Lindley looked startled. She could see him begin to wonder if she had a real point there, if he might make a mistake and spoil everything that was being solidly built up for himself.

"Couldn't you love me, Ellen?"

She felt herself meet the question emotionally. Squarely. Meet it with the utter negation of desire.

"No. And trying would never help. You see, it's nothing I can do anything about."

There was no use in staying there together any longer. They finished their coffee in silence. Lindley went to get his coat and hat, and perhaps to recover himself and his shaken poise by remembering that he now belonged here in this club and was on his way up, even without Ellen. She went into the lounge to wait for him, reminded all at once of the day she had met Peter and her father there. She hadn't been in this room since that day. And as she came in now and glanced at the little groups of people talking or drinking, her very thoughts stopped in shock. She could hardly believe it, but there was no possible mistake: There was Lewis Hewston. And Peter.

They were deep in conversation. She could see Peter's profile, and he looked tired and rather untidy, as if he had been in a hurry and as if he didn't care how he looked. The sight of him made her faint and shaky. She wanted to get away. That was the essential thing. But Hewston had looked up and recognized her. Ellen could feel Peter's glance then, like a physical touch. She hardly knew who moved first. Somebody did. Then she was shaking hands with Hewston, and turning to Peter.

"Hello, Peter."

"Ellen! How are you?"

"I couldn't be more surprised."

"I was in St. Paul and came on to Duluth to see Major Wymark. He was good enough to come down to meet me," said Hewston.

"Hewston is looking for Violet," said Peter abruptly.

"Yes—of course he would be." That was Ellen's apology.

At least Peter would realize now that she knew that Violet was Hewston's responsibility. She thought of that first of all, before she even wondered why Violet's lover should be searching for her here.

"I have just come back from abroad," said Hewston, "and I went to St. Paul—to see Violet. But she had left. The Clydes didn't know where she'd gone. And I can't find out where she is. You don't happen to know?"

"No. I haven't heard anything from her."

"She had told me she might come up here to visit. So I called up Peter. He said he thought we had better have a talk before I got in touch with you. We've ironed out a number of things—you probably know—I'm very anxious to marry Violet. As soon as possible. I want you to know that, Ellen."

Does Peter hate me or feel triumphant, wondered Ellen. It doesn't matter anyhow. He knows I didn't trust him, that I wouldn't have stood by him if he really had been in a jam about Violet. That finished it.

"I've just been saying to Hewston that he'll probably find Violet making herself comfortable in the best hotel in New York," said Peter.

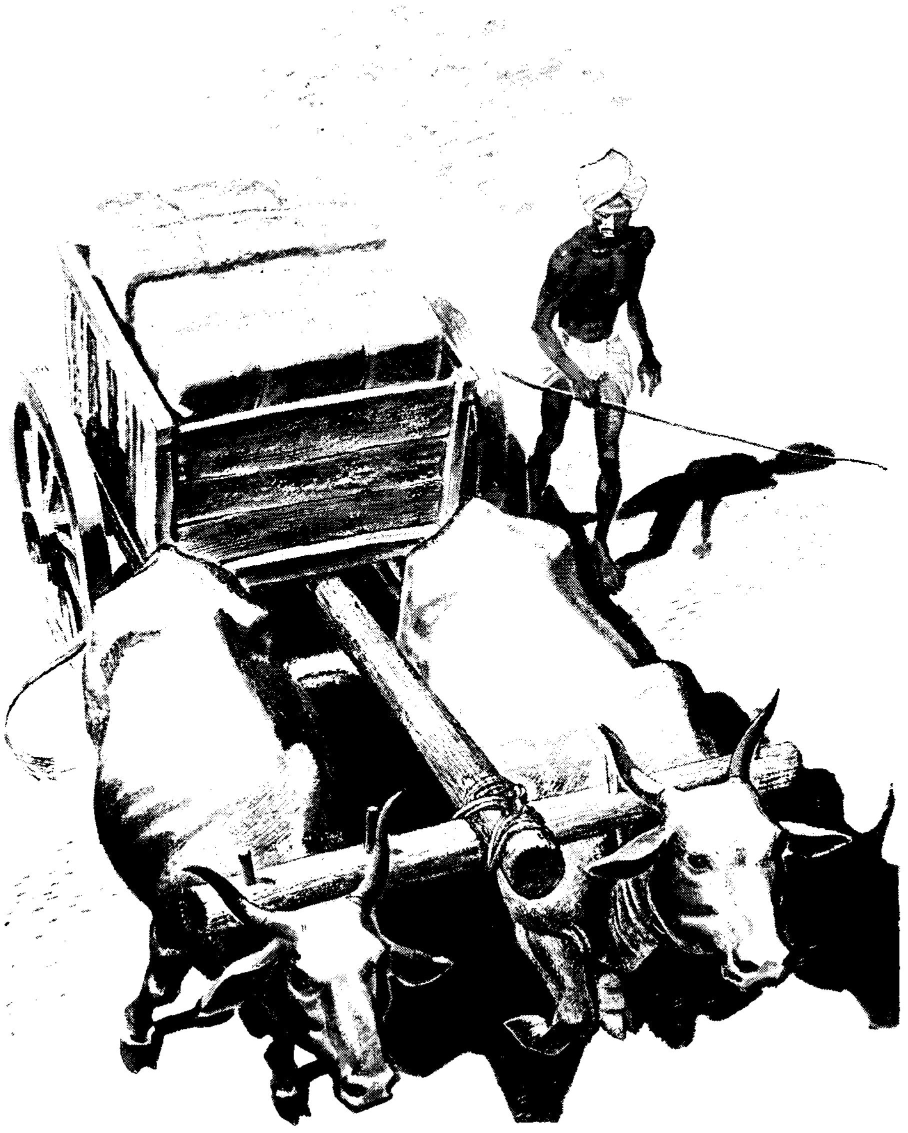
"God knows I hope so," Hewston worried;

Child of Violence

In the dry dusty desert town Paula Haller's mother made the laws and broke them, made men and broke them too. When Paula dared defy this domination she violated not only a mother's instinct to rule her child, but a lusty woman's will to power. It seemed like an unequal battle, but watching her mother, Paula had learned her lesson well, and in her rebellion made skillful use of the most murderous weapon she could find—a man as cold and deadly as a pistol. The story of their conflict makes a serial filled with tension and excitement.

BITTER HARVEST

BY RAMONA STEWART ● BEGINNING NEXT WEEK



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ERIE

shoat story

Seen Joe Prangle yesterday.

Ast him how he made out with them shoats he bought some whiles back.

Joe said he built a pen for them, but they busted out and rooted up his new vegetable patch. Had to go and build another pen, of course. But they busted out of that in a couple of weeks, and killed more'n half his flock of prize white Leghorns.

So him and the kids set to work and built a real strong pen this time. Reinforced with locust posts and Lord knows what all.

And durned if somebody didn't leave the gate open, and them pigs got out again and plumb ruint four acres of Old Man Svenson's good hybrid corn. Cost Joe plenty to keep hisself out of court.

Meanwhile, them pigs was eating Joe out of house and home. You recollect how feed prices was sky-high then, too.

Well sir, just when the critters was fat and sassy . . . bang! the bottom dropped clean out of the hog market. Joe said he hardly got back the price of a pork chop.

So I says, "Joe, seems to me like you took a real licking on that deal."

And Joe, he thinks very serious for a minute, and he says:

"Well, now . . . I dunno. You got to consider I had the use of them pigs six whole months."

Poor Joe will probably never see the light of his sad tale of woe. We're sure *you* will though . . . and agree with us that things are apt to go from bad to worse, unless business judgments are reckoned by objective facts and *figures.*

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N. W. AYER & SON

he had shed the manner of sophistication he usually wore.

If only he were not here, if there were no one else around, perhaps she could explain to Peter that she only didn't want him to hate her. But now Bob Lindley was coming in. The look on his face made Ellen want to laugh. This was comedy. It's the whole ensemble, she thought hysterically, and heard herself giggle.

"There's Lindley. He seems to be looking for you, Ellen," said Peter, as if it were nothing to him.

"Lewis, I want to introduce Bob Lindley." Ellen got through with it somehow. Hewston helped smoothly, speaking pleasantly of the club and of not having been here in ten years, though he always kept a membership.

But Peter was no help.

"Congratulations, Bob," he said. "I hear you may be transferred down here. To a great big mahogany desk. That should be fine—for all sorts of reasons."

Ellen was afraid of what might be coming next.

"We'd better go along, Bob," she said hastily. "Goodby, Lewis. Good luck and give my—my love to Violet."

Peter grinned. "Mine, too. When you catch her."

The grin was for Ellen's benefit. It slipped from his face as she left the room and he stood staring after her.

Hewston said after a minute, "I'm genuinely sorry that you and Ellen Desmond didn't make a go of it, Wymark."

"No. That fair-haired lad she's with fits into the picture much better," Peter answered.

Hewston had seen that by looking at Lindley. He remembered the story he'd heard in New York about Jay Desmond's resistance to his daughter's engagement to Peter. This other young man looked all right. But Hewston thought Ellen had insisted on Peter. The whole affair must have been hard to take, and Peter looked as if it had been.

Hewston was very grateful to Wymark. When he had come back to St. Paul, pulled by feelings that dragged him away from his pride, he found that Violet had run away with her child, leaving no address. The elder Clydes were seething with indignation and suspicion, threatening to call in detectives, to start court actions. Hewston's instinct had been to wash his hands of the whole business, but some deep-seated concern gave him no peace. Peter Wymark might know something. The Desmond girl might have information.

So Hewston had telephoned Peter first, tracing him through the Greysolon Company. Peter had been brief. He couldn't discuss anything on the telephone, he said, but he thought there were things Hewston should know. He himself couldn't get off the job for more than a few hours but he could meet Hewston in Duluth. Again desire and concern had triumphed over Hewston's caution. He had come here and been shocked and convinced by what Peter had told him.

PETER hadn't minced the facts. He said he thought it was time that at least the principals had things straight. Violet was going to have a child, and it was Hewston's child. She'd told Peter so on that November night in St. Paul, when they had gone out together after Lacey's banquet.

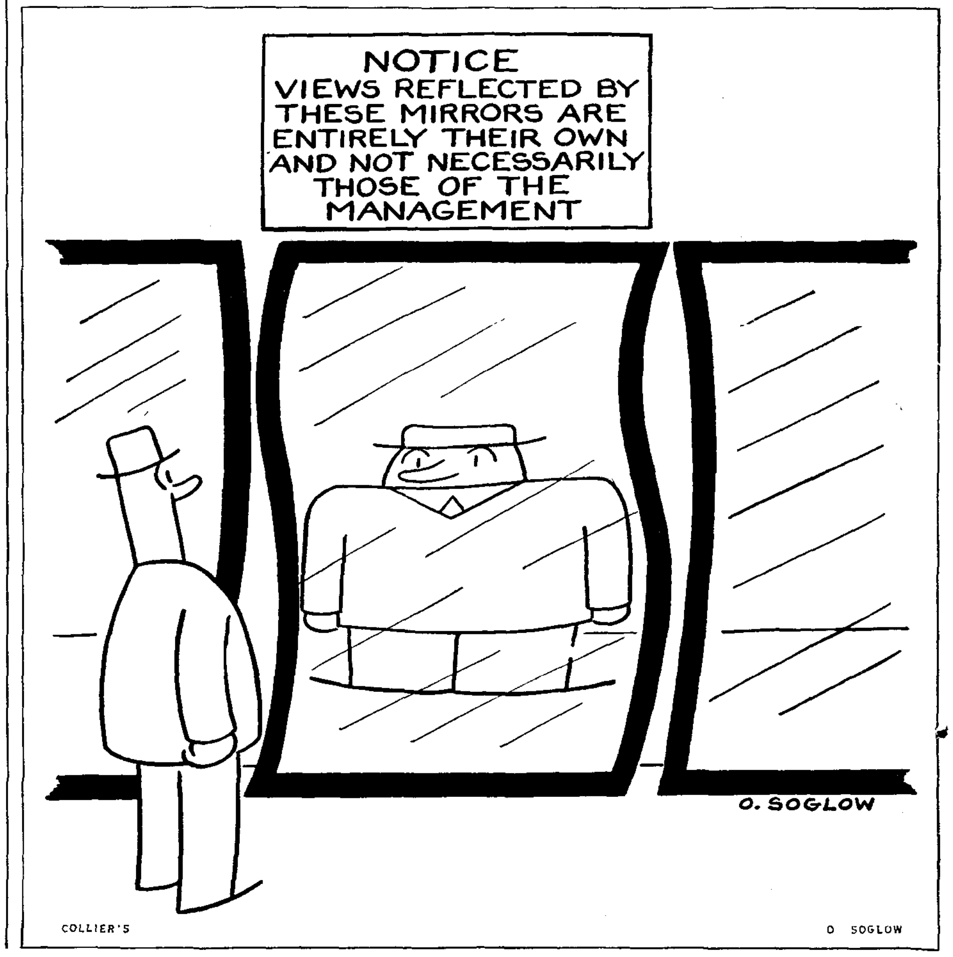
Going back over the events and obscurities of his last frustrated visit with Violet, Hewston had pieced it all together. He did not doubt it was his child. He had to credit that straight statement of Peter's that if it had been his own responsibility he would have taken it on, and that he'd tried to help Violet out as much as he could, anyhow.

"We liked each other a lot," said Peter, "but there was nothing to it after the week end at Windower. Nothing important anyway. Violet fell for you completely. And I—well, Violet and I understood each other. She was a different girl when she talked about you. She dropped the bluff. The froufrou. She really meant business about you. You were tops with her."

Hewston listened, frustrations and suspicions dissolving in his mind. He wanted her back. He wanted her more than ever now. He would find her. Now that he knew what he was going to find, he would quickly get the machinery in motion. They would go to some remote place, perhaps to South America for as long as was necessary.

There was business to do there and he'd make an excuse of it. He would take a house for her. Hewston almost saw the house as he and Peter sat smoking silently. He could definitely imagine the high stucco walls, the romantic privacy, the brilliant beauty of the setting that Violet would have. She'd be gay and happy, and he'd be young again and rid of all these nerve strains. And the child—well, once he'd wanted to have a child even if in recent years he'd got out of the way of thinking in those terms. He could do well by it. Good schools later on. When they came back to New York, any talk would have died down. It wouldn't matter, anyhow. It would all be perfectly regular by that time.

He forgot his fears of being exploited or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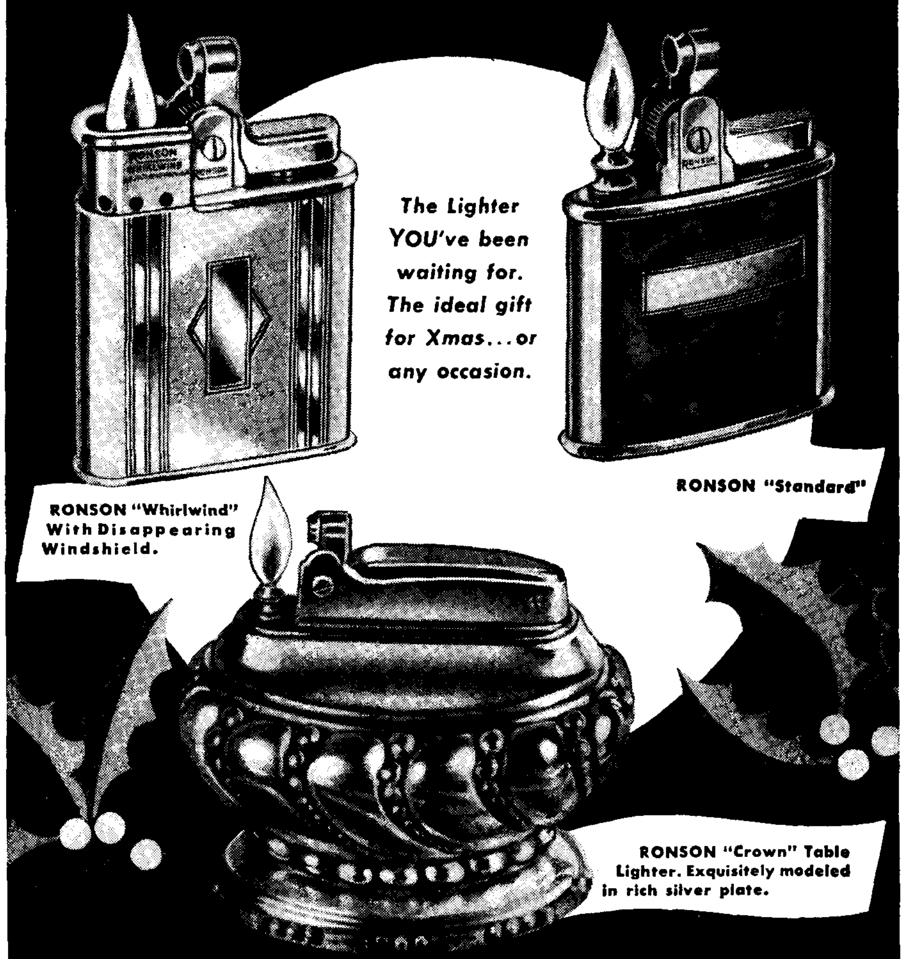

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wheedled into another marriage. The thing that made the difference was knowing that she cared for him. Hewston was full of an ingenuous gratitude for what Violet had told Peter. And she'd acted so bravely, not like a woman who was trying to exploit a man. Any other girl would have made a lot of trouble. Violet hadn't even told him how things were. No wonder the poor girl had turned down his plan. He'd have to make that up to her.

PETER WYMARK'S thoughts were on a girl, too, and they were quite different, planless and dreary. It never would have worked, he said to himself. She was just having a little fling, outside of her gang. It didn't take her long to whistle Lindley back and they're certainly setting him up as Prince Consort— How that girl could still tear him to pieces, just by looking at him. . . .

"I'm sorry you had to take that bus ride down from your town, Wymark," Hewston was saying now.

"It's all right. I was glad to do it. There's not much place to talk up there. I'll get a bus back at ten-thirty."

"You went back to the Greysolon Company, I see."

"Yes, it seemed a sound idea at the time."

"How are things going?"

"Fine. We've been working all winter. We'll be ready to move the ore the minute navigation opens in the spring."

"I meant how are you getting along personally?"

"All right. I'm not any too popular in some quarters. I'll be less so before this session of the legislature is over."

"What are you mixing in politics for?"

"That's what my bosses want to know. Well, the answer is that I don't like some of the stuff they're dishing out behind a front of helping ex-servicemen. Some of it is all right. Some of it smells."

"Do you plan to go into politics seriously, Wymark?"

"I might some day. I've got to figure out some way to get ahead."

"Would you be interested in a good spot somewhere else than here?"

"Sure," said Peter.

"I might be able to fix something up for you in connection with postwar aviation, and this is really the time to dig in, if you'd like that."

"It sounds like something good."

"It really is for a fellow without a lot of ties. If you aren't satisfied with your prospects here—"

"I'm not, as far as that goes."

"I think I could get you sent abroad. I've just come from there and things are really lining up."

"What would the job consist of?"

"I'd say offhand it would be partly as construction engineer, but also as a contact man in a quiet way. You'd watch out for concessions. You'd have to report back to the company on possibilities and on people. Of course the whole thing is touch and go until international agreements shake down, but in the meantime we've got to get all ready to move when the time comes. Your experience in the war ought to be useful in figuring out sites for landing fields in places where they'd be useful and look impossible. As to pay, I don't know. But you'd get all your expenses and you'd be on a reasonable salary. We could certainly start you on what you're getting at present."

"What a break it would be!" said Peter.

It was like feeling a fresh wind in a room where every window had been closed. The idea of new adventure, of breaking loose from this place which had been unresponsive to his hopes and full of disappointment, swept through Peter's mind.

Away from here, the thought of Ellen Desmond wouldn't be nagging at him, eating him up with bitterness. There were plenty of other girls in the world, and perhaps when he got into some other country he'd begin to feel that again.

Hewston was a man of quick decisions and successful gambles. Not too vaguely he had guessed at Wymark's situation. He'd missed out on the Desmond girl and was in wrong with the company. But he was made of good stuff. And he'd been very helpful.

"I might be able to set something up for you at once when I go back to New York. But I'd want to be able to depend on you. There's a lot of competition for every potential place. It's bound to be worse, as good aviation men with outstanding records are constantly being released, and everyone on the board of directors is approached by his own friends, asking for jobs."

"You mean you'd like me to give you an answer now?"

"If you're in earnest you could be on your way in two or three weeks."

Peter shook his head slowly. With regret, for he knew that this offer, brilliant as it was, had been coined out of an immediate gratitude and that the smart thing to do was to snap it up. But he said, "I guess you'll have to count me out this time. I've got some things I'll have to clean up here and it will take longer than that."

"Somebody else would do them if you were dead."

"I'm not so sure. It's not just that the company needs every engineer it's got on the job just now, though that's an absolute fact. It can't spare operating men. And the ore's got to move. But in addition to that, I've got this political thing. I'm committed to it."

"Between ourselves, isn't that rather small potatoes, Wymark?"

"I suppose. But in a way it isn't. Anyway the potato patch you've worked in is the one where you may get a crop. Besides, just for my own satisfaction I want to see that a politician in this state gets what's coming to him for once. A bird called Joe Lacey. Some people think he made a sucker out of me and I'd like to show him and them, too, that he isn't going to get away with anything. I don't know whether I can do it or not, but it's a good scrap."

"I've heard of Lacey. I've a grudge against him myself."

Hewston was recalling the sight of Violet getting into that car in front of the hotel with Lacey. He hoped to heaven she hadn't told that fellow anything.

He looked at his watch and so did Peter.

"I hope you catch up with Violet all right," Peter said, as they shook hands.

"I shall. I'm afraid she's had a pretty rugged time, and I'm going to make it up to her."

IT HAD been rugged ever since Violet had stepped into the car with Mr. Lacey. She had grown faint and dizzy on the way back to the Clydes that day, and the concern of Joe Lacey was so experienced and tactful, that she felt as if he guessed what was wrong with her. He hadn't treated her like a girl with a bad headache who'd be all right in her own home. He had suggested that she might like to drive around a little. There was just a touch of conspiracy in his manner, as if he knew that she had stepped out of an intrigue.

Violet had been very careful of one thing, sick and confused as she was. She had not mentioned Hewston's name. They had kept the conversation on Peter Wymark.

That night, realizing that Hewston had gone, calling the hotel only to make despairingly sure of it, Violet knew that she must do something. She was not going to be able to keep her problems secret much longer. She must get away.

Like an answer to her desperate need there had been a letter for her from Peter next morning. He wrote: "I'm sending you this as a small loan from an old pal. It may ease off the situation a little and I can easily spare it at this time. Wish it were more. Wish I were a millionaire. Also while wishing, I wish you the best there is. Keep your chin up like the swell girl you can be. What you're doing is something that needs doing in the world right now. Love, Pete."

The check had been two hundred dollars. Jay Desmond had been quite right when he remarked to Ellen that Peter no doubt stayed on the job because he needed the money. There was the ring that Ellen had sent back, of course. He might have taken that back and seen what he could get for it, but he couldn't make up his mind to do it. It seemed the unbearable humiliation. He hadn't finished paying for it, and when the bill came in after his engagement was broken, he

Why was Studebaker chosen for such critical war tasks?

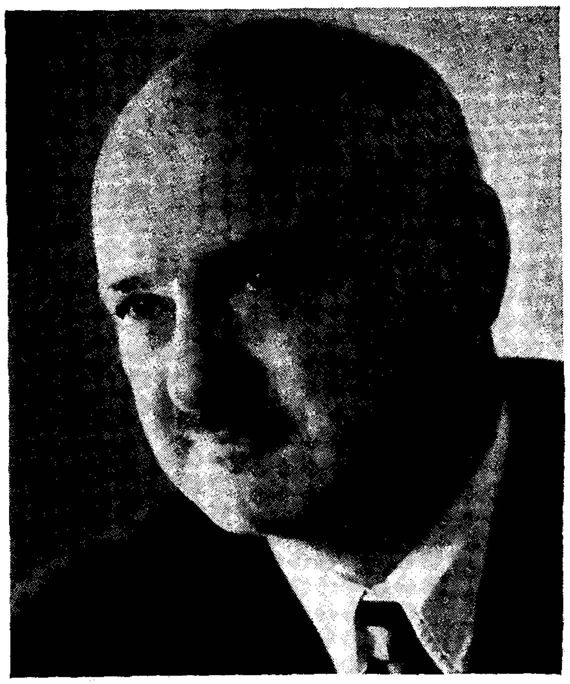
[illegible] THE [illegible]

FOR [illegible] ENGINES.

[illegible]

By Paul G. Hoffman

President, The Studebaker Corporation



Harold S. Vance, Chairman of the Board of The Studebaker Corporation since 1935; entered Studebaker's employ as a mechanic 35 years ago; has served as Director of Purchases, Export Manager, Sales Manager, Vice President in charge of Production and Engineering.

THERE is plenty of glory for all in the miracle of American war production. Thousands of manufacturers, large and small, did their job well—rendered priceless service. Some manufacturers turned out munitions of war in greater volume than Studebaker. But it is doubtful if any other manufacturer carried out such difficult assignments with such complete success as did 93-year-old Studebaker.

There were built for the war, 12,[illegible]97 Boeing Flying Fortresses. For them, Studebaker manufactured 63,789 Wright Cyclone engines. All the world knows how invaluable these great bombers were in reducing Hitler's Germany and in saving American lives. Here is what the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces and the Deputy Commander say of these engines:

"The brilliant combat exploits of Flying Fortresses in Europe were due in large measure to the superiority of the engines you helped build. Those roaring engines sounded destruction to our enemies and safety to our airmen. You have the profound gratitude of every one of us in the AAF for a job well done. (Signed) Ira C. Eaker, Deputy Commander, AAF and H. H. Arnold, Commanding General, Army Air Forces."

★ ★ ★

In modern warfare, armies are absolutely dependent upon trucks for transportation. Studebaker made 197,661 heavy-duty military trucks—trucks that carried the Red Army from Stalingrad to Berlin—trucks that took punishment by weather and terrain from the Persian Gulf to the Arctic Ocean. According to Red Army generals, these Studebaker trucks played a vital part in the crushing of Nazi Armies on the Eastern front.

★ ★ ★

To the invasion beaches, to the swamps and jungles of the Asiatic theater, Studebaker contributed the Weasel—a personnel and cargo carrier that went where no other vehicle made by man could venture.

★ ★ ★

Why was Studebaker chosen to build these engines, these trucks, these Weasels—for air, land and amphibious transportation?

It was not because Studebaker is the oldest name in vehicular transportation, or because Studebaker had served the Government in three wars, or for any other sentimental reason. It was not because of the magnitude of Studebaker. A seventy-million-dollar company is dwarfed when expenditures are figured in billions.

★ ★ ★

Here are the reasons why the Army came to Studebaker with major problems:

1. A production organization of keen, alert brains headed by H. S. Vance, Studebaker Chairman, and Ralph Vail, Vice President, including, in South Bend, P. O. Peterson, Bert Fowler, George Westphal, George Bunner, W. J. Learmonth; in Los Angeles, C. K. Whittaker, Stanley Whitworth—and other men of vast experience in doing a quality job quickly.

2. An engineering organization distinguished not only by brilliance but by genius—headed by Roy E. Cole, Vice President—staffed by engineers with eager, open minds and proved ability, such as S. W. Sparrow, H. E. Churchill, E. M. Douglas, W. W. Smith and S. A. Jeffries.

3. The finest group of craftsmen in the automotive industry, probably the finest group in any industry—fathers, sons and grandsons, saturated with a great tradition of quality production—workmen with unequalled "know-how" in automotive manufacture—above all, craftsmen imbued with the finest team spirit. No other vehicle maker can match this team, for no other has a history running back to 1852.

These were the assets the Army was looking for—assets which enabled Studebaker to become one of the lowest cost manufacturers of airplane engines for the Army Air Forces.

These assets—management brains, engineering genius, craftsmanship—made it possible for Studebaker to deliver *on schedule* every engine, every truck and every Weasel ordered.

★ ★ ★

My own responsibility at Studebaker has been administration rather than production. The credit for these accomplishments does not go to me as president but to Studebaker's matchless production and engineering organization. Therefore, I feel free to publicize this tribute to men who deserve it.

In behalf of K. B. Elliott, Vice President in charge of Sales, I conclude with this moral for motorists:

"The same men who built Studebaker military trucks, Weasels and engines for Flying Fortresses are now building the best passenger cars and trucks your money can buy."

A typical Studebaker father-and-son team. Alonzo T. Messersmith served 12 months overseas in World War I, has been with Studebaker 21 years, is a tool maker in the Body Division Tool Room. His son, William H. Messersmith, joined Studebaker in 1941, was overseas 8 months, returned recently after being wounded in the Battle of the Bulge. He is a machinist in the Body Division Tool Room.

... in a Nutshell!

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These famous prepared cocktails are made from superb ingredients—including genuine, pot-stilled Milshire Gin.

Always ready and always right. Ask for *Heublein's Club Cocktails* at your local liquor store. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Connecticut.

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THE FIVE KINDS:
Manhattan, ***65 proof***
Dry Martini, ***71 proof***
Old Fashioned, ***80 proof***
Side Car, ***60 proof***
Daiquiri, ***70 proof***

Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

cleaned that obligation up anyway. It made no sense but he felt a brief satisfaction doing it, as he had felt when he sent the check to Violet.

Violet had abducted her own child. She was sure that if she openly tried to take her away, Mrs. Clyde would start a delaying action and then it might be too late. Cleverly, and with a frightened amusement, Violet made her plans.

It was on Mrs. Clyde's day at the Red Cross that Violet left her house. The housemaid was out, too, that afternoon, because it was Wednesday, and the cook never came to the front of the house unless she had to. Violet made a trip to the bank and the ticket office in the morning and then, after the housemaid went down the driveway, she spent a frantic hour packing all her clothes and Sally's best ones. When Sally came home from nursery school at one-thirty, the game was ready to play and the taxi already ordered.

"You watch out the window for the taxi, Sally, and then run down and tell him we're coming."

"I have to say goodby to Grandmother."

"But we mustn't miss the train."

"Oh, no," said Sally, her eyes shining. "I want not to miss the train."

"Your grandmother may come down to see us off," said Violet, adding a secret "God help me" to herself.

"For I have to say goodby," repeated Sally.

Violet, in one of her flashes of imagination, knelt down beside her little girl.

"Sally, this is wartime. All over the world, people have to go off in a great hurry. Just like us. And you know what a soldier told me once? He said, the very best thing for people is not to say goodby. He said it was harder for the people who had to stay home."

"Then we won't say goodby to Grandmother."

For the first and only time, Violet pitied Mrs. Clyde. But it was a short qualm. It didn't last a minute after the taxi rolled down the street, leaving the red brick house severe between its neatly shoveled snowbanks.

Life should be better and fairer and gayer than what went on in that house. She had all her possessions, her fine French luggage with the clothes she would need, the unpaid-for dresses among them. Some day they'd get their money.

The beautiful mink coat was wrapped around her luxuriously, her bracelet sparkled, her jewel case with the pearl necklace was on one side of her, and on the other was the fat, solemn, excited child who was hers and whom she loved beyond her own comprehension. She felt the other child within her as no weight yet, and now as no sickening fear.

Waiting for the train to pull out was the hard thing. Violet had a feeling that Mrs. Clyde might appear with a policeman, and then Sally might cry. There even might be some law she didn't know about to keep a mother from going away with her child. She put Sally in the Pullman seat next to the window and bought a paper from the news vendor, trying to fix her mind on the news . . .

The train was moving.

"Grandmother didn't want to say goodby," said Sally.

"Nobody ever does," answered Violet. Suddenly she felt ill, and for a moment panic touched her, but she brushed it aside. She leaned her head back and tried to think ahead. When she got to New York she'd go to the Ritz. No, the Plaza was better. The way to manage in New York was to go to a hotel where they knew your name and where you could charge things. Suppose the Clydes made a fuss and came after her. But how could they? Perhaps she would cable her aunt. Perhaps sell the pearls. She could do something to establish herself. She'd have to.

It was late when they reached Chicago and they had a hectic struggle for a cross-town taxi to the other station, where the train left for New York. Packed into the car with other travelers, trying to eat with Sally at the counter in the restaurant, Violet wondered if she ever could get there, if she could keep going until she reached New York. The pain she had felt earlier had returned and was getting much worse. It would be dreadful if something happened tonight. . . .

A few hours later, the doctor on the New York train said to the conductor, "Better take her off at Cleveland and get her to a hospital. She says she has no one to notify. War widow, maybe. Anyway, that's the thing to do. They'll take care of the little girl at the hospital overnight anyhow."

"These girls should stay home with their people," grumbled the conductor.

Lewis Hewston's plans for a gay, relaxed happy Violet in South America, waiting for his child to be born, had been much too confident.

IT WAS along in March that Jay Desmond said sharp things one day to his chief political adviser, the same Willis Fink about whose astute judgment he had so often boasted.

"You must be losing your grip, Fink," he told him.

Fink looked ugly. He couldn't speak quite so frankly in return, considering who paid the bills, but to his mind, that was just what was the matter with Desmond. No one could please him any more.

"Some things can be done and some can't," he answered in a safe but bitter summing up.

"First they defeat the veterans' memorial bill—"

"There was no chance for that with every woman who knew a man in uniform writing to their Representatives in protest against it."

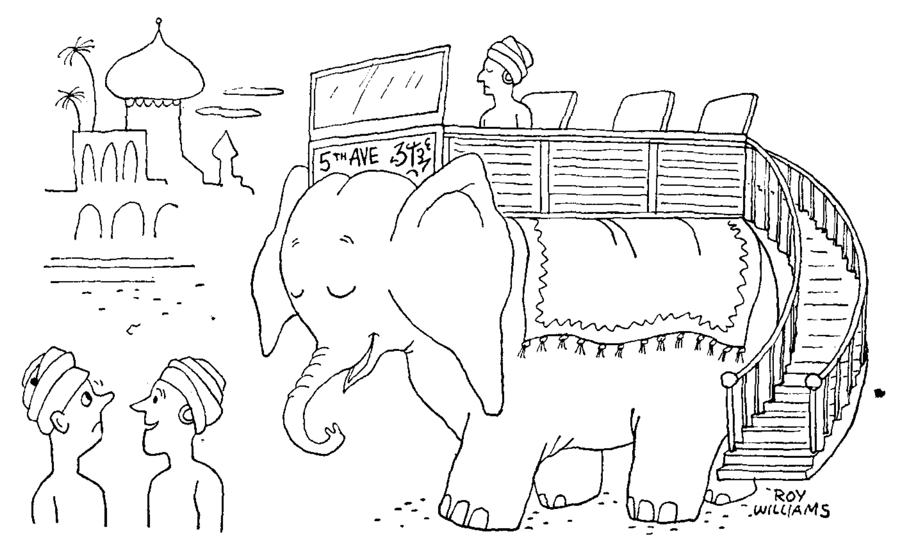
"It was pretty smart tactics to get them up in arms," said Desmond. "Well, that didn't matter. It wasn't a good bill, anyway. And there was a bad crowd behind it, wasn't there?"

"Sure, it was a pork-barrel bill in a way. In some places the counties might have spent the money pretty well."

"You're looking on the bright side. There would have been a whole lot of graft before we got through with that one. Personally, I think it's just as well it's killed, and I didn't like the hints that we were tied up with it. We weren't committed to it, were we?"

"I don't think so. There might have been a little trading here and there."

Desmond frowned. "Anyway, that's over



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the dam. What I don't like is the way that other proposition is popping up again—that survey of the state industries and resources. I thought we'd polished that off."

"It's not so easy," Fink said.

"There are a dozen ways to cripple a bill," Desmond reminded him; "and you know all of them."

"It was a whole lot easier when Lacey was back of the thing," said Fink frankly. "Now the picture is quite changed. They've had a good deal of advice on drawing up the bill as it stands at present. Of course, I never thought that Joe Lacey intended to follow through on it originally."

"Blackmail," Desmond described it in a word.

"But now it's a horse of another color. With Lacey, all this hunting out new jobs was only a talking point. To make himself popular. But it's not that now. And it's not an amateur proposition. There are some men at the university who are pretty well informed even on practical politics and they've been sitting in on the thing. They're prepared, so they say—I don't know how true it is—to make this bill test legislation. They want to give it national publicity if it works out. The result is—" He blew out a long breath and his Phi Beta Kappa key trembled, as if discouraged at being confronted with such a problem.

"*Well, go on—what's eating you?*" prodded Desmond.

"They've got a bill that it's pretty hard to oppose openly. That's the size of it. Their argument, if it reaches the floor of the House, will be that it can do no harm to try it; that the chances are it might do a whole lot of good to have outside people look over the possibilities of every industry in the state. And if new ideas and opportunities do crop up, and are accepted by the owners and operators, then the returning servicemen will have a better break. There you are, Jay. It may be hooey but you want to remember that we're up against a popular cause."

Desmond said, "The whole thing's a phony. We've had our own surveys. Time and again. By the best men there are. And what do they think our engineers do? We know what's possible in our industry, and how we plan to handle it when the time comes."

"Sure," agreed Fink.

"There are properties I'd open up right now if I had the men and equipment to do it," said Desmond. "But if any of these politicians think they can tell me how I ought to run my business, they've got another think coming."

Fink rode along with a nod. "How do the other big industries in the state feel about it? The millers and the packers and the railroad men? Have you talked to the men who represent them?"

"Well, there's some difference of opinion," answered Fink almost reluctantly. "Some of them seem to feel that they may as well go along or at least not actively oppose it. That it can't do much harm."

"They do, do they? What's their idea?"

FINK cogitated, or gave that appearance. "Well, of course, it's possible to let things just take their course," he said. "I'm not sure that, even if such a bill got through the legislature, it would stand up in court. I'm not sure it couldn't be attacked on Constitutional grounds."

"That's a long, expensive process. Who introduced the bill?"

"Cliff Johnson in the House and old Judge Stevens in the Senate. Their names are on it."

"Nothing doing there?"

Fink moved his head decisively and negatively. "Johnson's an independent fighter on his way up. Win or lose, it's good publicity for him. You know old Judge Stevens; he's a dreamer. He believes it's a good bill."

"Who's back of them now that Lacey's out of the picture? Besides the women and the professors? Lacey's not double-crossing us on this, is he?"

"No, he's got his people lined up against it. But I'm not sure there are enough of them. You can't put your finger on who's back of the general push for the bill. Of course, there's Pete Wymark. He's a stir-stick. He's plugging for it. And he's one of your own organization!" Glad to shift the blame, Fink asked, "Why the hell don't you fire that fellow, Jay? Or make him toe the mark?"

A scene came vividly back to Desmond's mind. He recalled Peter Wymark, angry and looking exhausted, standing up to him in his own library, forgetting Ellen—or not caring—indifferent to what was being done for him, and saying, "I've been supporting that bill because I believed in it."

He had thought that Wymark would toe the mark after he had been given that lesson about being sold out by Joe Lacey.

"No," he answered sharply, "that's not good business. I never fired a man yet for the way he voted, and I've had plenty of renegades and crooks on my pay roll before this. And though you may forget it in your line of work, we have a lot of ore to get out this year. Wymark's not a bad engineer and Kane may need him on the job."

"That's up to you. He's quite an influence, due to his war record. There's even *talk* about running him for Congress."

"They'll forget the war before the next election. And heroes will be a dime a dozen. How does Joe Lacey feel about this?"

"Not too happy. He's worried. They *licked him on the memorial bill, and he was* known to support it. Now he's sent the word to oppose this new one. But if the men who usually take his say-so in the legislature see that he can go down on one more thing, he won't be able to hold them in line. It's a blow to his influence."

COUNT ON NO OTHER COMFORTER

Now, when the darkness gathers round his head,
What else has man but love to comfort him?
Call on no confluence of seraphim,
Count on no other comforter instead.
Now, when the wind is rising from the deep,
What lamp of heart or mind can lift the night?
Turn not to wit, that gives a foxy light,
Or drink the drowsy anodyne of sleep.
Oh, if there is a God in all this vast
Design of flesh and dust, this maze of will,
Turn for a moment from the hush above;
Give us again the memory of the past,
The light of April over field and hill,
And childhood's morning with its endless love.

—ROBERT NATHAN

"That's all to the good. It would almost be worth it to see the bill passed if Lacey went down under it. But we can't do that, Fink. It's the principle of the thing. We can't have amateurs and politicians who've *never met a pay roll poking their noses into* our business. You should be able to beat this."

"I don't say it can't be done. I'm just pointing out that it's no cinch."

"You're building up credit," said Desmond, suddenly turning jocose. "Go ahead and do what's necessary. If you need radio time or a little entertaining, there's not a thing in your way, is there? Nobody's questioning your expense account."

"I'll do all I can," promised Fink.

It was the principle of the thing. Desmond told himself stubbornly that he stood on that. He didn't like Fink's milk-and-water attitude. He was annoyed at being jockeyed into playing on the same side as Joe Lacey and probably tarred with the same stick. But Desmond wasn't going to back down for any of them. Certainly not for that upstart Wymark.

Every time he thought, involuntarily always, of what Ellen had told him about asking Wymark if he didn't want to marry her, Desmond saw red all over again. Wymark should have been on his knees thanking her from then on. Instead, Heaven only knew how insolent he must have been. And there was Ellen now, who ought to be married, and who'd told everyone she was going to marry Peter Wymark, stuck in that little office, wasting the best years of her life.

Of course, there was Lindley. But Bob Lindley seemed to be getting the swelled head. He wasn't delivering. He was running around too much, thought Desmond, and he didn't seem to be taking Ellen with him. Which, after all, had been unadmittedly in the cards when Lindley had been promoted and brought to the city. Desmond had a feeling of being baffled no matter where he turned.

His resentment came back to Peter Wymark. Who was back of him? There must be somebody. Wymark couldn't put this over by himself.

OTHER people said the same thing. In the Veterans Service office, Fred Copland remarked, in answer to a question from Ellen, "It's going very well. Wymark's doing a good job with the time he has to give to it. But you're the one who ought to get the credit."

"I *haven't done anything.*"

"You certainly started the ball rolling. Everyone thought that bill was a dead duck until you got the idea of bringing the women into the picture."

"Anyone would have thought of that."

"*Nobody else did. And you've helped with* the letters and the circulars more than anybody. I'd like to see you get some credit."

"Please," she said with quick vehemence, "leave me out of it."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm Ellen Desmond. The name isn't going to help any."

"Think so?"

"I'm sure of it," Ellen said. "There are some people who'd wonder what was mixing in it for. They might misunderstand."

Peter would. He'd probably think she was chasing him.

Mr. Copland looked at her with admiration. She was a fine girl and steady as a clock. But she might be right. From the gossip, her father was opposing the bill, quietly but with plenty of force. It might look like a double cross, if she came into the open.

"What are the chances of getting the bill passed?" she asked.

"We can't count noses at this point. My guess is that a lot of people haven't made up their minds. If we can get it through the House, we don't have to worry about the Senate. The prestige of having won popular support and the fact that Judge Stevens has his name on it will carry it there. The governor is all set to sign it. But I think the opposition has some cards up its sleeve."

"What are they?"

"They're out to get Pete Wymark."

"Who is? Why?"

"They aren't just thinking of this bill, as a matter of fact. If it passes, it's kind of a personal triumph for Wymark. He'll be acknowledged as a leader of the ex-servicemen, spokesman for them. And there's already talk of him as a veterans' candidate for office. Congress, maybe."

"Well, why not? It should be coming to him, if he wants it."

"They'll get him if they can," Copland said, going into his own office.

But Ellen followed a few minutes later.

"I wish you'd tell me what it's all about. About Peter I know what's in your mind—that we were engaged. But that hasn't anything to do with him. And I've been working for this bill. It means a lot to me."

"The reason I hate to talk about it is because it's just some rotten gossip."

"But you think it will do harm!"

"It may. It's the Johnson-Stevens bill formally, but Wymark's name has been connected with it publicly."

"What's being said?"

He wouldn't tell her. "A lot of rot. About why you didn't marry Wymark."

"Who says it?"

"My guess is that it's inspired by Joe Lacey, and his pals."

Ellen thought for a second. Then she said,

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Practically all understood the reasons for the shortage in telephone facilities and the big majority placed the responsibility for lack of service on the unavoidable circumstances of war.

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"Do you think I could take the day off? Tomorrow?"

"What have you got in mind?" Copland asked anxiously.

"I want to take a run down to the capital," she told him.

"Don't mix in it. It's ugly, Ellen. I'm sorry I ever mentioned it."

"But it's all right to take the day off, isn't it?" Ellen insisted. "I'll call Carolyn and tell her she's got to come back for twenty-four hours."

MR. JOSEPH LACEY, sitting in his office formally devoted to the law, told his secretary that he didn't want to see any young lady. "I'm not signing petitions today," he added humorously.

"It's a Miss Desmond," she said, "and she told me she'd wait."

"Desmond? From where?"

"I don't know. Shall I ask her?"

"Send her in," he said, "and call me in five minutes."

But it didn't take that long.

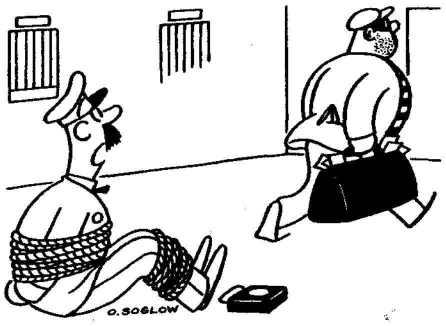
Ellen began, "I'm Ellen Desmond."

He was on his feet at the sight of her. "Jay Desmond's daughter? I know your father."

"Yes."

He asked her to sit down but she said she couldn't stay long, and it kept him standing and for some reason at a disadvantage.

"Mr. Lacey," she said, "I think it's better if I go right to the point. Major Wymark is supporting a bill before the legislature. You know the one I mean. I don't have to go into that."



"Don't Forget to Buy a Victory Bond!"

"Not at all. I have the proposed legislation in mind," he answered smoothly.

"I'm also supporting that bill, Mr. Lacey. And I've understood that some things are being said about Peter which might react unfavorably against the bill itself; about why he and I decided not to be married. You couldn't possibly know the reason. It's none of your business. But if the story you are telling is what I think it is, I think I shall sue you for calumny. I promise you I would without a minute's hesitation."

"My dear young lady," he said with his most kindly smile, "you don't think anything could be said by anyone that would reflect on a person like yourself?"

"What is the story you're telling?" Ellen demanded.

"I'm telling no story! I never gossip. I think you're disturbing yourself unduly. Certainly the reason why you decided not to marry Peter Wymark is your own affair—and his."

"Entirely."

She looked at him contemptuously, and the glance ripped through his caution. Desmond's daughter, coming here and trying to ride him with a high hand. He would take her down a peg.

"And Mrs. Clyde, too, must have been interested," he said. "She spoke so warmly of young Wymark to me. She's a beautiful girl. I understand she was quite ill recently. In Cleveland, wasn't it?"

"I hadn't heard that. I'm so sorry, for it must have worried the man she's going to marry. Perhaps you know him, Mr. Lewis Hewston."

That hit him. Lacey hadn't known that. He could feel a weapon break in his hands. Lacey Field, he thought. Hewston's airlines. Why hadn't somebody put him on to this?

Ellen said, "I wouldn't let the fight over this bill get into personalities, Mr. Lacey. Mr. Hewston might sue you. We think—Peter and I—that it's a very good bill and might do a lot of good."

He recovered a little. "Your father doesn't think so, does he?"

"He will—after it's passed. . . . Goodby, Mr. Lacey."

Less than five minutes had been spent. . . .

It seemed to Mr. Desmond next day that Ellen was in better spirits than she had been for a long while.

"It did you good to get out of town," he told her approvingly.

"A lot of good. You can't imagine how much."

"What were you doing? Shopping?" he asked.

"No, as a matter of fact, I was lobbying."

"Lobbying?" growled Mr. Desmond. "For what?"

"You know—for the bill the servicemen all want, the one for surveys for jobs."

"Didn't you know I'm against that?" he exploded.

"Mr. Lacey said so. I'd heard it before, too."

"Lacey! Did you see that crook?"

"I know you think he is one. That's why I couldn't understand you being on the same side."

He roared, "That's politics! And I don't like you to make a cat's-paw of yourself for that Wymark. After the way he treated you."

The smile went out of her eyes. "I'm not a cat's-paw, Father—for Peter or for you. I'm working on that bill because of what I see in the office every day and because nothing we can do for the men who come back is too much or too hard to try. Father, I'm ashamed of you!"

For the first time in weeks, he saw her without feeling a twinge of pity. And for the first time the principle of the thing seemed to fail him as an argument.

THE bill had become a big issue. There were editorials on it, women's clubs held meetings to discuss it, and high-school children debated it. Easily the biggest controversy before the legislature in the session so far, it ballooned into a struggle between factions.

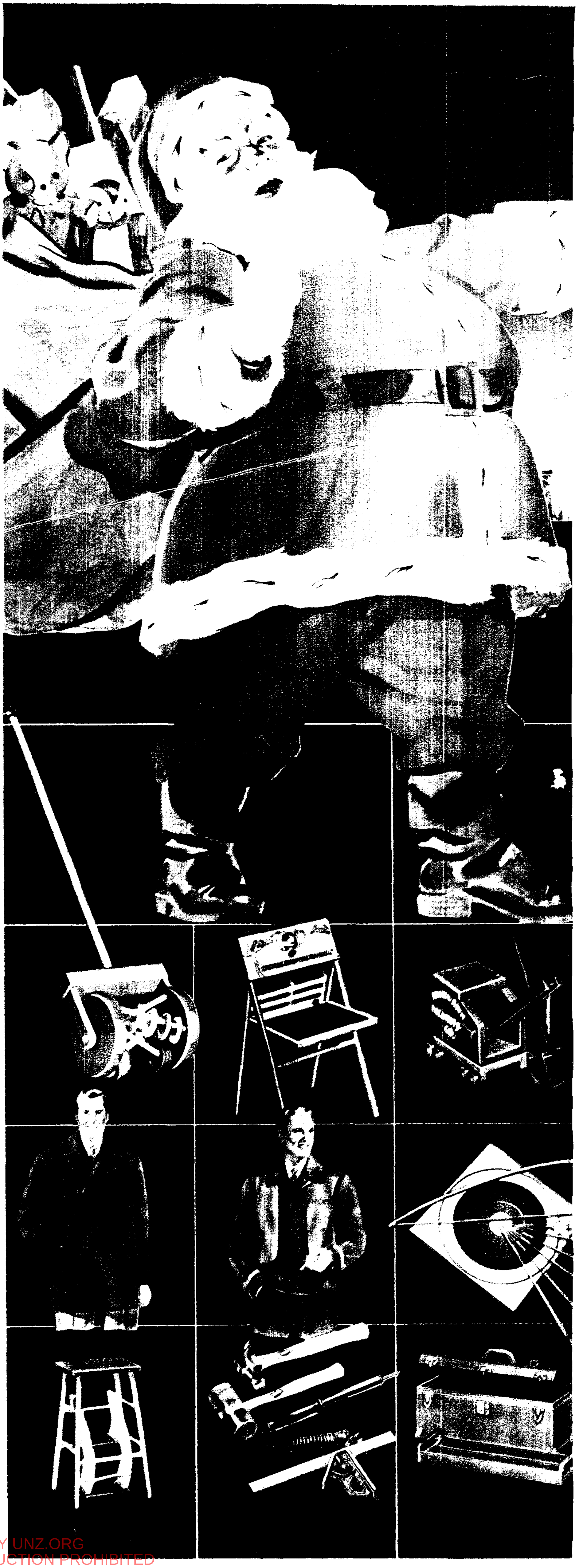
It became a question of whether the action of the legislature was predictable or not, whether politicians could deliver, and whether or not new men like Peter Wymark would always be slapped down into obscurity.

Peter himself had not spent much time lobbying. He had gone on the air and he talked well for the bill. He had written letters. He was definitely identified with it. But he was on his job because he had to be, and Kane was giving him plenty to do. Peter might not be an assistant superintendent but he was doing the work of one, he thought, resentfully.

Somehow he had ceased to care whether he got the superintendency or not. He didn't know what he wanted. Sometimes only to see Ellen. Sometimes to get so far away that the thought that he was within a few hours of her presence wouldn't be like a continual challenge that he couldn't meet. Continually he imagined her with Lindley. He told himself he wouldn't look at the social pages of the paper, and then invariably took a quick glance to see if again Ellen Desmond was announcing her engagement.

There were days when he believed he didn't care and hours when he wanted to marry someone else just to show her, and more honest times when he knew that the memory of their love had spoiled every other girl's charm for him.

Violet wrote him a note, sending back the money he had given her. Lewis wanted her to do that, she wrote: "I've had time to think, Peter. Not a very agreeable occupation, is it? I understand why I've never done more of it. It's humiliating. Lewis has been grand to me. He's taking quite a chance. He was disappointed about losing the baby, too. We're going to be married. I'm rather scared,



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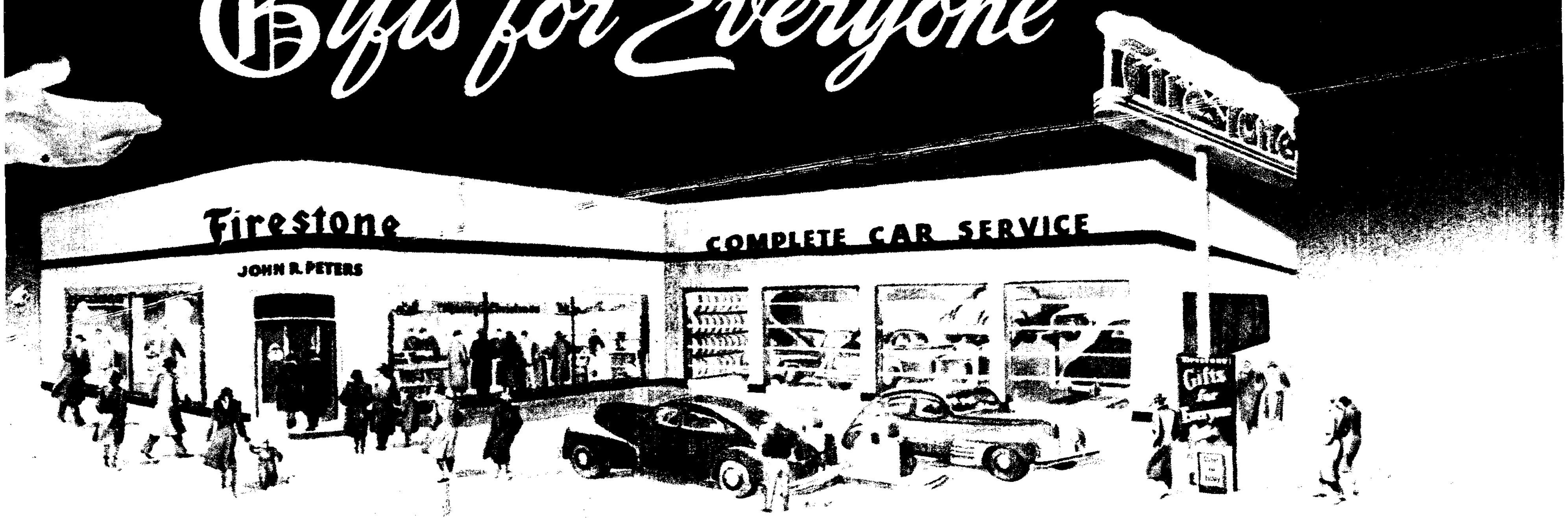
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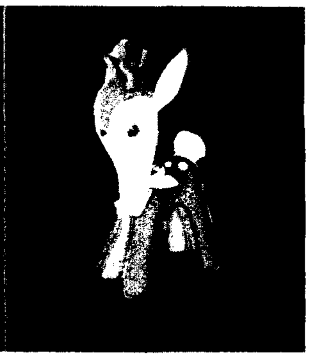

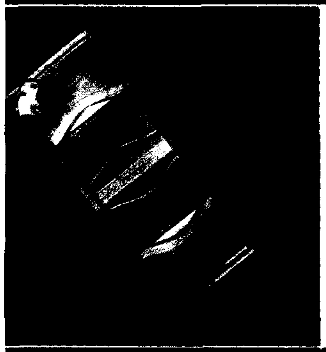

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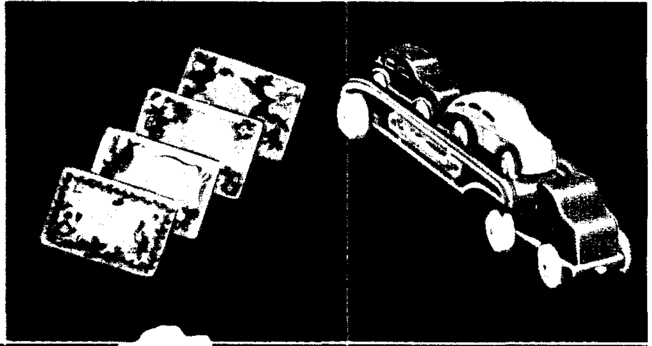

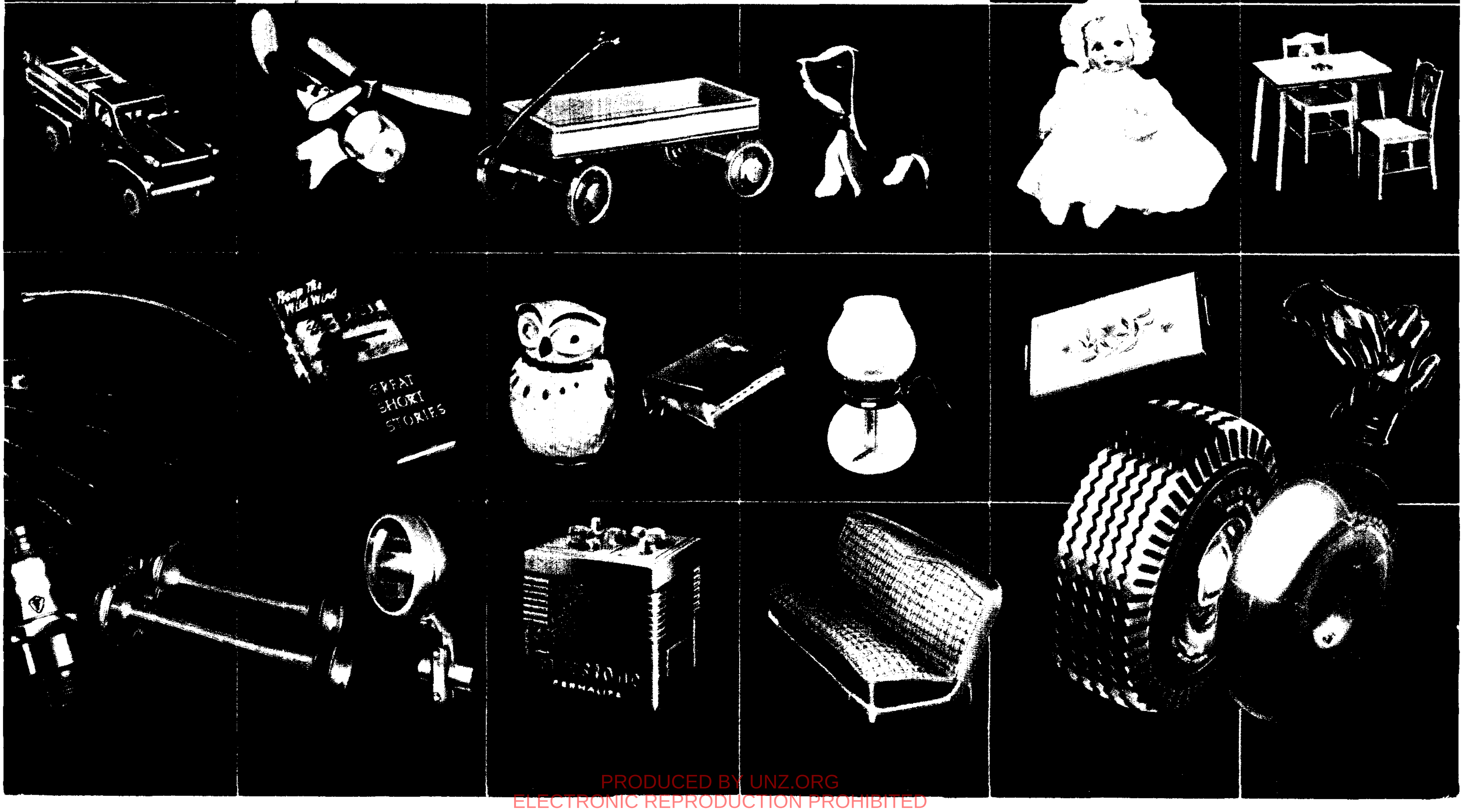
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but maybe I can put *it* over. I'll always thank you. I hope you and Ellen are all right."

Yes, they were all right. They were alive and going around every day, if that was being all right. He wondered what Ellen was doing when he drove through Duluth on his way to the legislature. Whatever happened, he wanted to be there to see the vote taken.

The galleries were jammed. Young wives and women who were obviously mothers were listening and applauding. There were men who looked like teachers. And there were servicemen, too, hanging around, some on crutches. Peter talked to men in the corridors, trying to add it up. Nobody was quite sure. It would certainly be a roll-call vote on this bill. Now it was beginning.

One after another: Aye—aye—aye. Men whom Peter had thought were going to be swayed by Lacey were voting the other way. Men who had refused to commit themselves were coming out for it. There came a "No," sounding almost odd. The gallery made a noise of protest and was hushed. It was good. It was better than good. It was overwhelming approbation and support.

FOR a moment after the vote was finished, Peter listened to the applause. He was very glad and rather humble. He needn't have worried. People were serious and they knew a good piece of legislation. But still it was an odd thing that there had been so little opposition. He turned to walk down the corridor and suddenly saw a familiar face. It was Jay Desmond, coming out of another door. The answer to all this support came to Peter's mind instantly. Desmond had withdrawn his opposition. He'd reversed himself. That was what must have happened. He'd come down here and put it over.

But Peter wasn't ever going to learn it from Jay. They passed each other and the older man looked at the younger one.

"This is a hell of a place for a couple of miners," said Jay. "We ought to be on the job. You can't get ahead in an organization this way."

"I guess you're right, sir," Peter answered, and grinned.

He went to speak to the victorious sponsor, Johnson, and from all sides supporters caught up with him. He was being congratulated, praised. Some photographer wanted a picture of him, but Peter dodged.

He started back to the hotel. Desmond was right. He'd better get back to work. He wanted to, more than he had in weeks.

"Congratulations," said Fred Copland, stopping him in the hotel lobby.

"Not to me. You and the others did most of the work."

"There's one person I know who should have a lot of credit," Copland said. He'd had a couple of drinks and his tongue was loose.

"Who's that?"

"You should know. You *do* know her. It's Ellen Desmond."

"What are you talking about?" asked Peter, suddenly angry and antagonistic.

"You needn't get sore at me. I'm just telling you. She was the person who first got the women back of the bill. Why, she even went to see Lacey about it."

"Lacey? Ellen Desmond did?"

"Sure. When Lacey was trying to smear you. I told her she ought to have some of the credit. And I think she brought her father around."

"Thanks for telling me," said Peter.

◆

HE DROVE out of the city in a kind of daze. Fifty miles, a hundred, and never catching up with his speeding thoughts. Why had she been doing that? Why hadn't he known? Why hadn't he taken the trouble to find out? He had taken it for granted that Ellen was playing around with Lindley, probably going to marry Lindley. Maybe she was.

No, she wasn't. Not now. What had he been thinking of all this time? His girl. He remembered how she'd come to the house to see him. She'd asked him to ask her to marry him. How could a girl have any respect for a man she had to get into action? She couldn't trust him. She had probably thought that any girl could manage him.

Not Lindley, he thought with anger and contempt. He isn't good enough for her. Besides, I won't let him have her. She's mine. She's always been mine from the first day I saw her. I'm going right there and tell her so.

On his way through the city before, he had avoided the Desmond house. But now, driving back, he could hardly get to its gates soon enough. She might not be home. Well, if she wasn't, they'd know where she was. He slammed the door of the car and ran up the steps, his impatient hand reaching for the bell.

"Is Miss Ellen—"

Yes, there she was. Looking past the maid who came to the door, he saw her standing at the entrance to the living room.

"Peter," she called, "I've been listening on the radio. You won, and I'm so glad!"

"Are you? Yes, it's fine. But that's not why I came, Ellen."

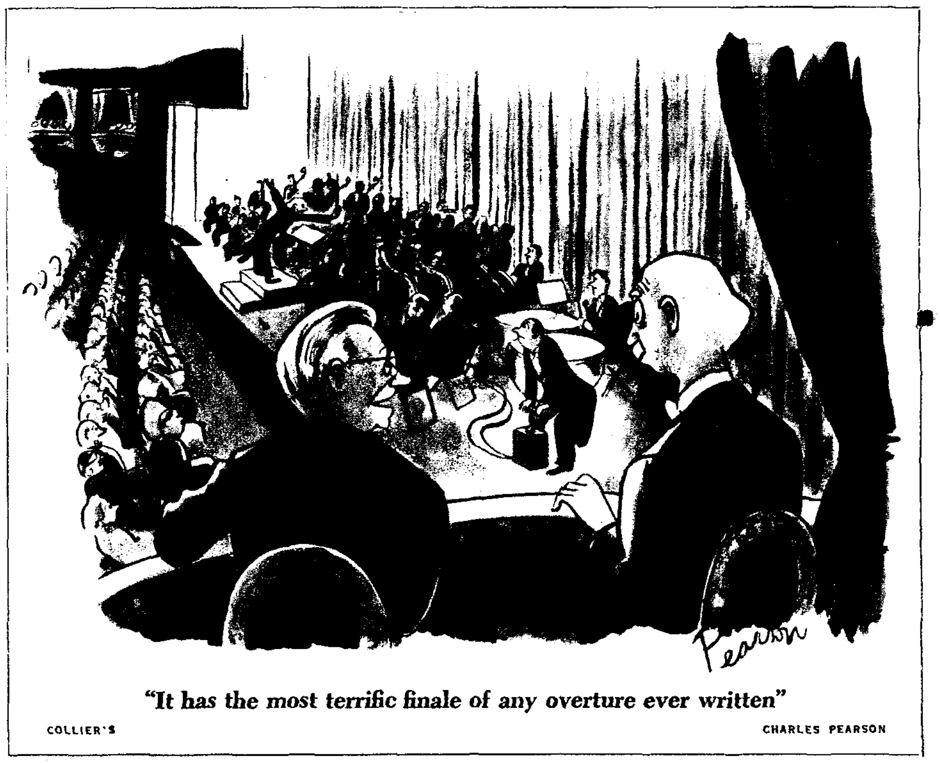
Peter waited until the maid had closed the door, then he came to stand before her. She was very pale, but her lovely face was lifted. She didn't ask or move. It was his turn, and his duty, if anything was to be done.

"I came to ask you to marry me, Ellen. There are a lot of things to thank you for and to be sorry for. I'll get to those later. But first—will you marry me?"

Her face had become alive again, surprised, and sweet and eager.

"Why, Peter, you're really asking me! All by yourself, this time!" Her hands went out to his. "You know I will, darling!" she said.

THE END



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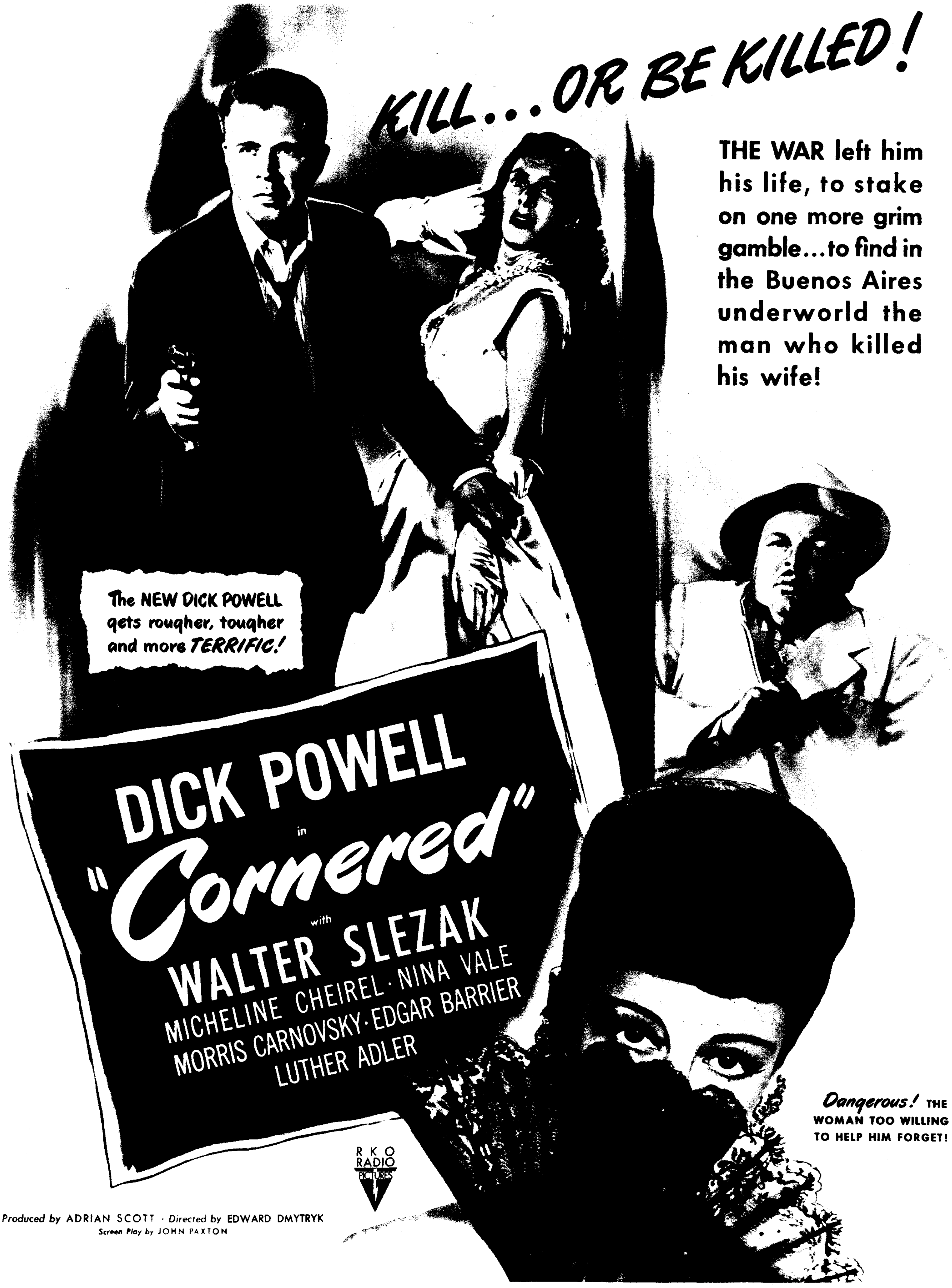

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

hands," in which every fiction heroine was drunk. He doesn't like it. He says that he remembers when "many of the heroes of stories were drunk, and so was the author to my way of thinking." But in this particular magazine he complains of, all the heroes were sober and were trying to straighten out the girls. But this customer isn't concerned so much about the morals involved as he is about the loss of virility on the part of the heroes. "Still and all," he concludes, "you can't blame the women for getting drunk when written up with sassparilla men like they got."

SORRY we missed the annual Duck Callers' Contest held at Stuttgart, Arkansas. We were represented however by Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, who, we regret to say, wasn't able to get there, either. Therefore we are unable to announce the name of the National Duck Calling Champion who, to win the title, had to excel in feed, mating and hail calls. Last time we attended, we were runner-up to Major Fred Sullens of Jackson, Mississippi, whose feeding call was so realistic that all but five of the spectators got acute indigestion.

AND here's one from a young woman in St. Louis who is sorely in need of your help. Any sound ideas you may care to send in will be forwarded to her. "My mother," writes she, "has just married for the fourth time, but to her second husband, who was just getting over being married twice. Mother always keeps her little matrimonial excursions secret. When she's married to one, she talks about divorcing him and marrying a former. She got rid of No. 2 by telling him frequently that she was going to remarry No. 1, my father. Rid of him, she changed her mind and married No. 3. But she later remarried No. 2 and later took on No. 4. But she never told Nos. 2 and 4 that there had been a No. 3. I have a feeling that she will soon be telling her current husband what a fine man No. 1 was, but he, my father, was married to his third the last time I heard from him. I am confused."

THE small daughter of our associate, André Fontaine, had not been particularly nice that day and was just about to be spanked. "Mother," said she, just before the slipper fell, "I deserve it. Last night when I said my prayers, I said, 'Please, God, make me a good little girl tomorrow.' And then I remembered what you told me about never asking God for anything for myself." For some reason not clear to us, she was not spanked. . . .

W. D.

DDT Is No Cure-All

Continued from page 27

other symptoms because of the kerosene and not necessarily because of the DDT. Similarly, a drop of kerosene may burn the skin, the injury being wrongly debited to DDT.

Canning plants and commercial food establishments must be especially cautious. Farmers, too, will have to wait for the results of current inquiries before they can put the new insecticide to work with full confidence. Eventually DDT may be used for dipping cattle, for spraying barns and for possible control of the corn borer and many other plant pests. For spraying crops a dust or water-base spray will have to be used. Much experimental work is under way by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and no doubt specific recommendations for crop uses will be available for next year.

The trick of exploiting DDT for the immediate benefit of your own family is to use the right form of DDT for the various species of insects. Government and other users who have had longest experience with it have worked out the most satisfactory methods so far. Here they are:

To control household pests: DDT solution of five per cent may be either sprayed or "painted" over screens, on walls and ceilings, around porches, the underside of porch roofs and chairs, corners, baseboards, electric wires and light fixtures, and other assembly points for pests. One application of a five per cent DDT oil solution at the rate of one quart of DDT solution to one gallon for each one thousand square feet will give a residue that will remain effective for several months. If a weaker solution is used the treatment should be repeated several times to form a deposit of DDT. If the solution is sprayed, the sprayer should be held so that a visible film is deposited on the surface being treated.

For mosquitoes: Treat their breeding place with a five per cent oil solution. One or two quarts should treat an acre of water, and should be effective for several days or perhaps a week or two depending on the weather. The Army sometimes soaked a bag of sawdust in DDT solution and sank it in the water; this released the solution slowly for weeks.

For flies: DDT is only a supplement to the old weapons: destroy breeding places like waste, screen the house thoroughly. Then if many flies continue to enter the house use a DDT spray on kitchen walls, screens and ceiling, but not on tabletops and other places where food is prepared.

For bedbugs: Spray five per cent DDT solution over mattresses, bed frames, behind baseboards (as much as possible) and in crevices. One such treatment is reported to have been effective for a period of nine months.

For roaches: These are tough because they have a much more impervious shell than flies or mosquitoes. But DDT solution should work if it is strong enough. One expert thinks dust would be better. For this, a fine powder consisting of ten per cent technical DDT in talc or pyrophyllite is used.

For moths: A DDT spray on closet walls and clothes to be stored will kill moths and their larvae for some time. But DDT will not give off a continuous moth-killing gas—it must contact the insects.

For fleas: These pests usually enter your house on a host, like dogs or rats. Since you don't want to get rid of your pet dog, best thing to do is use DDT dust on him, but carefully. Never use an oil spray.

For mites: Sometimes called red bugs or chiggers. Some species of these mites carry scrub typhus. DDT is not very effective against chiggers. It is fairly good against chicken mites when used as a five per cent oil spray.

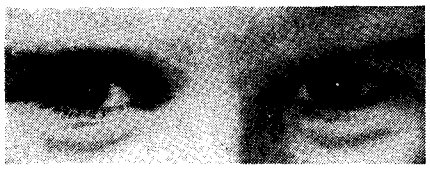
For lice: For control of head and body lice, the U.S. Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine has found ten per cent technical DDT powder in talc or pyrophyllite to be highly effective. It will not kill the eggs, hence a second application after a week or ten days is advised. The Army has kept its men free from typhus by the use of this powder and has cleaned up civilian populations by applying the dust with hand or power dusters.

One anti-insect device the Army has used to keep pests away from its soldiers is the aerosol bomb containing Freon, which forces out a steady mist of insecticide without any need for hand operation. These "bombs" are now charged with pyrethrum and DDT (three per cent). The fog produced by them is effective as a quick killer. No danger attends their proper use.

As a repellent, which DDT is not, the Army's favorite insect discourager is a compound called dimethyl phthalate. Used on the skin and clothes—without DDT, of course—it has very little odor for humans, but is singularly obnoxious to mosquitoes, biting flies, gnats and fleas.

THE END

These eyes need watching



Help them to win their daily battle against "indoor—darkness"—the shadows and distortions of inadequate lighting. Children's eyes are designed for outdoor seeing—in daylight. Yet your children must read and write indoors. That's why an abundance of well diffused, glareless light in your home is so necessary!

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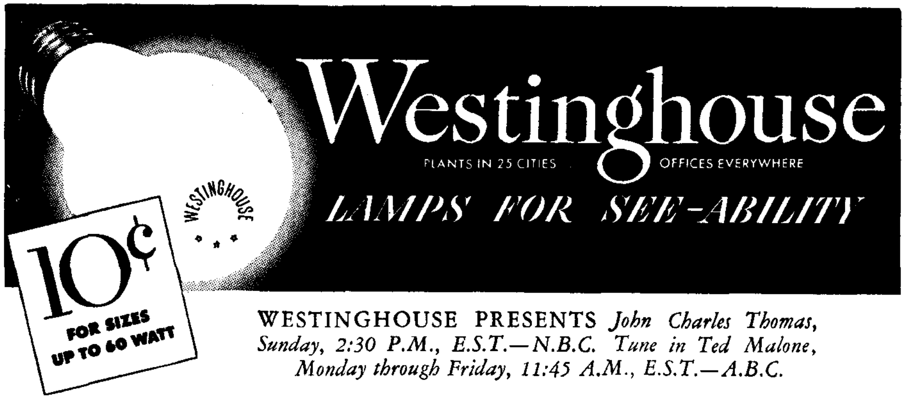

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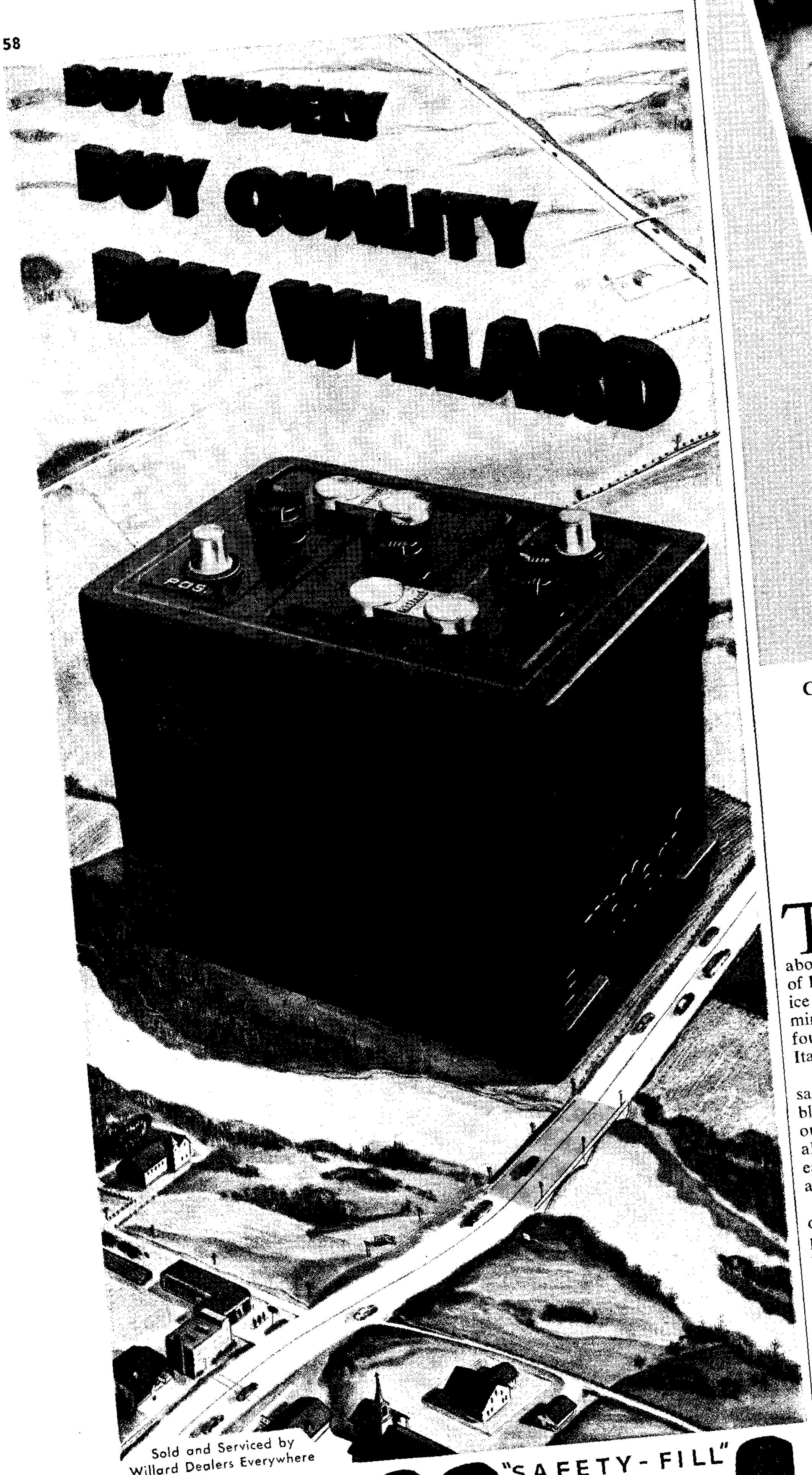

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ERICH KASTAN

Coney Island youngsters enjoy parties given by police-sponsored Youth Town

ANTI-RIOT SQUAD

THERE was a riot in Coney Island on the eve of the Jewish holyday Yom Kippur, 1944. The newspapers told about it in 36-point headlines: how a gang of Italian boys broke up a Yom Kippur service by jeering outside the synagogue and mimicking the cantor, how fists and two-by-fours flew in the fight that followed, how an Italian boy named Tony wound up in jail.

Heavy-duty thinkers shook their heads and said Coney Island was a sick community, its blood stream contaminated with a virus of our time: intolerance. They viewed with alarm the prospect of a spread of the disease throughout the nation. That was a year ago.

Today Coney Island is doing very nicely: out of the sickbed, temperature normal, appetite good and prognosis excellent. Tony, the boy who was locked up, is now a delegate to Youth Town, where teen-age Italians, Jews and Negroes meet to resolve their enmities. And the police tell of one case in which he threatened to use his fists *against* intolerance.

Coney Islanders alone—the Italians, the Jews and the Negroes—deserve the credit for this recovery. But the attending physician was a new, somewhat obscure organization known as the CCI, the Commission on Community Interrelations. It is basically a Jewish organization, though its staff is more than fifty per cent Christian and five per cent Negro.

The CCI sent a "task force" into ailing Coney Island. Its job: to hold the patient's hand and administer suggestions while the patient got himself well.

The Coney Island riot broke just as CCI was being organized. It hadn't yet moved into the offices it now occupies in the heart of New York, within clarinet range of Tin Pan Alley. A young social psychologist, Doctor Lillian Wald Kay, had just come over from the research service of the Boy Scouts of America as one of the first staff members. She became commander of the Coney Island task force.

The little island at the end of the BMT subway was still seething when she got there. Fifteen-year-old Tony was in jail. Jews were demanding that other Italian boys be rounded up and punished. Italians, in evening huddles along Surf Avenue, were making dire threats about what would happen the next time the Jews went to the synagogue. Fist fights occurred almost hourly on Mermaid Avenue, Surf, and the boardwalk. Sid Wasserman, the neighborhood cop in charge of juvenile matters, had his hands full.

Doctor Kay sent her task force through the embittered neighborhood, from door to door. Step No. 1 was to get the facts. Eight university-trained social scientists did this job: two Catholics, two Negroes and four Jews, since the Coney Island neighborhood is predominantly Jewish.

Storekeepers and housewives viewed these strangers with suspicion. Many doors didn't open at all. Those that did usually revealed the angry faces of people who wanted to give their version of who hit whom in the Yom Kippur riot.

It took Doctor Kay and her workers a long time to convince the Coney Islanders (a) that they didn't want trouble, and (b) that they didn't give a darn who hit whom. They merely wanted to talk about Coney Island. How is it out here? What do you like about Coney Island? What do you dislike about it? How do you get along with your neighbors? How do the Jews fit in? The Italian Catholics? The Negroes?

There were 212 long probing interviews that lasted an hour or more and gave the people plenty of chance to air their feelings. A stack of data eight inches thick was gathered and brought back to Doctor Kenneth B. Clark, a Negro psychologist, who analyzed and classified it. Among many revelations were the two cardinal ones: that Coney Island's youth, underprivileged and abandoned to the questionable life of the cellar clubs—impromptu social clubs which the youths form usually for dances, gambling and heavy petting parties—needed help a great deal more than it needed censure; that many of Coney Island's adults were lonesome and desperately needed a warm, human community environment.

Tony, front center, one of C[illegible]rts, now leads anti-intolerance groups

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

A [illegible]y group in New York has developed "task forces" designed to en[illegible] racial tension before it reaches the explosion stage. It works, too

CCI added new workers to the task force for step two, the do-something-about-it p[illegible]. Doctor Milton L. Blum tackled the [illegible]. He found fifty-nine adult organizations in Coney Island, from sewing circles to po[illegible]l clubs, shot through with tensions and prejudices against one another. Doctor Blum finally found thirty-five leaders who could sit down together without an explosion, and he invited them to a meeting at the CCI office in Manhattan. Nine of them, including a dentist, a schoolteacher, the wife of a Negro minister, a union leader and a member of the realty association showed up.

"All right, what's the blueprint?" one of them asked Doctor Blum.

"No blueprint. This is a job you've got to do for yourselves," he replied.

In a session that lasted until one in the morning, the group studied charts Blum had prepared from the stack of facts culled in the interviews. The charts were a mirror, held up so that Coney Island could see itself, and Blum's theory was that you can't fight an enemy until you can see him.

Accepting the Challenge

Once they had recognized their enemy the maladjustments of their community the Coney Islanders plunged into the fight with a vigor that needed no further prodding. Three more organization leaders joined the group, which is now taking shape as a community council.

Six basic projects, ranging from athletic centers for young people to intercultural education for adults, have been adopted, thus giving Coney Island a long-term objective toward which to work.

While Doctor Blum worked the adult side of the street, another unit of the CCI task force, headed by Russell Hogrefe, worked the youth side. Hogrefe, an amiable auburn-haired chap whose friendliness is the key to any kid's heart, moved into Coney Island shortly after the Yom Kippur riot and you'll still find him there almost any evening, hatching plans with the cellar-club kids in the little side room of Gargiulo's Restaurant or maybe treating them to sodas at Harry Schwartz's candy store.

It took Russ several months to live down the kids' suspicions; they were sure he was a copper. One of them came up to him and said, "Maybe you know Peacho, huh? He's in the F.B.I., too."

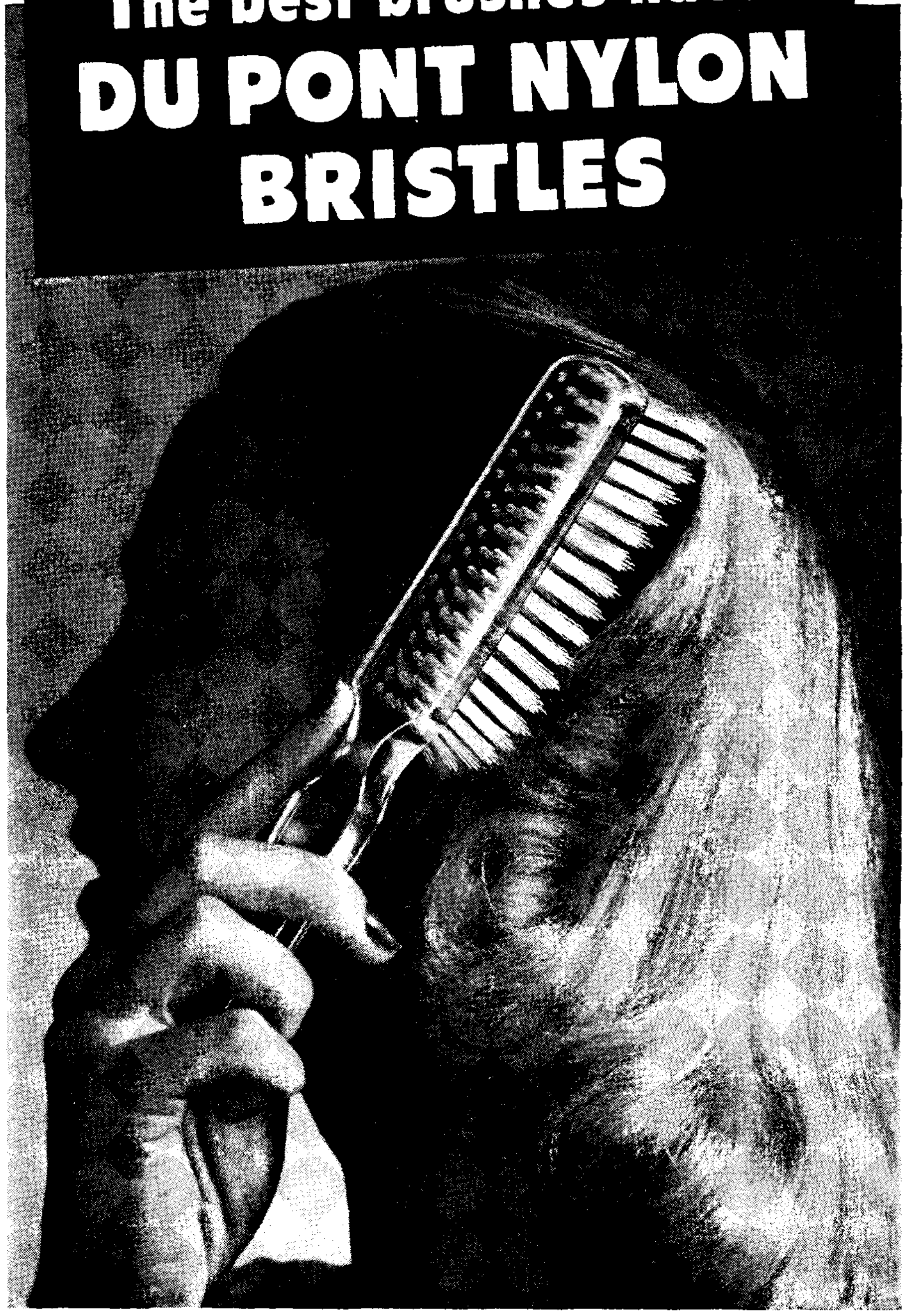
Tony, oddly enough, was one of the first to accept him. By now Tony had been more or less cleared of the synagogue incident. Thanks to Sid Wasserman, the cop, and Father Froelich, of the Shrine of Our Lady of Solace, and Dan Dodson, of the Mayor's Committee on Unity, the court disposition of the riot case was an enlightened one. Four other kids in the neighborhood, the actual instigators of the riot, went to court and confessed. There was a big unity meeting in the courthouse and they, along with Tony, were set free under the nominal custody of Father Froelich.

With Tony on his side, Russ gradually won the trust of all of Club Frenzy, the cellar club the boys started after their former one, Club Taboo, had been padlocked the night of the riot. Now able to bring up reinforcements, CCI moved in Edward Haydon, a youth worker from Chicago, and a colorful character from Cicero, Illinois, known as "The Greek." Again, the newcomers were kept at arm's length. But the resourceful Greek wormed himself into a crap game and took the boys to the cleaners, which won not only admission to their coterie but also their warm respect.

The three moved into Coney Island's Terminal Hotel and worked day and night with the boys of Club Frenzy. It soon became apparent that there wasn't a "bad boy" among them; or, as The Greek philosophically puts it, "God doesn't make bad boys."

Word got around that one of the Frenzy boys was in trouble. He had socked his girl friend and was under court order to pay her doctor bills or go to jail. Thirty dollars was due and he didn't have it. Russ, Ed and The Greek put up the money (it came from CCI funds), and a strange day dawned on Coney Island.

(Continued on page 69)



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And if you've used a nylon toothbrush, you've found that here too "The best brushes have Du Pont nylon bristles." (*Du Pont does not make hairbrushes—we supply the nylon bristles and "Lucite" to brush manufacturers.*) E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Arlington, New Jersey.

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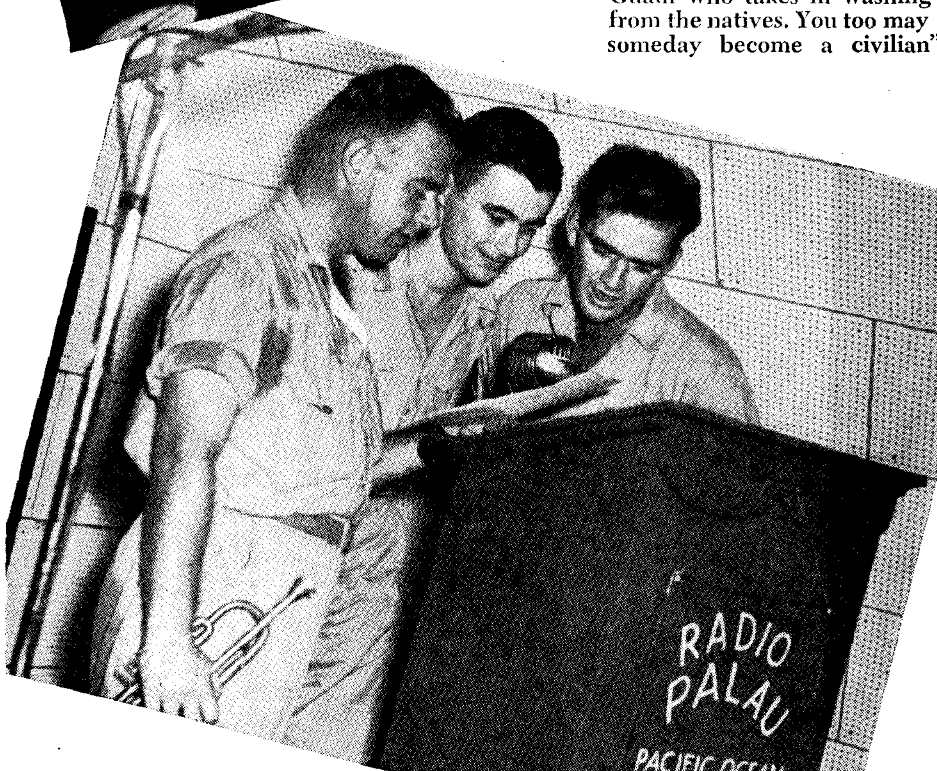
The Plucking of The Rose

BY SGT. JACK SHER

"This is Jungle Jolly Gerald (Sgt. Kanter) the only man on Guam who takes in washing from the natives. You too may someday become a civilian"



Boondock Barney is the big hit on Radio Palau. T/S Bill Morrison (right) is its author. He is helped by Scott Haynes, USMC, and Sgt. G. Phillips

You remember how Tokyo Rose once bent millions of G.I. ears with her platters and her propaganda. But did you know that when three unknown G.I. gripers got on the air waves, the Rose wilted?

EARLY in the Pacific campaign, Tokyo Rose had a radio following that most sponsors would give their Dun and Bradstreet rating to have. G.I.s listened to her because their own radios were not powerful enough to pick up Stateside broadcasts and because she played American swing records, the sort of music soldiers were starving to hear. In between these jazz platters, the Rose would toss a pitch about how bad things were back in the States, how civilians were rushing the G.I.s' girl friends, how our military campaigns were poorly planned and ill-fated, lies and more lies, which she hoped would cause the average soldier to sing the blues in the night.

Once, when Seabees were working feverishly, and secretly, on an airfield in the Marshalls, the Rose came on the air, identified the island, adding, "Confidentially, boys—your strip is showing." She followed this announcement with a nasty laugh.

Then, one night early last year, the Rose was idly twisting a dial in Tokyo when she heard a strong, confident American voice say—"This is WXLE, your Armed Forces Radio Service at Eniwetok—on the road to Tokyo!" The voice belonged to a former Hollywood announcer, Sergeant Byron Palmer. It came from the first AFRS station in the Pacific Ocean Network. The voice made the Rose very unhappy. Later that same night, she was on the air, snarling, "This is Radio Tokyo—on the road to Eniwetok!" That was the beginning of the battle of radio in the Central Pacific.

After Eniwetok, stations manned by AFRS soldiers began to spring up all over the ocean, at Saipan, Guam, Kwajalein, Makin, Peleliu. The Sarong network, as it was nicknamed, began to wage wordy war on the Rose from broadcasting stations in tents, meanwhile working to build modern, air-conditioned studios in Quonsets.

The G.I. broadcasters had many things in their favor, not the least of which was fine equipment, facilities for bringing programs to their listeners on a strong, unhampered signal. From their headquarters in Los Angeles, they were shipped the latest radio fare, recorded on large transcriptions, programs headed by such names as Hope, Benny, Allen, Shore, Fibber and Molly.

Rose tried to hit back, tried to cut in on these programs. Her voice began to go sour, then rose to a cacophony of sputtering wails. Her program became nervous and less interesting, limited to insults and threats against her new, G.I. rivals.

For answer, the G.I. broadcasters played the latest jazz records, flooded the air waves with Condon, Goodman and Shaw rhythms and satisfied the long hairs with the latest music of the New York and Philadelphia symphonies. They filled the air with late, accurate news reports, something the Rose could not get.

But the shows that really wilted the Rose were those created on the spot by the soldier broadcasters operating the stations. These shows, based on the G.I. style of humor, drew a larger following and more laughs than even the celebrity-stocked Hollywood and New York recorded programs. The idea behind these new, zany programs was not only to combat the insidious propaganda of the Rose, but to cause soldiers, sailors and Marines to laugh at their hardships, drop their rock-weary ways and forget for the nonce the monotony and boredom of their lives in the coral-and-coconut country.

Almost overnight, three new stars sprang up in the Pacific. These stars with stripes were all technical sergeants—skinny Hal Kanter, sad-eyed Russell Beggs and freckled faced Bill Morrison. All over the Pacific, G.I.s began talking about their shows, programs such as Kwaj Lodge, The Daft Board, and Boondock Barney.

Birth of the Daft Board

Kanter, along with Sgt. Byron Palmer and Lieutenant Jack Wormser had opened the station at Eniwetok. Shortly after Guam was taken, Kanter and Wormser were on hand to knock a station together there. It was on Guam that Kanter began his show, The Daft Board. He is a thin, six-foot two-inch ex-gag man, known to the G.I.s in the Guam listening area as Doctor Jungle Jolly Gerald, chairman of The Daft Board. In this capacity he was on the air every day saying, in effect, "Drop that rock, brother, and listen to a gent who is *really* rock-happy."

Kanter might begin: "Good afternoon. We regret to inform you that the program originally scheduled for this time will be heard anyway. This is your magnificent obsession, Doctor Jungle Jolly Gerald, the only man on Guam who takes in washing from the natives. I come before you today wearing a civilian skivvy shirt as a reminder that you, too, may someday become a civilian—providing you can pass the physical."

Whether his mood for the day was whimsical, truculent, gay or dour, Kanter's Daft Board voiced the feelings of every G.I. on the rock, their gripes, desires and hopes. When The Daft Board reached its height, Kanter augmented it with a new show which bore the apparently harmless title of Movie Marquee. It was a fifteen-minute review of movies playing at various theaters on the island. In a drawling, deadly sarcastic voice, Kanter talked about Hollywood films in a manner that would drive most producers into the arms of the enemy. He took upon himself a one-man crusade to get better movies for G.I.s, and his rampaging tongue showed little mercy for what he considered cinematic turkeys.

Kanter did not grade pictures by "stars"

(*Continued on page 90*)

KWAJ
LODGE
WXLG
WXLG

Boss of Kwaj Lodge is T/S Russell Beggs, known as "Rock-Happy." He did an interview with Bacall

Banish the Fear of Winter Engine Problems

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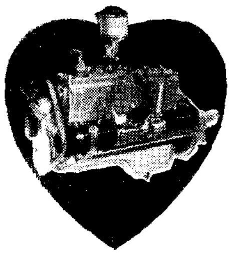
FREES STICKY VALVES
SHALER

• Cold winter weather results in oils congealing in the crankcase. Congealed oil sets up resistance to the moving parts of engines. Unnecessary strain is put upon the starting motor,—it will not "spin" or turn over fast enough to start promptly,—and batteries run down. Engines are stalled simply because the oil could not flow.

There is a remedy to ban the fear of winter starting and driving problems—it's RISLONE, The Oil Alloy.

RISLONE is a combination of chemicals to be added to the regular engine oil right in the crankcase.

RISLONE keeps all oils free flowing—even in sub-zero weather. Its high capillary attraction leads the regular oil to all parts of the engine. With RISLONE in the crankcase, faster cranking speeds are possible—engines will "spin" and start quickly—stress and strain is removed from the starting motor and battery—and immediate adequate lubrication of engines is assured. Thus delays, battery replacements, unnecessary towing charges and repairs can be avoided—safe, pleasant winter driving is made possible.



The heart of your car is its engine. Keep it clean and efficient with RISLONE.

Always add a quart of RISLONE in place of the fourth quart of oil.

FACILITATE "BREAK-IN"

RISLONE added to the regular crankcase oil (1 quart RISLONE to each 3 quarts oil) will insure thorough lubrication of all moving parts. Protect your investment in a new or rebuilt engine. RISLONE will permit normal driving speeds immediately and prolong engine life.

KEEPS ENGINES CLEAN

RISLONE added to the regular crankcase oil, absorbs sludge and gum formations—frees sticking valves—restores lost compression, power and pep—assures a quieter, smoother running engine.

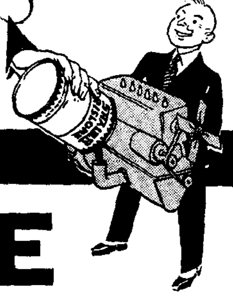
EASY GEAR SHIFTING

Lubricants used in the transmission and differential are generally much heavier than crankcase oils. They too congeal in cold weather—and result in difficult gear shifting. Differentials "freeze" and wheels will not turn freely. A pint of RISLONE added to the transmission oil will assure "finger tip" shifting and a half pint added to the differential grease will prevent "freezing" of gears in the rear end housing—permit wheels and axles to roll freely.

RISLONE BANS WINTER ENGINE TROUBLES

RISLONE is made by the makers of World Famous Shaler "HOT PATCHES," the Safest Tube Repairs Known.

Don't envy the fellow who always snaps his motor into action with the first push on the starter button. Don't envy the fellow who gets "summer-time" performance from his car the year 'round. Chances are that he is one of the millions of motorists regularly using RISLONE with his crankcase oil. It has been used by prominent car factory engineers and engine builders for over a quarter of a century. THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wis., and Canadian Shaler Products Co., Ltd., Toronto.



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Brings Real Comfort to everyone in your home. Dad enjoys it when he gets up to dress in the morning—when he bathes and shaves.

Mother Enjoys It while she dresses—while she bathes herself and the baby. She uses it, too, for drying her hair—for drying stockings and lingerie she rinses from day to day.

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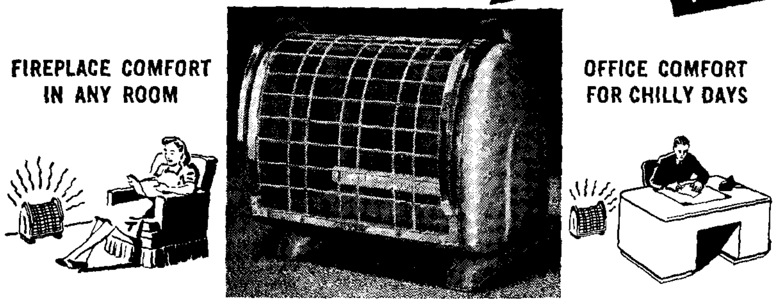
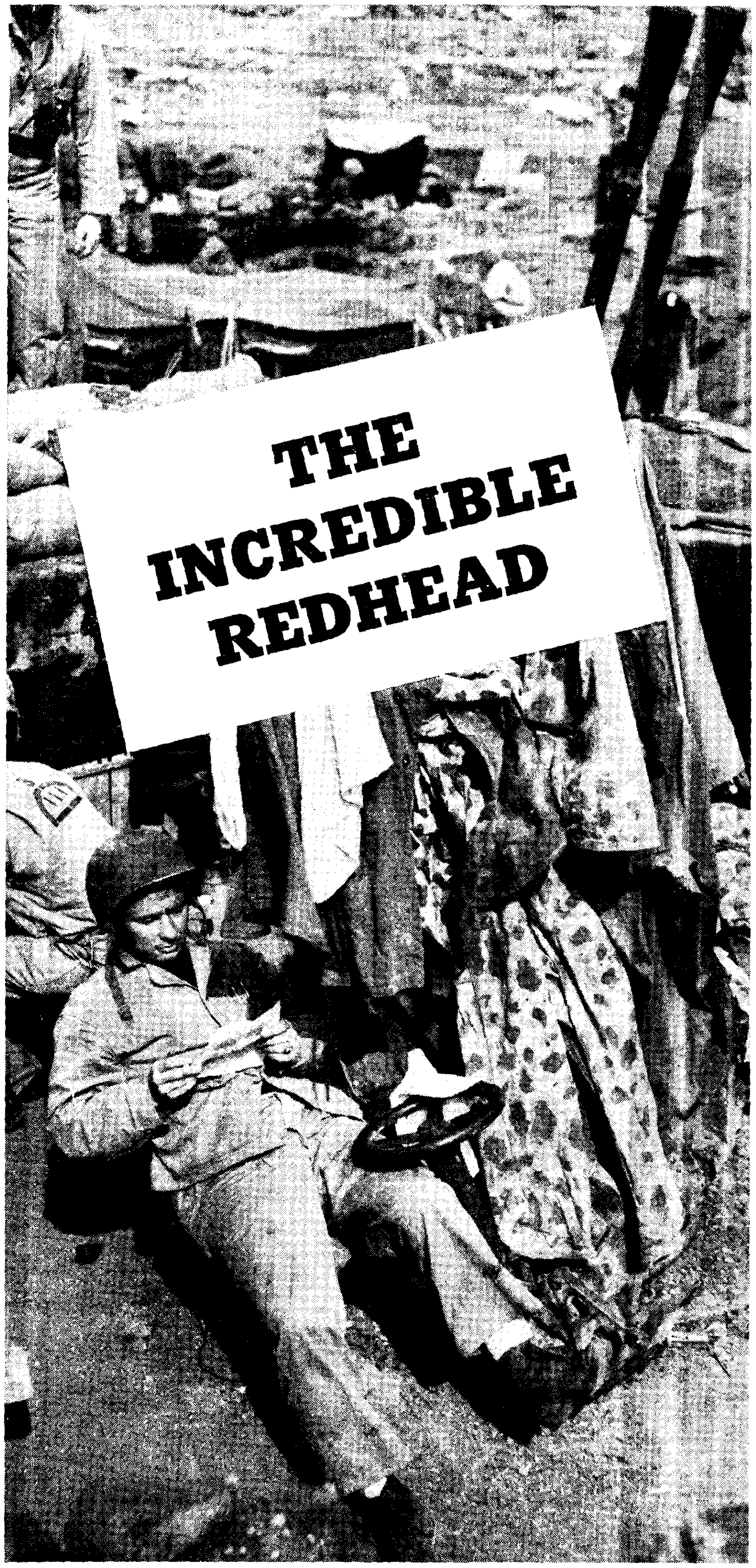




THE INCREDIBLE REDHEAD

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. MARINE CORPS

Lieutenant Donald Redlin, our hero, looks unheroic catching up on his mail

BY T/SGT. DAVID DEMPSEY, USMC AND S/SGT. JAMES B. GOLDEN, USMC

WELL, it's all over now, and some of us who have been in some of the big shows will sit around and swap guff with other men who have been in on other big shows, and all of us will be remembering out loud about the time that everything was quiet and then all hell popped, and the more we tell it, the fancier it will get until the yarns are out of all proportion to the facts. We don't want that to happen to our story of the redhead. That's why we want to tell it now.

A group of Marines were mopping up on Iwo. They were men who had come through the hottest part of the campaign and they weren't anxious to do any dying now. They stood, a ragged company, on a crag. They looked down into a dead valley and they saw the cave mouths and they winced. There were Nips in those caves and they would have to be flushed, and that meant that a lot of the men now looking down would soon be looking upward and not seeing anything.

It was discouraging. They stood there: the captain, Sergeant Scorchy and redheaded Don Redlin, the lieutenant.

"We haven't any choice," the captain murmured. "Get a patrol down there with some charges."

Scorchy nodded. He'd known this all

along. The captain had known it, too. The men lounging in the clearing behind them knew it. It was simple. You took the charges and advanced on the caves. Other men behind you covered you with automatic rifles. When you were close enough, you lighted the fuse and tossed the charge into the opening. There was an explosion, and you chalked up one more caveful of Japs. Simple—except that in the process your own men were wounded and killed. Still, there was no other way. Everyone knew it and accepted it—everyone except the boyish-looking, redheaded lieutenant from Seattle.

Redlin said simply, "Sir, I'd like to go down there and talk to those Japs."

Had he dropped a grenade in their midst, the effect could not have been more stunning. Even as the words were spoken Redlin himself blinked. Thinking about it wasn't so bad, but when he put it in words it sounded insane. More than one hundred of the Japs were in the caves down in that valley, all crazed by thirst and hunger, their minds distorted by fear and hatred. Everyone was armed. Only one of them need look through the sights of a rifle or toss a grenade to write off the one-man mission as a failure.

The captain's face was dark with bewilderment. "Do you mean it, Redlin?"

"Yes, sir, I do," the lieutenant said.

Don Redlin had seen too much death on Iwo Jima. He was physically numb. A sickness gnawed at his stomach. But if those caves were to be wiped out, more men would have to die.

"Well, Redlin," the captain said, "if you are serious you're a damn' fool."

Redlin felt like saying, "Perhaps," but instead he looked at the captain and said, "Is my request refused, sir?"

The captain studied him a moment. "Redlin, you don't win medals for suicide. You don't win wars being nice to the enemy." He shook his head. "But I'm not going to stop you. Try it if you want."

Don Redlin scrambled down the rocks toward the valley, holding his carbine high over his head. The footing was unsure and the going slow, but he came to the floor. There he carefully laid his carbine on the ground and headed toward the opposite rise, a slow-moving target. The men in the company moved up to the brow of the ridge. Scorchy and the captain stood watching.

The sergeant wiped his brow. "If that was me, I'd be all shot to hell by now."

The captain turned to the company. "All right, you men," he roared. "What the hell are you standing there for? Cover every one of those caves. Fire at the slightest movement!"

Don Redlin was alone now, in that valley of Japs. He walked along over the sharp lava rocks staring ahead, seeing only the black cave mouths in the rocky slope a hundred yards away. Only the crunch of his boots broke the silence.

You don't win medals for suicide, the captain had said. He wondered how long it might be before the men would come down and look for him. Then he was in front of the first cave, just about ten yards away from the opening.

He cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted, "Do not be afraid!" in Japanese. His knees felt rubbery. But because it made him feel better, he shouted the phrase again and started toward the cave opening.

Some great "little" stories of the war are now being heard for the first time. Two Marines want to tell this one now

Every step was a moment of eternity. The valley was still quiet, agonizingly quiet. He came up to the mouth of the cave and stopped. He could not see into its blackness. *If you are serious you're a damn' fool*

In Japanese he shouted, "I have left my weapons behind. I come to you under a flag of truce."

He stepped into the cave. The stench hit him in the face. As his eyes got used to the darkness he saw the vague forms of men—twenty of them huddled together. Most of them were seated. All were ragged, some with their heads, arms and legs bound with filthy bandages. They clutched grenades, and a few held rifles loosely, muzzles pointed down. A Jap with one of his legs shattered had propped himself up with one hand while his other held a rifle pointed at Redlin.

To conceal his nervousness, the Marine lieutenant spoke quickly: "You have fought honorably and well. You have been brave soldiers. You have done all that human beings can do, but your navy and air force have not been able to help you. Most of your comrades have been killed. We appeal to you to lay down your arms and come out."

The faces of the Japs were as immobile as the rock walls of the cave. They stared at Redlin, and the Marine wondered if they understood him. He had said everything he could say, but it seemed so inadequate. Here he was trying to fight with words the blind pride of men to whom surrender meant utter disgrace.

He went on: "You will not be harmed. You will be given treatment for your wounds. You will be given food, you will be given water, you will be . . ."

He noticed a slight movement among them and heard a low mumble of voices. He stopped talking and listened. Hardly breathing, not daring to move, he waited.

Then from somewhere in the group came a voice, a monotone asking slowly in Japanese, "Will you give us time? We must talk this over."

Redlin said, "I will return in thirty minutes."

There Were Other Japs to Visit

As he backed out of the cave, elation gripped him. But then the sunlight made him squint and through his half-closed eyes he saw the other caves. He swallowed hard, hesitated a moment, and set off diagonally up the rocky slope for the second cave.

Don Redlin went through the same procedure there, first calling out that they were not to be afraid, that he was unarmed and came under a flag of truce.

In the second cave there were many more Japs, probably fifty of them, and they stood close to one another, ragged, sullen and armed. Redlin spoke to them as he had spoken to the others. But when he came to the offer of medical treatment, food and water, he hesitated only a moment and then told them that he would give them time to consider, that he would return.

In the third cave and in the fourth one he spoke the same piece, and moved on to the fifth. Here were only four of them, standing shoulder to shoulder, looking as if they were standing at attention.

Redlin eyed them and put his fists on his hips. He told them they had fought well, that they were brave soldiers, and was just about to tell them their navy could be of no help when one of them took two paces forward and said hurriedly, in Japanese, "I will have to consult my comrades in the other caves." He sped past Redlin and out of the cave.

Redlin's first impulse was to wheel around and stop the enemy soldier. But his instinct told him to remain standing as he was. Only his eyes moved over the three Japs who stood rigidly, staring at him in the gloom of the cave. The clamminess of the place brought sweat to his face and hands. And as time went on, it became a solid thing, closing in like the walls of the cave, closing in and stifling him overpoweringly with the three Japanese.

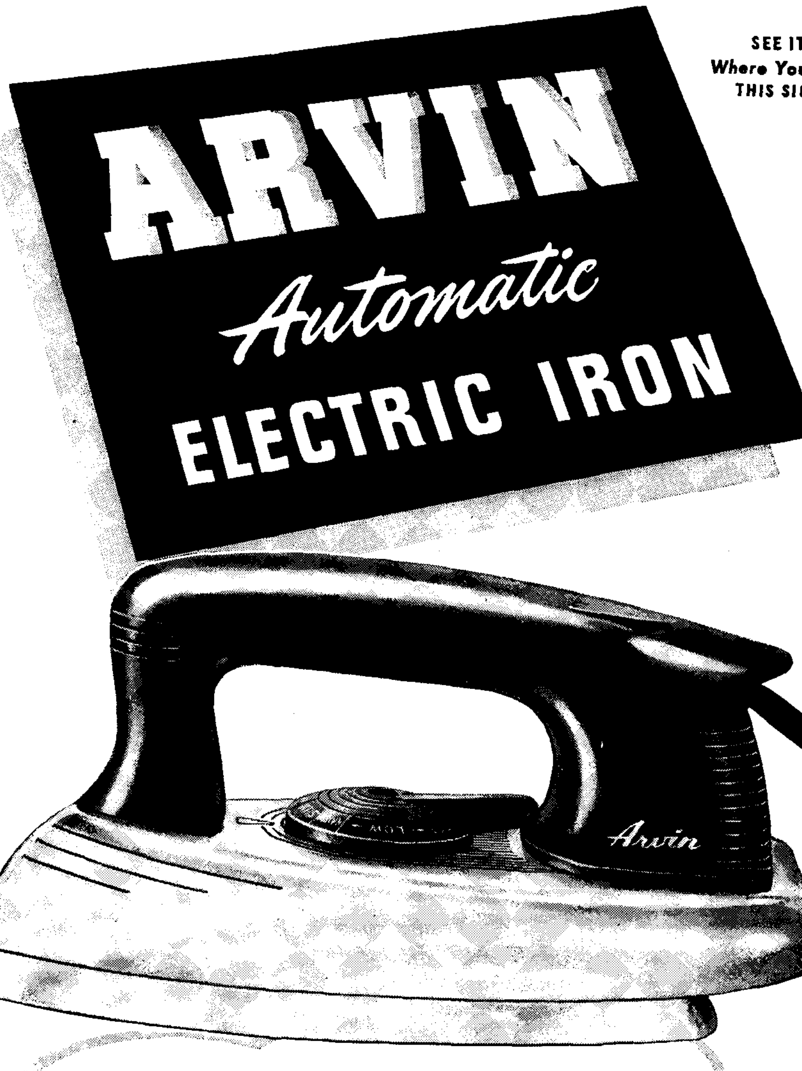
The crunch of footsteps outside came to Don Redlin and he felt the muscles at the back of his neck tighten. And then there before him, still holding the rifle, was the Jap soldier, jabbering, "Japanese soldiers want more time."

Redlin could hardly trust his voice. "Ten minutes — understand — ten minutes. No more."

The Jap brushed past him again, and now Redlin acted with deliberation. He looked at his wrist watch. It was thirteen minutes past three o'clock. Shifting his weight to one leg, he hooked his thumbs in the belt of his dungarees and settled down to waiting the longest ten minutes of his life.

Finally the voice of the Jap soldier coming

SEE IT
Where You See
THIS SIGN



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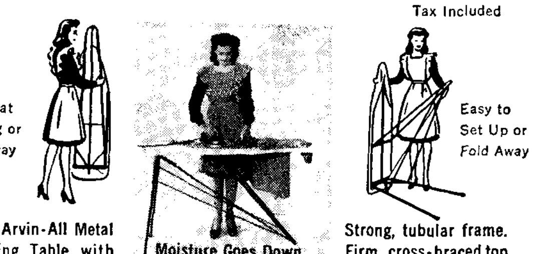

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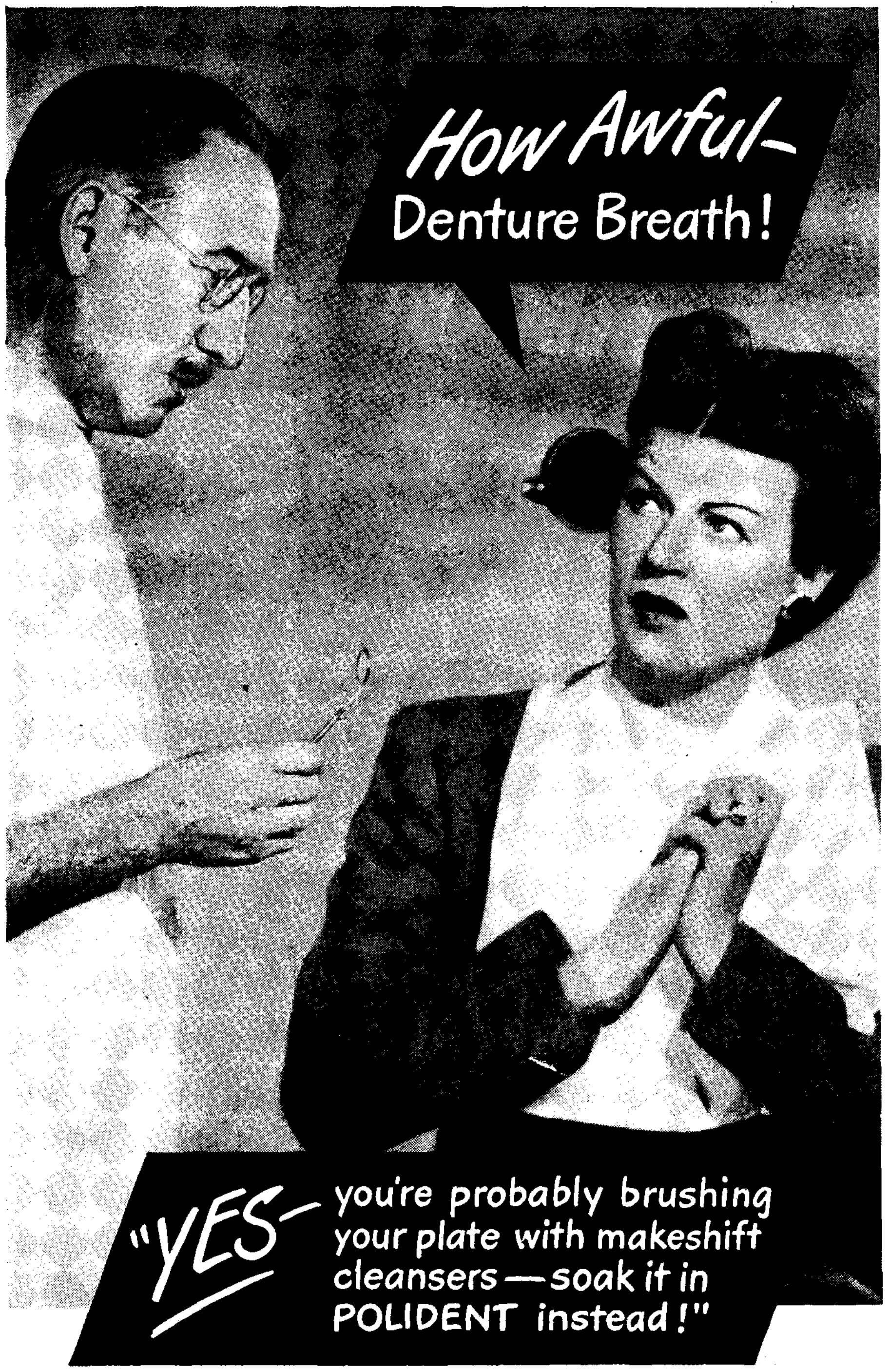
FALSE TEETH WEARERS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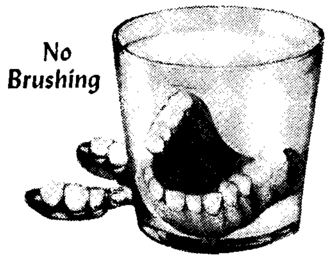

How YOU can Avoid Danger of DENTURE BREATH

PLAY SAFE! Soak your plate or bridge in Polident. Don't brush with ordinary cleansers that scratch your denture. Scratches collect food and film, causing offensive DENTURE BREATH.

Besides, plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* Brushing with ordinary dentifrices and soaps can wear down delicate fitting ridges. Then, your plate loosens!

With Polident, there's no brushing—so no danger! It's the new, safe way to keep dentures sparkling clean, odor-free . . . just by easy, daily soaking. Helps keep your denture's original, natural look—for less than 1¢ a day. All drug stores; 30¢, 60¢.

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Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

from outside the cave broke into Redlin's thoughts. He turned slowly and went out. The Jap was a few feet away, motioning with his left hand for Redlin to follow him back over the path he had come. But there were still two more caves, off to Redlin's right. He pointed to them and asked, "What about those?"

The Jap shook his head.

When he came up to the Jap, Redlin asked, "Aren't there soldiers in those caves?"

The Jap answered flatly, "They will not come."

"What about the three in there?" Redlin pointed to the cave he had just left.

The Jap shook his head. "They will not come."

So they were not going to surrender.

In Japanese, Redlin asked the angry equivalent of "What in hell goes on here?"

The Jap was impassive. He said, "Come," and started down the slope toward the other caves.

There was nothing else to do; so Redlin followed, picking his way over the uneven rocky surface. As they passed the fourth cave and then the third cave without any of the Japs falling in with them, Don Redlin knew his mission was a failure.

But at the second cave a Jap hobbled out and joined the soldier in the lead. And again at the first cave, three walked out, blinking at the afternoon sunlight. They moved off a few feet from the cave's mouth and Redlin came up to them.

My men will have to come down here and blow these caves. That thought resolved itself into the decision to take a wild gamble. If he could get this first caveful to surrender—every last one of them—there still might be a possibility of convincing the others. So Don Redlin walked into the cave and started talking tough.

"I have done the honorable thing," he said. "I have given you the chance to surrender. I give you that chance again. If you do not surrender, the Marines will come down here and kill you. The Marines will come down here and blow up these caves."

Redlin's threat was in effect an invitation to the Japs to shoot him now or never. Neither sound nor movement answered his threat.

"This is your last chance. You must surrender or die."

Redlin waited only a few seconds, then he turned on his heel and walked out. He motioned in the direction of the Marine lines and told the five outside, "Get going."

They started off, the Japs in the lead, single file, Redlin bringing up the rear. He had a fierce desire to look back with every slow step he took. He waited for the crack of a rifle. They'd be shooting not only at him but at their own men. And he was getting tired. *This is no time to slow down, Redlin,* something told him. *Keep walking straight ahead, not too fast but straight ahead.*

He felt like a man on a tightrope and he decided, now that they were about half the distance to the Marine lines, to make a run for it if shooting started.

Fifty yards to go . . . twenty-five . . . fifteen. . . .

They were getting closer when a Marine who saw them coming yelled: "They've got grenades."

Redlin's jaw snapped shut. The five prisoners halted and looked back at him. He saw what he had not seen before. Each had a grenade and was holding it with both hands close to his stomach.

"Do not be afraid," he said softly in Japanese, and he continued in their tongue: "Go ahead. No harm will come to you." As they started off again, he yelled at the top of his voice: "Move back—let them come ahead!" And still no shots from the Jap caves behind them.

When they reached the peak of the rise, Redlin marched his prisoners into the clearing. From behind rocks and other cover, Marines were peering at the strange picture. In amazement they watched him tell the captives to sit down, then pass each of them a cup of water. Slowly, fear drained from their flat faces and they put the grenades harmlessly to one side.

Cleaning Up the Caves

Marines began coming from behind the rocks, and Redlin turned to the patrol leader, a corporal, who had already begun to assemble his men for the foray into the valley. The redheaded lieutenant took a paper and pencil and sketched the caves and the paths leading to them. He told the twelve men of the squad and their leader how many Japs were in the caves, the condition they were in and how they were armed. And finally he briefed them on the safest approaches to the cave mouths.

The corporal nodded slowly. "I wish we had this sort of stuff on those other jobs," he said. "It would have made life a lot simpler."

And as the patrol started off, Don Redlin turned his back to them, walked a few feet and sank to the ground, exhausted. Why the Japs had not fired on him was a mystery. But he was too tired to think about that now.

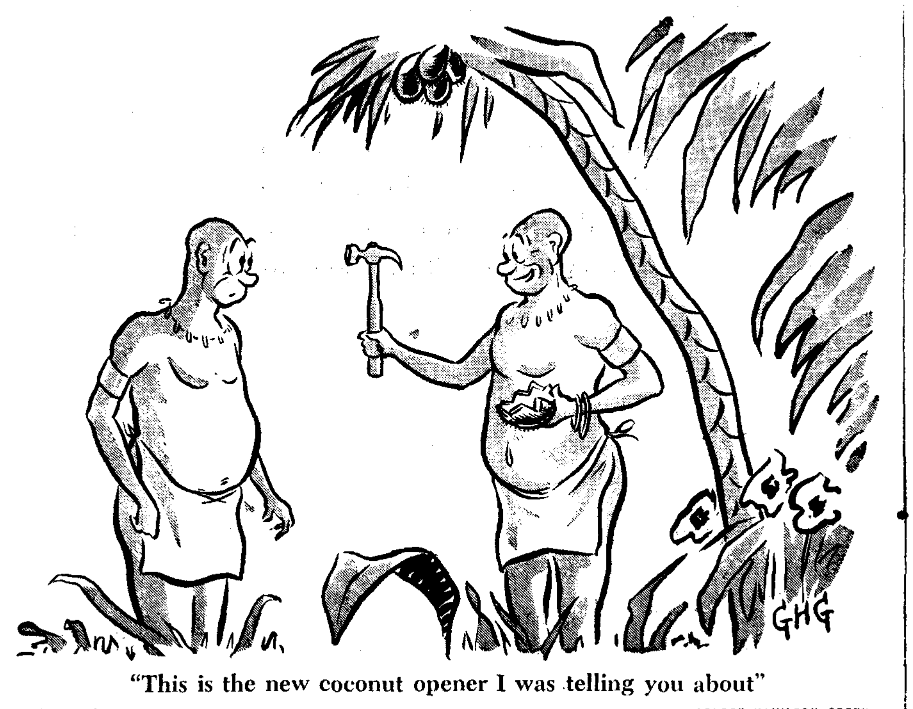
An hour later the little black mouths disappeared from the white face of the cliff in a cloud of lava dust. The smell of cordite came up to them from the valley. The captain looked at Redlin.

"That's the way it's done," he said. "You don't win wars by being nice to the enemy."

"Are you sure?" Redlin replied, the faintest hint of a grin coming over his face.

He was looking down into the valley and counting the returning patrol. For the first time they were coming back without losing a man.

THE END



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COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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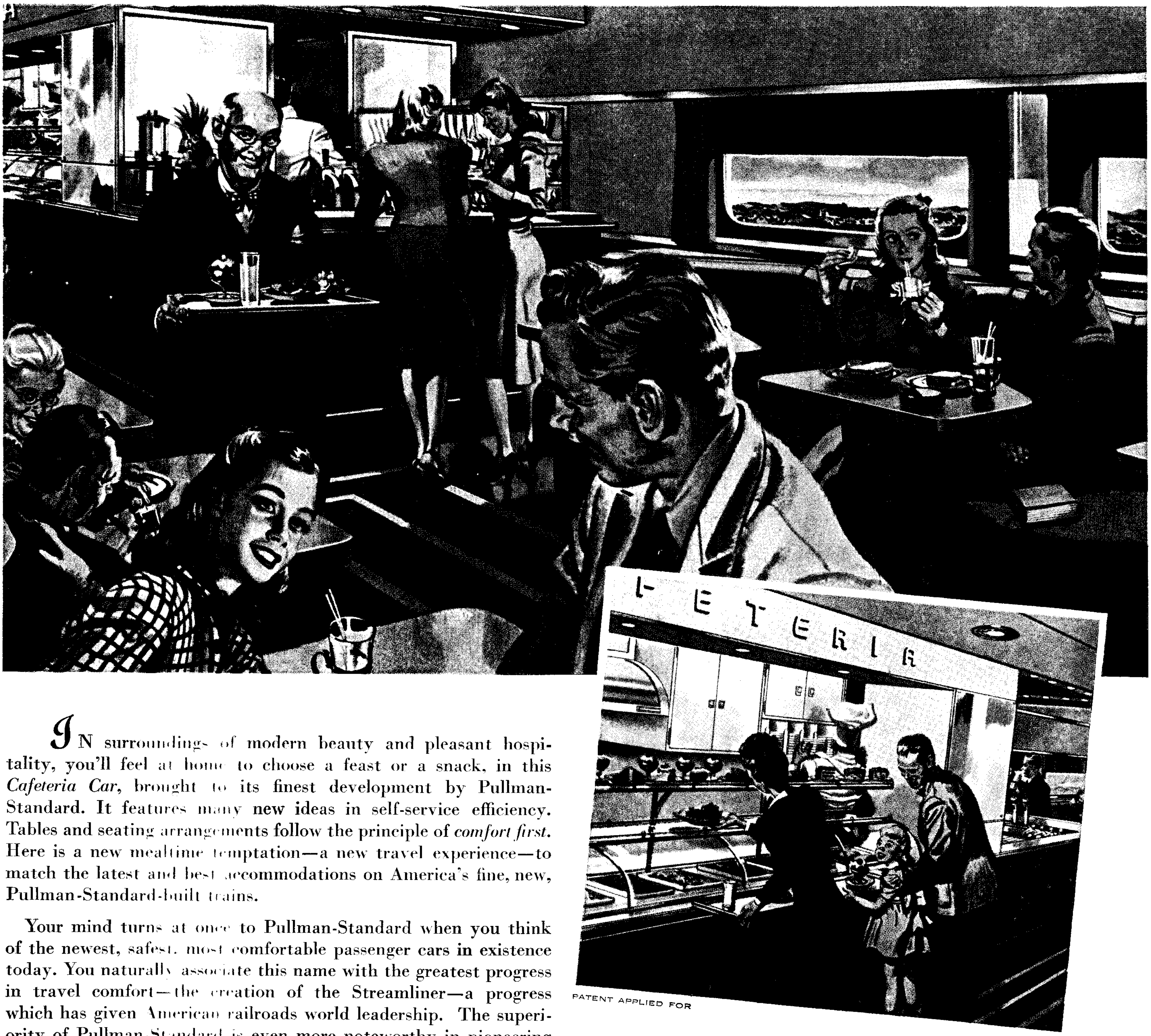

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Your mind turns at once to Pullman-Standard when you think of the newest, safest, most comfortable passenger cars in existence today. You naturally associate this name with the greatest progress in travel comfort—the creation of the Streamliner—a progress which has given American railroads world leadership. The superiority of Pullman-Standard is even more noteworthy in pioneering the most advanced program for greater passenger enjoyment in the days ahead. *Pullman-Standard is the world's largest carbuilder, because it builds the best.*

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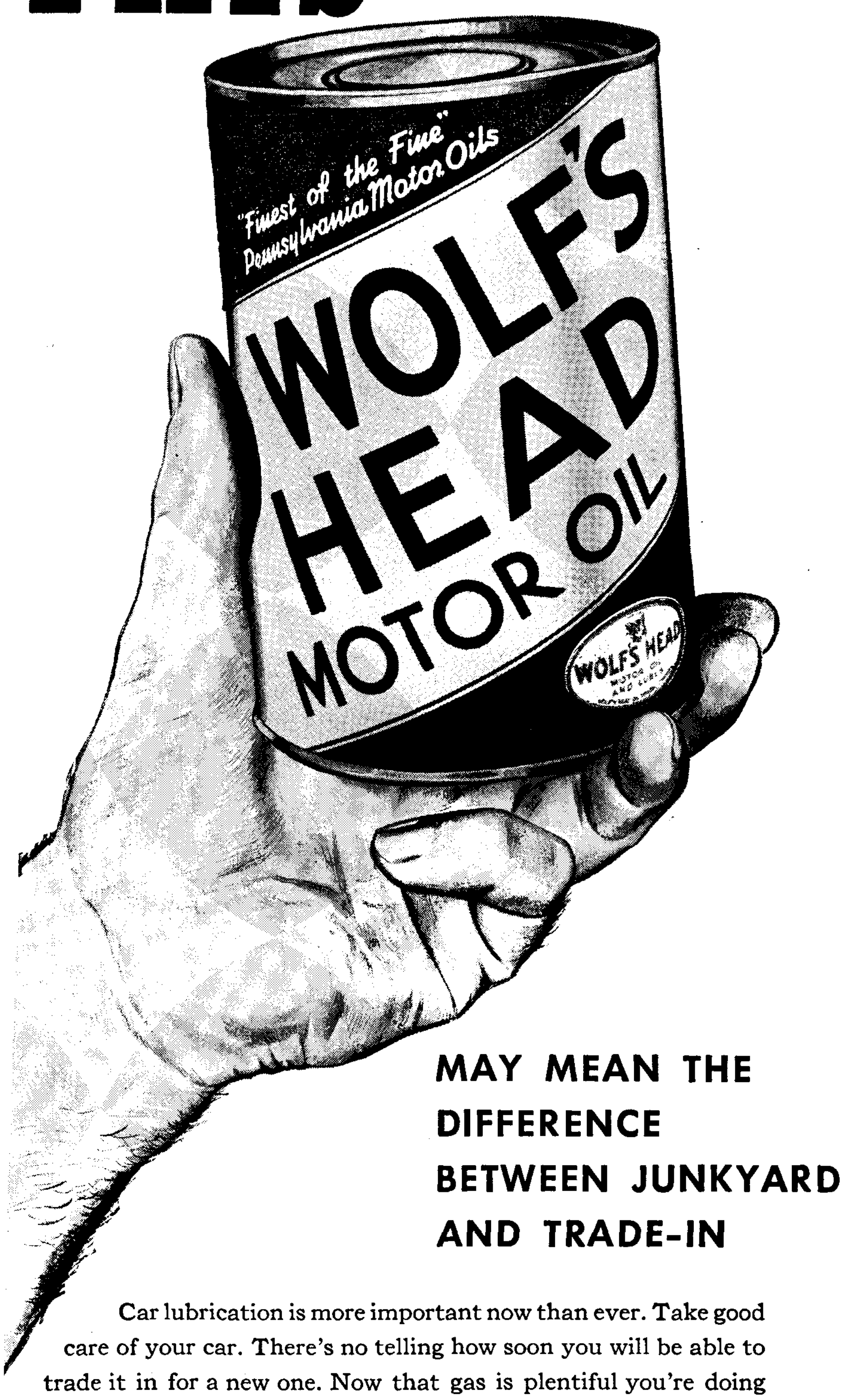
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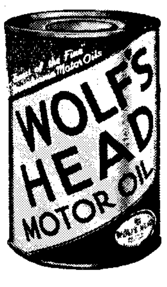

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WOLF'S HEAD

MOTOR OIL AND LUBES

100% Pennsylvania P.G.C.O.A. Permit No. 6

Two of a Kind

Continued from page 38

"This way, boy." He knew the way. He tugged up the porch steps ahead of the man, through the vestibule that smelled nostalgically of overshoes and garden tools and a worn door mat, and through the door into the front hall. Instantly the dank remembered darkness swallowed him; the newel post, the big mahogany hatrack, the clock. A chewed leather glove that he used to play with lay on the green carpet beside the clock, and he sniffed at it as he went by. He paused, and sniffed again suspiciously. There was a strange unremembered smell about the glove: the smell of another dog.

"Here, Nick," the man said, leading him into the living room. "Where's Richie?" He raised his voice: "Oh, Richie!"

Descending feet thumped on the staircase, and his ears pointed forward stiffly. The little whistling sob began again in his throat, growing louder and louder. The footsteps pounded along the hall, and a five-year-old boy burst through the door and flung himself toward him, arms outstretched.

"Richard!" The woman's voice rang with alarm; the boy halted abruptly. "Just don't get too near him, honey."

The boy stood uncertainly in the doorway, his smile fading, his questioning eyes going to his mother's face and back to the dog.

Nick was straining at the rope, pulling so hard that his collar choked him. He wanted to rush to the boy, to lap his face over, to feel the boy's fist clutch his fur as he hugged him. He belonged to Richie, he had always been Richie's dog. He had shadowed him morning and night; had stood beside his carriage when Richie was too young to walk; had slept on a blanket beside Richie's crib. They had wrestled together, and he had carried Richie on his back, and at night they had stretched out before the fireplace and Richie had gone to sleep with his head on a shaggy shoulder. He stood on his hind legs at the end of the rope, pawing the air and whimpering shrilly.

"Easy, Nick," the man said. "Easy."

The strain of the rope was pulling his lips back, baring his white teeth. The boy moved backward a step, watching him.

"Say hello to Nick," the man prompted....

A yelp, a wild scrambling, a flash of golden-brown, and a small cocker spaniel darted past Richie's legs and slid to a halt before Nick, snarling and snapping hysterically. The fur rose along Nick's backbone; a rumble started deep in his chest. The spaniel's barking rose to a scream, and he ran back to Richie, leaping up onto him and squalling. Richie gathered him in his arms and held him tight; he faced the big dog with a gathering pucker between his eyes.

The woman said: "You better take Scamper back up to your room, Richard, before he . . ."

RICHIE hugged the wriggling spaniel, stroking his head to soothe him. He turned and started back toward the stairs.

"There." She said it with a sharp exhalation of breath. "George, you'll have to do something. He can't stay in the house tonight. It makes me too nervous."

"But where will he stay?"

"I don't know. The garage, I suppose. I wouldn't sleep a wink," she said, her stout sweet face lined with worry. "I'd be thinking about . . ." Her pince-nez glasses bobbed as she shook her head. "Once they've learned to . . ." She let the sentence trail.

He walked quietly beside the man out of the house, down the steps and across the lawn. He followed dutifully as the man led him through the garage doors, and across the cool oil-soaked cement floor, and made his rope fast in the spare room behind the garage. The man took a blanket from the car; he watched him with questioning eyes as he spread it on the floor. He could not believe it was for him.

The man hesitated a moment, and then walked over and knelt beside him. "Sorry, Nick," he murmured, working his fingers deep into the fur behind the dog's ear and scratching him. "It's not much of a homecoming, boy, but . . ." The man's fingers slid along his neck and down his solid ribs, smoothing his fur. "It'll be all right," the man said vaguely, and patted his flank. He rose. "It'll be all right tomorrow."

He watched in silence as the man walked out of the room and closed the door behind him. Still he could not believe it; he crouched on the blanket with his head resting on his forepaws, watching the door. He made no effort to whine or bark. In the Army you are taught to be quiet. You don't make a sound, you don't even whimper.

That night the man brought some food and water, and went out and shut the door again.

Nick tried to understand what he had done. He remembered his bed on the floor in Richie's room, and he tried to think why he was not there. Wondering, he fell asleep, and in his sleep he was walking down a dark road in Normandy. A soldier was walking beside him, his O.D. pants tucked into the tops of a dusty pair of combat boots, his webbed cartridge belt sagging from a hip. They moved in silence, he and the young soldier, listening for a sound in the night. There was an effortless understanding between the soldier and himself, a sort of mutual homelessness. They were alone, the two of them, against the dark night. The soldier needed him, needed his nose to smell danger, needed his ears to hear.

Then ahead of them Nick saw the shadow move again, he saw the arm lift with the pistol pointing, and in his sleep he began to jerk convulsively, his legs scratched the cement floor of the garage as he tried to leap, his jaws champed together. He woke with a start, and stared wildly for a moment at the strange blackness around him before he remembered he was home. . . .

IN THE morning the door opened. He was on his feet, tail wagging expectantly. Richie peered cautiously inside, and beckoned over his shoulder; a group of neighbors' children followed him, all his age or a little older. They crowded behind him, staring at Nick.

"There he is. See?" Richie said. His voice was shrill with importance.

Nick tugged at the rope, panting; his teeth gleamed. "He looks just like a wolf," a tall girl said, shivering pleasantly.

"He killed a German," Richie said. "He killed about a hundred Germans, I guess. He ate all their heads off."

"I got a brother in the Marines," a boy said.

"Can I pet him?" asked a little boy, holding the tall girl's hand.

"Oh, no, you can't touch him," Richie said. "My mother said not to. You can watch while I feed him, though."

The group edged into the room in fascinated silence. Richie took a chunk of meat from a pan in his hand, and tossed it to Nick. It fell short. He took a stick, and poked the chunk across the floor within reach of Nick.

"He didn't eat it," the little boy said after a moment, disappointed.

"Here, Nick," Richie said, and poked the chunk of meat nearer. He stepped back quickly.

Nick still ignored the meat; his eyes were on Richie's face, his throat was making the little sobbing sound again. This wasn't the way it used to be when Richie would toss a baseball to him, and he would bring it back and put his paws on Richie's shoulders, and knock him down, and Richie would laugh.

"Look, Scamper's eating it instead," the little boy announced.

The spaniel had sneaked unnoticed past the group; he darted across the garage floor, seized the meat and turned to run.

It happened before they knew it: Soundlessly Nick lunged and grabbed him, shook him once, and tossed him in the air. The spaniel landed at Richie's feet, howling and snapping at a spreading red stain on his golden-brown fur. Nick lunged again, but the rope snubbed him short, half-turning him. The children ran out of the garage, their screams blending with the spaniel's shrieks of pain. Richie's eyes were blinded with tears. Furiously he ran at Nick and struck him across the face with the stick. He stooped, picked up the bleeding spaniel and carried him wailing into the house. . . .

Later Nick heard the car start, and hours later he heard it come back, and he could hear Richie crying as his mother carried him into the house. He waited, shaking convulsively. He was confused; everything confused him. He was home, but home wasn't here. Home wasn't having people come and stare at you and always keep a little distance from you. Home was jumping up on a cot and having your stomach rubbed and smelling chicken frying on the barracks stove. Home was somebody's field jacket beside a pair of G.I. shoes on the floor. Home was marching together and sharing out of the same mess kit, and crawling under a shelter half together in the rain. Home was anywhere you were together. . . .

He heard another car stop in front of the house, and he recognized the man's voice. He stood erect and began panting. The woman was talking to the man; he could hear her voice rising and falling as they walked toward the garage.

". . . seven stitches. The veterinary said he'd have to stay there at least a week. Richie's upstairs, poor child; he's all upset. I put him to bed and then I phoned you. He said the dog simply grabbed little Scamper without any warning."

They had halted in the doorway of the garage; he could see the woman's pince-nez glasses blink. "It's what I kept telling you all along. . . ."

"Nick, Nick," the man said unhappily, looking through the door at him.

"I was afraid when they first wrote they were sending him back," the woman said. "I didn't want him to come."

"But, Edie, this is his home, you couldn't refuse to take him back after he did his job and even got a decoration—"

"For what? For killing. Oh, I know he was a hero, George, but why did he have to come home again? Why didn't he die a hero over there?"

The man stared at her, shocked. The intensity of her feeling was bringing out unaccustomed sharp lines in her plump face. Fear made her that way, he realized; she was deathly afraid. "He didn't mean it, Edie," he said. "It was a mistake. Maybe seeing Richie with a new dog. He was always such a pet."

"Pet!" She let out her breath so sharply that her whole body yanked erect. She controlled herself. "I know it isn't his fault, George, but the Army's made him brutal." Her face was sharp. "How could you ever trust him again after . . . ?"

The man walked over thoughtfully and stood beside Nick. The dog did not tug at the rope. He waited, looking up at the man's face. He was still shaking, his loins contracted, his back arched high.

"Nick," the man said experimentally. "Look, Nick." He held out his hand. "Roll over," he said.

He began to pant louder, looking up at the man. He knew it was a command, but he could not remember what it was. He was confused, things were rushing through his mind. He could hear the guns again and the creak of leather, and the thud of feet marching. He could hear them above everything else, above his own panting

"Nick," the man pleaded, "don't you remember? Roll over, boy."

It was a command, and he knew he was supposed to do something, but he was too mixed up now to know what. Everything was mixed up. This wasn't home, he wasn't home any more. Home was a pair of high-topped combat boots and a sagging cartridge belt and a young soldier walking beside him down a dark road in Normandy.

"Roll over," the man said again, sharply, and snapped his fingers.

He heard the click of a pistol being cocked, and he saw an outstretched arm. He leaped and grabbed the wrist in his teeth. . . .

The man stood looking at the round drops of blood on his wrist, with a surprised, almost sheepish smile. He wrapped a handkerchief around his wrist. "He didn't mean it," he was saying apologetically.

The woman's voice suddenly went all to pieces: "There's only one thing to do. He'll have to be put away."

"But he didn't mean it."

"I'm going to phone the authorities. They can come and get him."

The man hesitated as she hurried toward the house. The big dog was cowering, ears back and tail hugging his flanks. The man knelt beside him and scratched above his neck.

"I understand. I know after the last war," he murmured, "I know how it was when I came home." He was fumbling with the dog's collar. "Goodby, boy," he said, and rose and walked quickly toward the house.

Nick took a step forward; the rope slid from his collar and fell to the floor. He walked out of the garage; he did not run. He walked across the lawn, and out through the gate without looking back. He walked down the maple-shaded street, and he did not look back as he turned the corner.

He crossed the street, and started through the park, through the cool-smelling grass in the dusk. A stranger was sitting on a bench, reading a newspaper. He had on a new gray civilian suit, but on his outstretched feet was a pair of battered Army shoes, dark with dust. Nick paused, sniffing the familiar smell of leather and oil-dubbing. The stranger lowered the paper and looked at him.

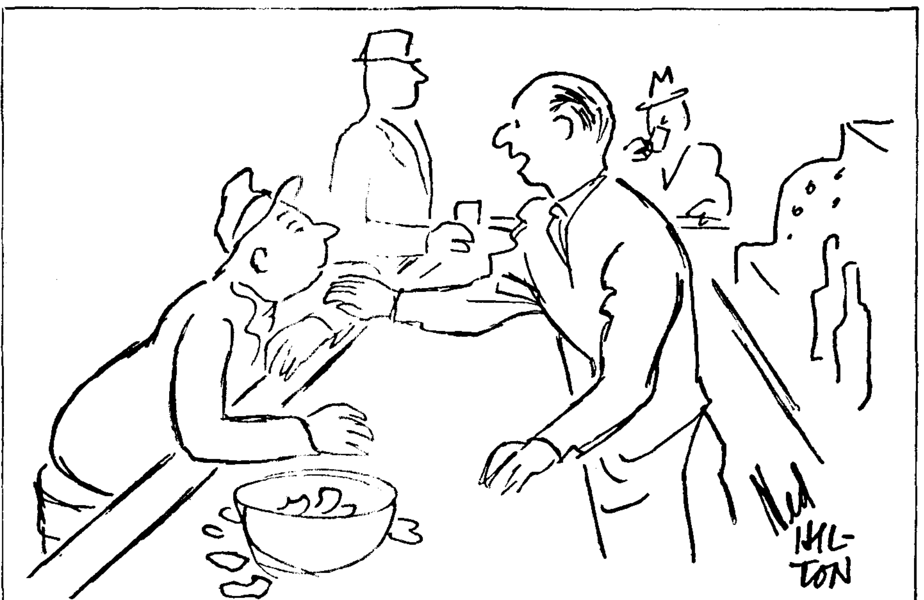
"Beat it," he said, and returned to the paper.

Nick sat on his haunches and waited. The stranger tore the want-ad section out of the paper and stuffed it into his pocket. Nick rose to his feet, ready. The stranger looked at him again, and shook his head.

"Look," he said, reaching out a hand and scratching him absently behind an ear, "I'd take you home, but I haven't got any home to take you to. So beat it. . . ."

He paused, feeling the ear and frowning. He bent the ear toward him, and looked at Nick's Army serial number branded on the inside of his ear. "You and me both, eh?" he said slowly. He got up and started walking, whistling. Nick walked beside him into the dusk. His tail was beginning to wag.

THE END



"Look, old man, don't you think you've had enough potato chips?"

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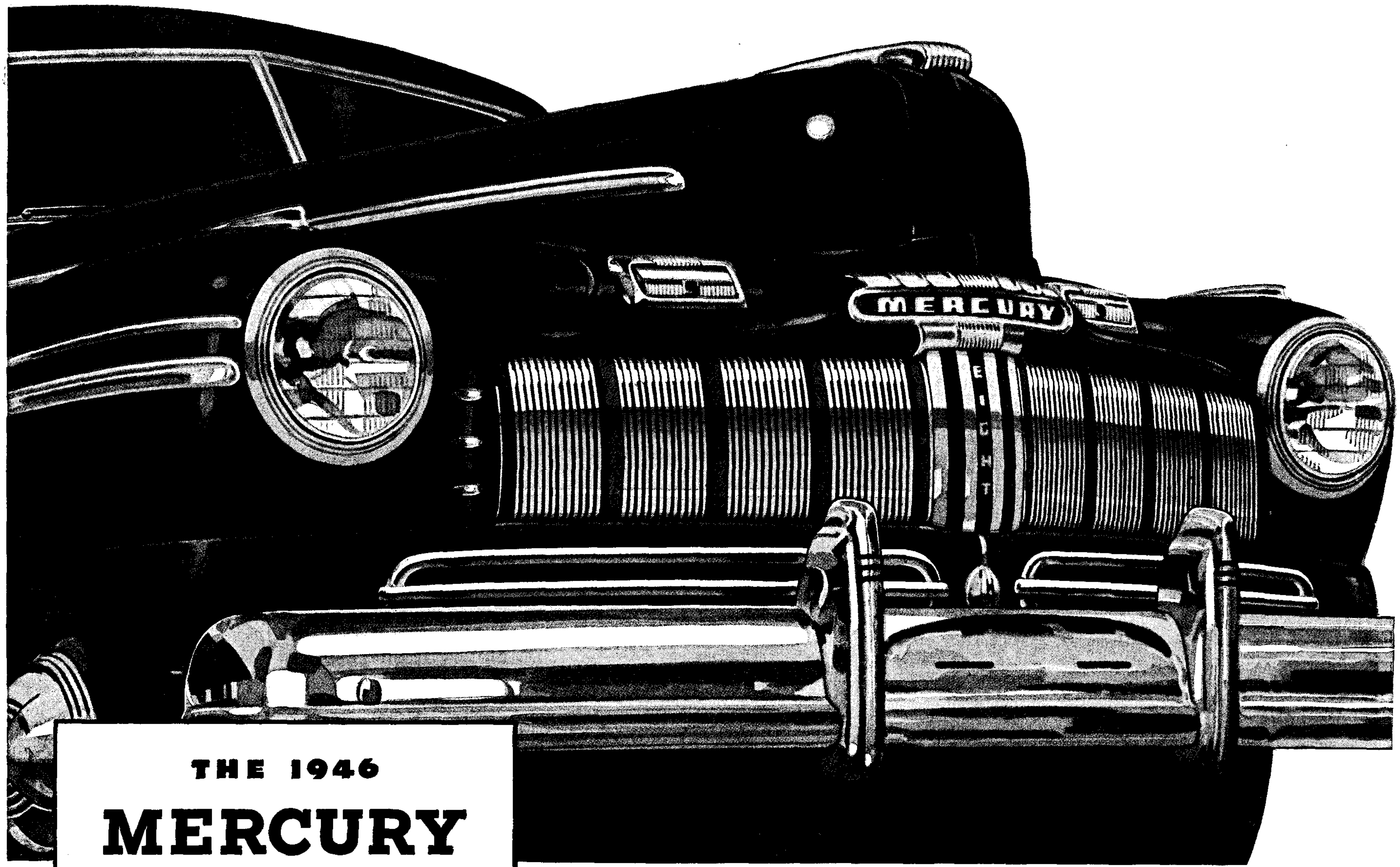

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Anti-Riot Squad

Continued from page 59

"Holy smokes, somebody gives a damn about us!" the cellar kids gasped incredulously. The psychological longhairs will tell you that the $30 eased a profound sense of rejection and thus quieted the boys' feelings of hostility toward other people, but whatever the theory, a little miracle was wrought out at the end of the BMT.

Tony, the boy they locked up, became a delegate to Youth Town, Sid Wasserman's model congress of youth organizations, sponsored by the Police Department. Another member of Club Frenzy became Youth Town's vice-president. The entire youth community of Coney Island gave a dance and there were close to five hundred present—Jews, Italian Catholics, Negroes—together for the first time under the most promising of all labels: American youth.

CCI's action-research method of curing intolerance is based largely on the work of Kurt Lewin, director of the Research Center for Group Dynamics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Gordon W. Allport, chairman of Harvard University's psychology department. Lewin is chief consultant of CCI, and Allport belongs to its advisory council on research. Their basic idea is "fact-finding wedded to action." They aim to move group psychology from the ivory tower to the streets where kids play stick-ball.

The money for this project comes from the American Jewish Congress. It was appropriated ($1,500,000 to finance five years of operation) after a conference of Jewish organizations in February of 1944. Though most directly concerned with the problem of anti-Semitism, the Congress recognized that group conflict is basically the same whether directed against Jews, Catholics, Negroes, Mexicans, Pilgrims, Puritans, Huguenots or Hottentots.

Thus the eight projects it has under way currently include a study of the attitude of Jews toward fellow Jews in Boston; the problems of Negroes in the mining town of Rankin, Pennsylvania; and prejudices against Mexicans, Indians and Mormons in the borderlands of New Mexico.

Charles E. (Chick) Hendry, who had been national director of research for the Boy Scouts of America and professor of sociology at George Williams College, was appointed as CCI's co-ordinator of research. By last spring, Hendry, a Protestant, had built up his pool of CCI talent: fifty-six Christian, Jewish and Negro consultants and specialists in psychology, psychiatry, sociology, group work, community organization, public opinion sampling, sociometrics, statistics, housing and welfare. From these specialists the task forces are made up in accordance with the needs of a given situation.

In Baltimore, it was mounting tension between students in the public schools and students in the Hebrew schools which brought a CCI task force to the scene.

A panel of forty schoolteachers, Jewish and Christian, was organized to go after the problem. At the first meeting, one teacher said, "I don't mind discussing the Jewish problem, but if this has anything to do with Negroes, I'm leaving."

When the project was completed last May, the same teacher announced, "People certainly can change. I think our own little group has had its eyes opened considerably by this work." She had taken a group of Negro visitors on a tour of her school that morning.

The forty teachers were taught the proper technique, and they themselves collected a welter of data about the minority problems in Baltimore. When the CCI task force moved out, it left this group, as its report stated, "with a picture of the situation and a keen desire to improve it." When last heard from, the teachers' panel was planning to expand its work to the entire city.

CCI had bequeathed them some of the newest tools of group dynamics. Instead of using the yes-or-no poll, they use the long interview. In place of the dead-pan questionnaire, they use a friendly quiz which, instead of asking, "Were your parents immigrants?" asks, "Only a few of us are American Indians, so what country did your people come from?"

Key to Understanding

To teach people to conduct their own interviews, CCI trains them (and also its own people) by *role practice*. This is a form of play-acting in which the simulation of emotions gives a bit of insight into the situation at hand. For example, a prospective worker may take the part of a 12-year-old boy who has just come home from a neighborhood fight. By trying to fabricate the emotional tension of such a boy, the worker gets some idea of how to reach him, or get to him, and thus understands him better.

Understanding is, by and large, the basic tool of CCI. And the fact that it works is attested by a thing that happened after CCI's first effort—the riot at Coney Island:

There was a meeting in the Coney Island courthouse in which Youth Town kids gave a dramatization of the idea of tolerance. Tony and some of the other Frenzy boys were there. In the back row, one lad was giving out with catcalls and Bronx cheers, and in the intermission he walked into the hall for a drink of water. Tony and another Frenzy boy followed him. Fearing trouble, Sid Wasserman tiptoed out, too, after them.

He saw Tony back the catcalling lad up against the wall and say:

"Listen, jerk, these actors ain't professionals. They're only amateurs. Give 'em a chance, willya? You been acting like a jerk all night long. Now you behave yourself or we throw you out the window, without openin' the glass. Get it?"

THE END

Eric Ericson
COLLIER'S
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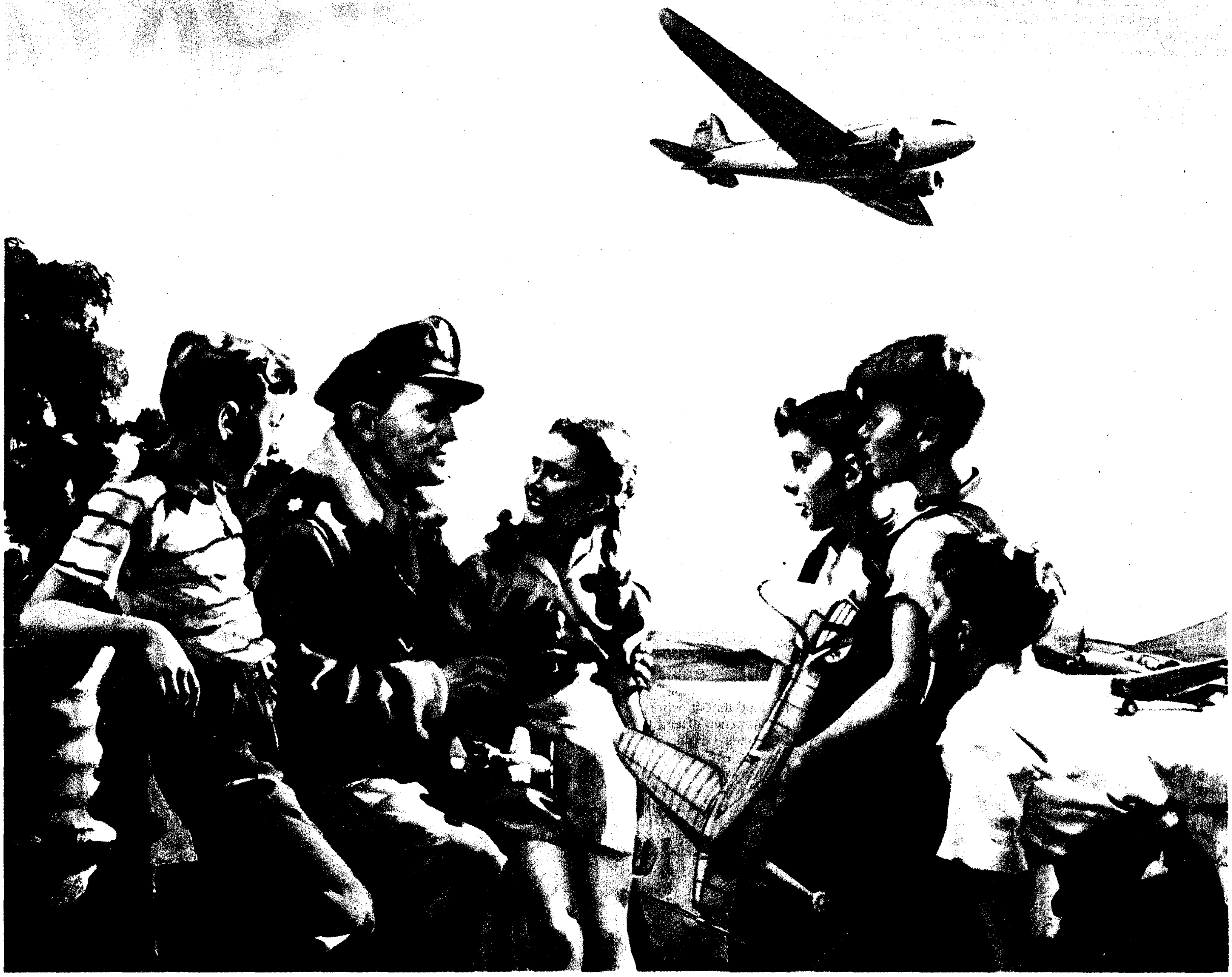

Spencer Tracy in the M-G-M motion picture "A Guy Named Joe" • Painting by Harry Anderson

"What's it like up there, Pete?"

"WHEN *you're up there* . . . everything's kinda still, and you've got a feeling you're half-way to heaven. You don't even seem to hear your own motors—just a kind of buzz far off . . . like the sky was calling you . . . like the sky was singing you a song. . . .

"And somehow it's never eight o'clock up there . . . it's always now. The earth's so far below you don't care about it any more. It's the sky that's important. The sky is your pal. You feel like nudging the sky and saying, 'Hello sky—how are *you* today, sky—and how was the moon last time you saw him?' . . The wind-draft comes straight off the morning star, and the clouds float toward you like old friends you never want to say goodbye to. . . . And you say to yourself, 'Boy, oh boy—this is the only time a man's ever alive—it's the only time he's really free!' And the old sky, he smiles back and says, 'You're right, brother—you're right!'"—*Excerpt from script of motion picture "A Guy Named Joe"*

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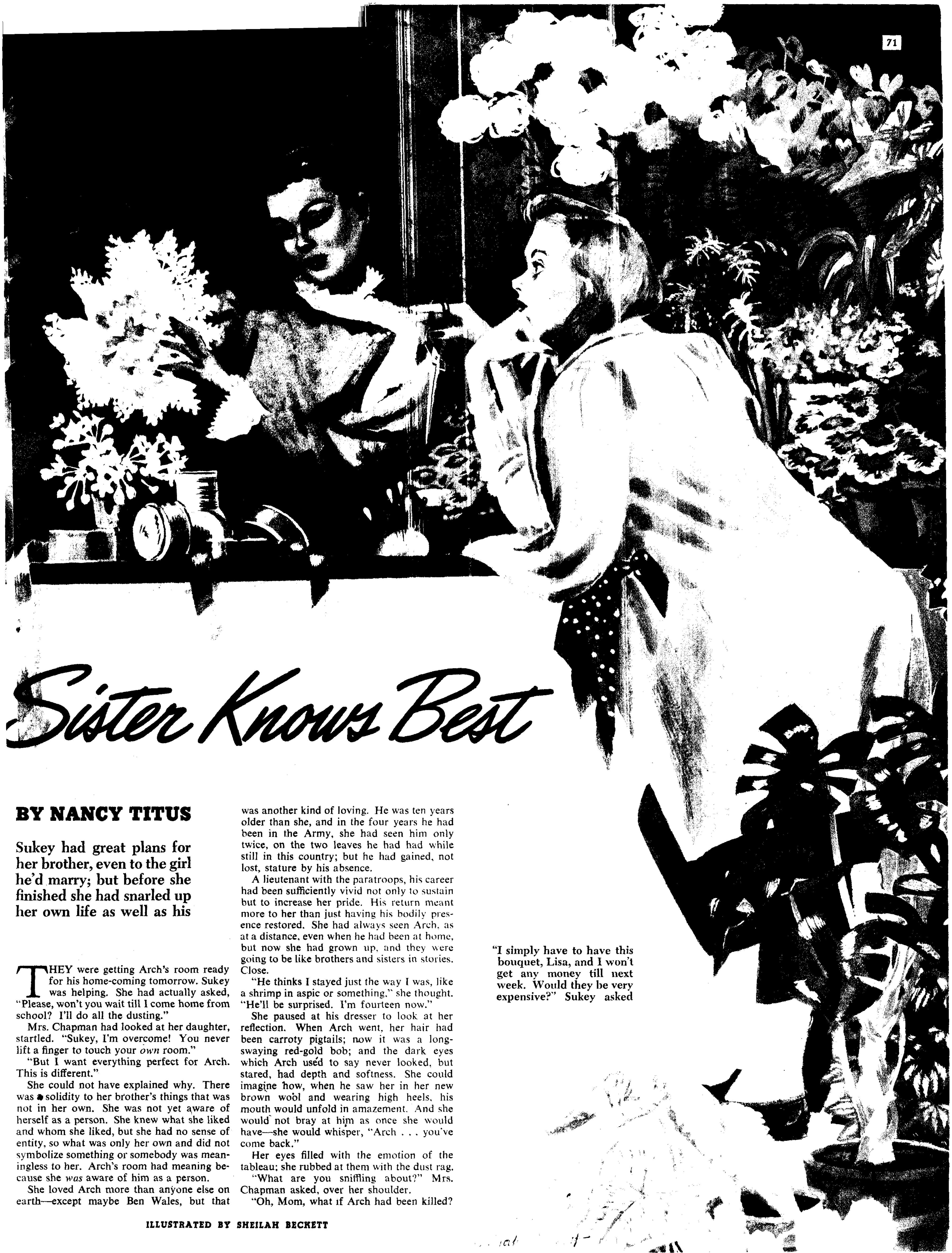

"I simply have to have this bouquet, Lisa, and I won't get any money till next week. Would they be very expensive?" Sukey asked

Sister Knows Best

BY NANCY TITUS

Sukey had great plans for her brother, even to the girl he'd marry; but before she finished she had snarled up her own life as well as his

THEY were getting Arch's room ready for his home-coming tomorrow. Sukey was helping. She had actually asked, "Please, won't you wait till I come home from school? I'll do all the dusting."

Mrs. Chapman had looked at her daughter, startled. "Sukey, I'm overcome! You never lift a finger to touch your *own* room."

"But I want everything perfect for Arch. This is different."

She could not have explained why. There was a solidity to her brother's things that was not in her own. She was not yet aware of herself as a person. She knew what she liked and whom she liked, but she had no sense of entity, so what was only her own and did not symbolize something or somebody was meaningless to her. Arch's room had meaning because she *was* aware of him as a person.

She loved Arch more than anyone else on earth—except maybe Ben Wales, but that was another kind of loving. He was ten years older than she, and in the four years he had been in the Army, she had seen him only twice, on the two leaves he had had while still in this country; but he had gained, not lost, stature by his absence.

A lieutenant with the paratroops, his career had been sufficiently vivid not only to sustain but to increase her pride. His return meant more to her than just having his bodily presence restored. She had always seen Arch, as at a distance, even when he had been at home, but now she had grown up, and they were going to be like brothers and sisters in stories. Close.

"He thinks I stayed just the way I was, like a shrimp in aspic or something," she thought. "He'll be surprised. I'm fourteen now."

She paused at his dresser to look at her reflection. When Arch went, her hair had been carroty pigtails; now it was a long-swaying red-gold bob; and the dark eyes which Arch used to say never looked, but stared, had depth and softness. She could imagine how, when he saw her in her new brown wool and wearing high heels, his mouth would unfold in amazement. And she would not bray at him as once she would have—she would whisper, "Arch . . . you've come back."

Her eyes filled with the emotion of the tableau; she rubbed at them with the dust rag.

"What are you sniffling about?" Mrs. Chapman asked, over her shoulder.

"Oh, Mom, what if Arch had been killed?

ILLUSTRATED BY SHEILAH BECKETT

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What if we'd just shut up his room forever and put dust sheets over everything?"

"Sukey!" her mother said. "Don't even talk like that."

"I have to, to know how happy I am." She twisted the cloth in her sturdy brown hands and looked around the room. If there were only some way to tell Arch these things which sounded silly when they were corralled by words!

"We ought to have a big bunch of flowers for him!" she cried. "I wish all the chrysanthemums weren't dead."

"Oh, I don't think Arch would care about flowers."

"But it would show him we thought it was an . . . an occasion," Sukey said. "Lots of times when I've come home from camp I've wished when I got upstairs there'd be a bouquet of roses."

"Have you?" her mother asked. "I'm sorry, Sukey. I never thought you cared *what* was in your room."

"You don't always know what a person wants," Sukey said with dignity. "You don't know everything Arch cares about. I'm going to *get* him some roses."

Because she had to act on an impulse as soon as she had one—as though it were a fish, gasping and flopping on dry land, which must be plunged immediately into water—she left the dusting and rushed into her polo coat. "I'm going to order them now. So I won't forget."

She wouldn't have her allowance until next week, but she knew that Lisa Powell, who ran the tiny Flower House next to the drugstore at the end of the block, would trust her.

LISA was hostess at the Teen-age Canteen two Saturdays a month, and she could be trusted herself. She could understand much you felt, without needing explanations; she was young and fun and pretty and she could give life to a room just by coming into it.

"Sukey! Hey!" A whistle cut across her flight like an invisible cord. She stopped and turned, and her heart became too large and unwieldy inside her. Ben was coasting toward her, up to the curb, on his bike, resting his hands against his hips.

He was nearly seventeen and so tall he carried himself as though his arms and legs really ended inches before they did, and the extra length was some mechanical addition he had not yet figured out how to handle. His nose was longish and his ears large, and his fair, unruly hair looked like a bright cap, slightly askew on his head. But before he got through to Sukey's vision he had been so screened and doctored by her imagination that he came to her incredibly handsome. She had not yet become used to the fact that he had singled her out. (He would be a senior in February, he was sports editor of the school paper, and he still limped from the broken leg he'd got last summer, falling off the motorcycle which his father had since forbidden him to ride.)

"What are you doing?" He balanced with one foot against the curb.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" She stood with her hands behind her back, deliciously nervous and preferring to die rather than to have him see it.

"How should I know? Going to a bargain sale of nylons, it looks like."

"Well, I'm not. I'm home on my chaise longue reading bonbons and eating French novels." Arch used to say that to girls, when he phoned them, and she thought it clever.

"Very funny," Ben said. "Pardon me if I die laughing."

They could and did go on interminably like that. But it was not fair to measure, as her parents did, the depth of her feelings by the depth of her conversation. The two were not in the least related.

"If you won't tell me what you're doing now, what are you doing tomorrow night? We still got our movie date?"

"Oh," Sukey said. This was a crisis; Arch and Ben. She said, "My brother's coming home."

"Oh, I *see,*" he said and looked up at the blue October sky. "I guess I'll ask Amy Morrison then."

Sukey was bleak. She stood on the walk, with her hair blowing in the wind and her socks sagging on her slim straight legs, and nobody would have known she was torn with opposing desires.

"Well, why don't you?" she said, trying to sound disinterested.

"I said I would, didn't I?" He shoved off from the curb. "Be seeing you." And while she stood there, with knotted fists filling her chest cavity, he turned his head and threw at her, "Call you tonight."

She dropped into the well of relief. She was able to move again.

WHEN she came into the moist-warm, spicy-sweet atmosphere of the flower shop, she found Lisa making a wedding bouquet. She was bending over the counter, wearing a blue dress and a blue ribbon around her brown hair. Sukey launched at once into her deal.

"I simply have to have this bouquet, Lisa, and I won't get any money till next week. Would they be very expensive?"

"Oh, I think I could give you a nice bunch that wouldn't make too much of a dent in your allowance." Lisa smiled. "What is it? Your mother's birthday?"

"No. Arch is coming."

"The big brother? That's fine, Sukey! No wonder you want flowers." Lisa was still smiling, but the smile had changed, as she turned the wedding bouquet in its heart-shaped paper ruff. "How do you like this?"

Something about the way she held it made Sukey cry, "Oh, you look just like a bride yourself!" and then she remembered, having already blundered out the words, that Lisa very nearly *had* been a bride. But the man she was engaged to had married another girl in England.

Covering her embarrassment, she stumbled on, "I'm going to bring Arch to the Canteen, Lisa. You've just got to meet him."

And, with the effortless speed with which it produced pictures of her wishes before she knew she had them, her mind projected a scene: Lisa and Arch. They were being married, and Lisa was carrying a bouquet that was a replica of this one. She saw it! . . .

Lohengrin was echoing in Sukey's head when she got back to the house, and her mother was standing in the hall with her face on the edge of tears.

"Sukey," she said, "I've just had a telegram. . . ."

Sukey grabbed her, white with horror. "Oh, Mom," she said blankly. "He's dead!"

"No. No. Oh, for Heaven's sake, Sukey, stop being dramatic. He isn't dead. But he isn't coming tomorrow. I just had the wire. He's not arriving until Monday. He didn't say why."

But Sukey had been living for tomorrow—her whole being set for it, like an alarm clock, set to go off at a certain hour. It was impossible to extend herself three more days.

SHE did manage to live through them. But not gracefully. She nagged at her mother; she fought with her father, and Saturday night, when Ben took her to a party, she quarreled with him, senselessly, and all the way home. By the time they reached her porch steps he had become silent, and Sukey threw at him, "I'll bet you're sorry you saw me home."

"I sure am," he said.

"I knew it," she said triumphantly. "You'd probably rather have taken Amy home. Well, I certainly don't want you to feel tied or anything."

"I don't," and he said it so equably, she snapped back at him, "I hope *not.*"

He stood on one leg, leaning against a column. "If it's that you don't like me any more, why don't you say so?"

"Don't be a dope," Sukey said, and slammed into the house. She cried when she went to bed.

She revived with Monday. Arch had wired he would arrive at five. She would have time to prepare for him after school. Ben passed her a note in the corridor at noon. It was all right. Everything was all right. Beautiful.

She raced home from school . . . and stopped just inside the door. Because Arch's bags were piled in the hall.

She heard him sing out from the living room, "Is that the brat?"

She really couldn't stand going up and

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down this way. She was so disappointed that she couldn't answer him. But he called again, and she crossed to the entrance to the room and peered in. He was sitting on the couch between her mother and her father, who must have come home early.

He grinned at her, and her throat tightened with real emotion at his dear familiarity. She forgot the whispered speech, and she flung herself across the room, yelling, "Arch! Oh, Archie! Archie!"

She had her arms about his neck, hugging him, and he was laughing and saying, "What is this? Get her off me. She's grown about fifteen more arms and legs."

She couldn't try to be impressive after that. She fired a million questions at him; she followed him when he went upstairs.

"Can't a man even undress in peace?" he asked. "Sukey, you haven't changed a bit."

He was tossing things from his bags to the bed. He had not noticed the vase of red roses, whose delivery Lisa had postponed until today. Sukey hesitated, waiting for him to see them. Finally she had to say it. "Arch, don't you see something different?"

He looked around. "Looks like it always did."

"I mean . . . by your bed."

He saw them, then. "Roses," he said, his black brows going up. "Whose idea was it to make my room look like a hospital?"

Sukey said, making the word as little as possible, "Mine."

"Yours? Sukey." He came and gave her an awkward pat. "That was swell of you."

But he had not really understood what she had meant by the roses, and she felt flat.

Then at dinner he broke the last remaining bubble—casually, not knowing he did it. Over the wine, her father said, "Now, Arch, I wish you'd make something clear. This mysterious telegram we had from you. Why couldn't you get here Friday?"

"Oh, that," Arch said. Pink appeared below the black line of his hair. "I was just going to tell you about that. I went to see a girl. She—well, as a matter of fact, I've asked her to come up and visit us for a week. I thought it would be all right." He looked around at them. "I want you to meet her, because I'm going to marry her."

For a moment nobody spoke. If he had dropped in one of his parachutes into their midst, they could not have been more stunned.

"You never gave us a hint that—" Mrs. Chapman began.

"I didn't know, you see. I met her when I was in training in Georgia. It was—well, if it had been *un*important, I could have told, but it meant too much to me, and there wasn't anything I could do about it until I got back. She kept writing, but I was always afraid she might change her mind."

"Who is she? What's her name?" Mr. Chapman found a practical tone.

"Patricia Saylor. She's lovely, Dad. You'll all be crazy about her."

He took a long gulp of the Chablis. Sukey stared at him. For four days she had been walking miles of aisle in a bridesmaid's gown at his wedding to Lisa; the picture had become so real she believed in it. Now he was saying he wanted to marry someone else, of whom she had never heard. Everything was all wrong. He hadn't come when he should; he'd arrived too early today, and he was going to bring a stranger into the house.

"I *bet* we'll be crazy about her," she said.

He narrowed his eyes at her, across the table; not a brother who would be her friend, but one who regarded her as the potential enemy. "I'm in love with her, Sukey," he said quietly.

Just the sound of his voice hurt. She made the only remark she could. "Blah!" she said.

MRS. CHAPMAN recovered and that night wrote a note to the girl, and within the week she had arrived.

It would have been easier if Sukey could have hated Pat for spoiling her plans, but she couldn't. The girl was friendly and nice to them all; she had a round, pert face, curly dark blond hair, and a pleasantly soft voice.

"She has charm," Mr. Chapman said. "She certainly has."

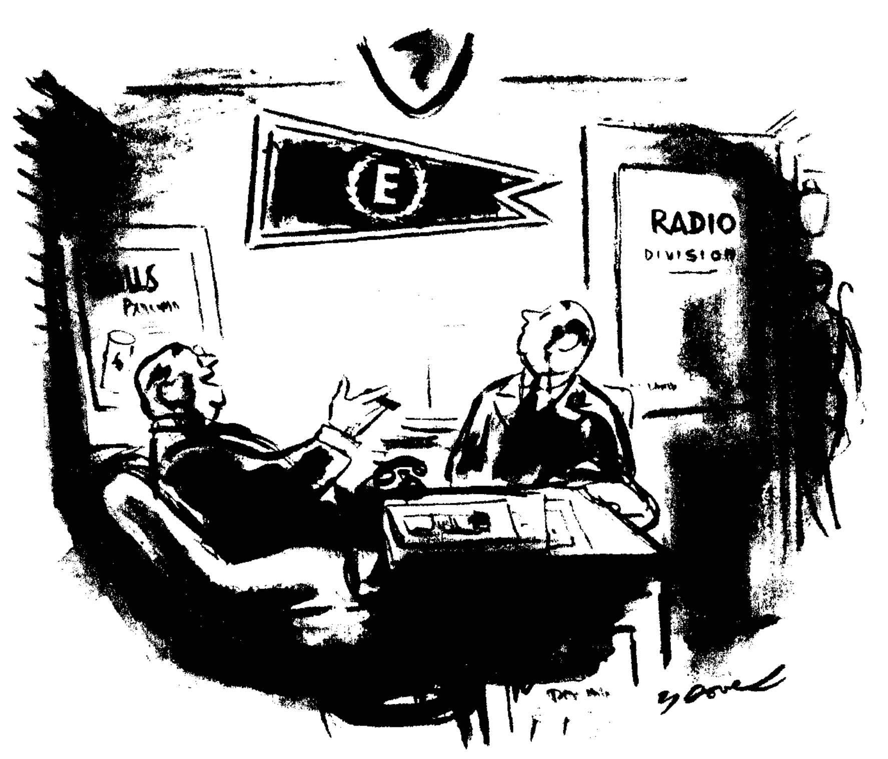
"I never for a moment worried about any choice Arch would make," said his mother, who had worried about little else since he first began to slick down his hair. "Arch has his feet on the ground."

But to Sukey it was all wrong. It was her first encounter with the slipperiness of reality, and the difficulty of molding it to suit herself, and she was hurt and bewildered. To have envisioned so clearly every detail of Arch's return, and to have the actuality so different was to her intolerable. The only hope she had was that Pat didn't love Arch . . . and she could not see how that would be.

She asked Pat one evening. She had not known she was going to ask, or considered what good it would do her to know. It came out. She wandered into the guest room while Pat dressed to go out with Arch. Pat had turned the top of the dressing table into a forest of crystal bottles, and she sat before it, pinning gardenias in her hair.

Lisa, Sukey thought, was prettier, but Arch hadn't seen Lisa. He wouldn't go to the Canteen ("I didn't come home to be stared at by a lot of kids, Sukey. They can wait.") So he would have no comparison.

Pat didn't mind the intrusion, and Sukey



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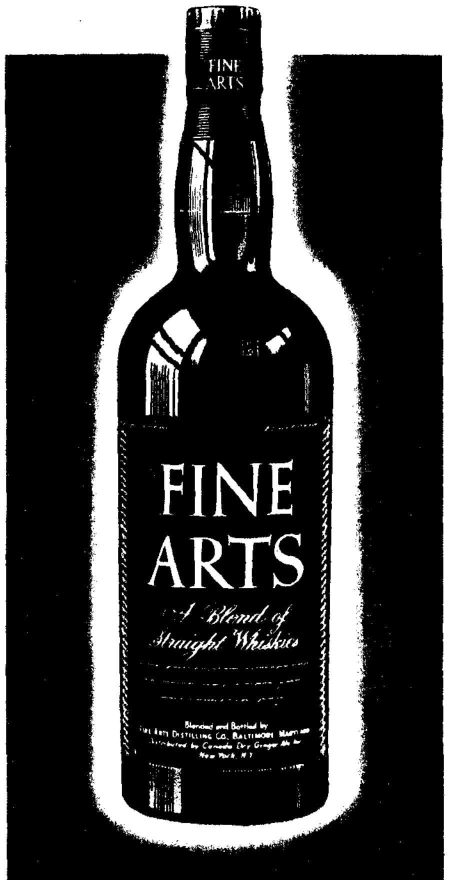

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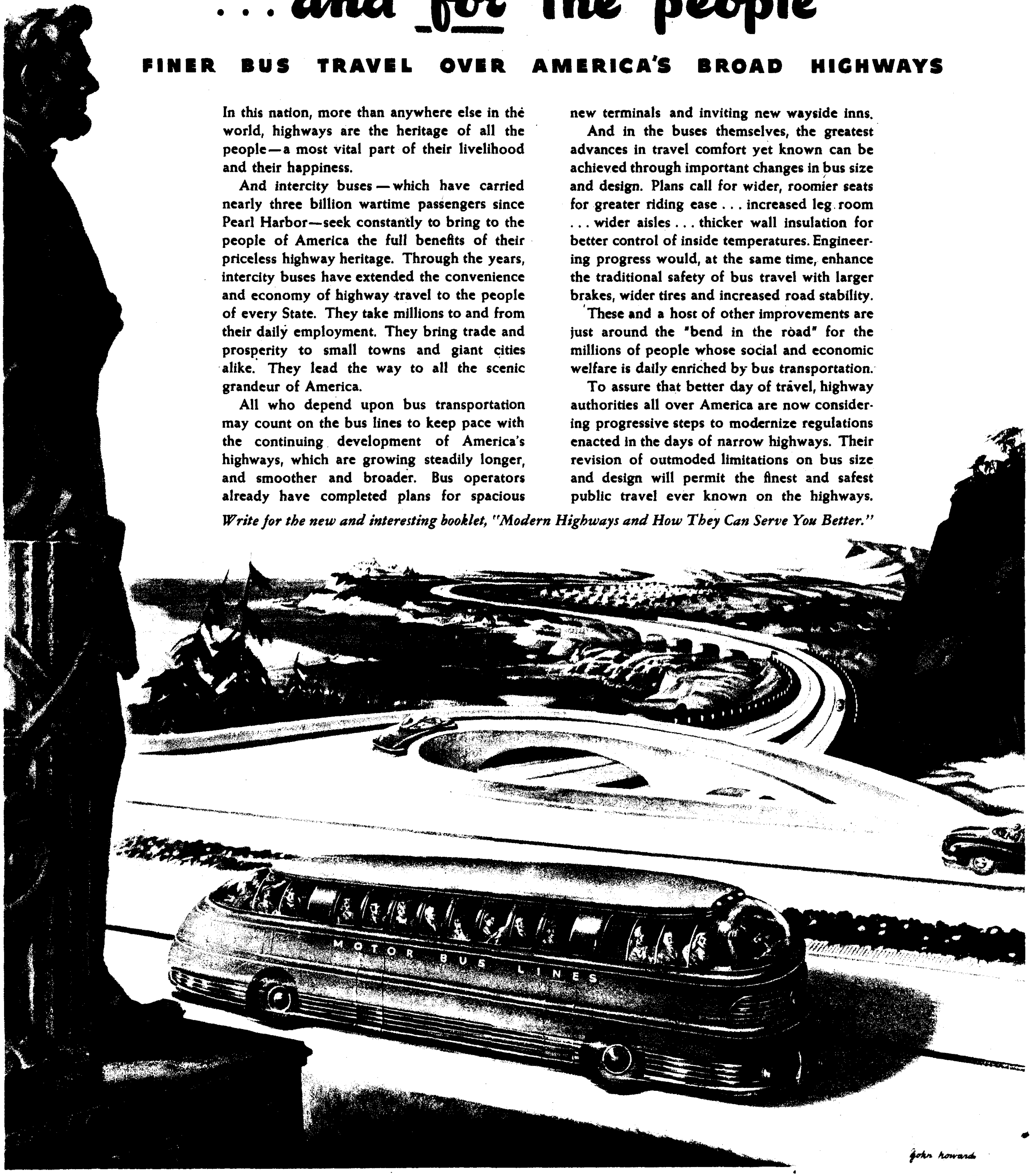

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

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lolled on the bed. Suddenly she asked, "Pat, do you love Arch?"

Pat swung around on the stool. "What makes you ask me that?"

"Well, I just wondered."

"I'm very, very fond of him."

Remembering how tensely silent he seemed to be with Pat, Sukey said, "He used to be a lot nicer. He's queer now."

"How do you mean?"

"As though his mind's a blank." Sukey thought of something. It was feeble, but it was something. "I hope it's not *that*."

Pat was dabbing on perfume. "Not what?" she asked.

"Didn't Arch ever tell you there's insanity in our family?"

Pat laughed. Sukey knew it was a perfectly dumb thing to have said. She knew it so well that she had to embellish it. "It's true," she said vehemently. "If you don't believe me, look in the attic. We keep our aunt up there. She just crouches in a corner all the time and stares. And—"

Pat got up and came to her and squeezed her. "Sukey, you're wonderful."

Sukey felt horrible.

SHE felt so horrible that when she stopped in later to pay Lisa for the flowers, having collected her allowance that day, and Lisa asked, "How's the brother?" she found tears crowding to her eyes.

"Sometimes I wish he'd . . . never . . . come back."

"Why, Sukey! What's the matter?"

She leaned disconsolately against the counter. "He didn't understand about the flowers. I wanted . . . I thought we'd be friends . . . and he doesn't care if I'm alive. He's so far away. . . . And he has a girl we didn't any of us know he had. She's visiting."

Lisa's face was so sympathetic she couldn't stop the confession. "Lisa, I wanted him to like *you*. He used to be so funny and laughing like you are, and I knew you'd like him, too. Now he wants to marry *her*."

"Is she so terrible?"

"It isn't that. It's that I thought he'd come back—and he's worse than gone."

Lisa came around the counter and she was smiling.

"It isn't funny," Sukey said.

"I know." Lisa put her arm around her. "But, Sukey, you can't work out other people's lives. Your brother isn't someone you made up. He's a person . . . and so am I . . . and so are you. The only person you can do anything about or whose life you can plan is yourself. I planned everything I'd do around what another person was going to do, once, and the reason it hurt so much was because I was so wrong."

Sukey couldn't believe Lisa ever had been hurt when she could talk like this. She had thought Lisa would understand, but she didn't. She was not in the least comforted.

It was funny it should be Ben who did comfort her. She never thought of him that way. She thought of him with apprehension, with palpitation, in a dozen different ways, but it had never occurred to her to let him see anything she felt inside. But when he took her to the movies that Friday night, she was too dispirited even to needle him, as she often did, both to relieve her feelings and frighten herself. On the way home he said to her, "Sukey, you aren't being like you. Why don't you give?"

"I can't," she said. "You'd laugh."

"How do you know? Maybe I've got things on my mind sometimes." The idea that he might have anything on his mind beyond how he felt about her—either loving her, or through with her—was a new one. "You wouldn't understand."

He pulled her away from the sidewalk. They were passing the Episcopal parish house, and he brought her to the stone steps and made her sit by him. It was cold; the stars in the black sky were small and distant, and dead leaves rustled around them. Ben put his arm around her. The touch was too much, because it was kind, and she buried her face against his shoulder, and talked. . . .

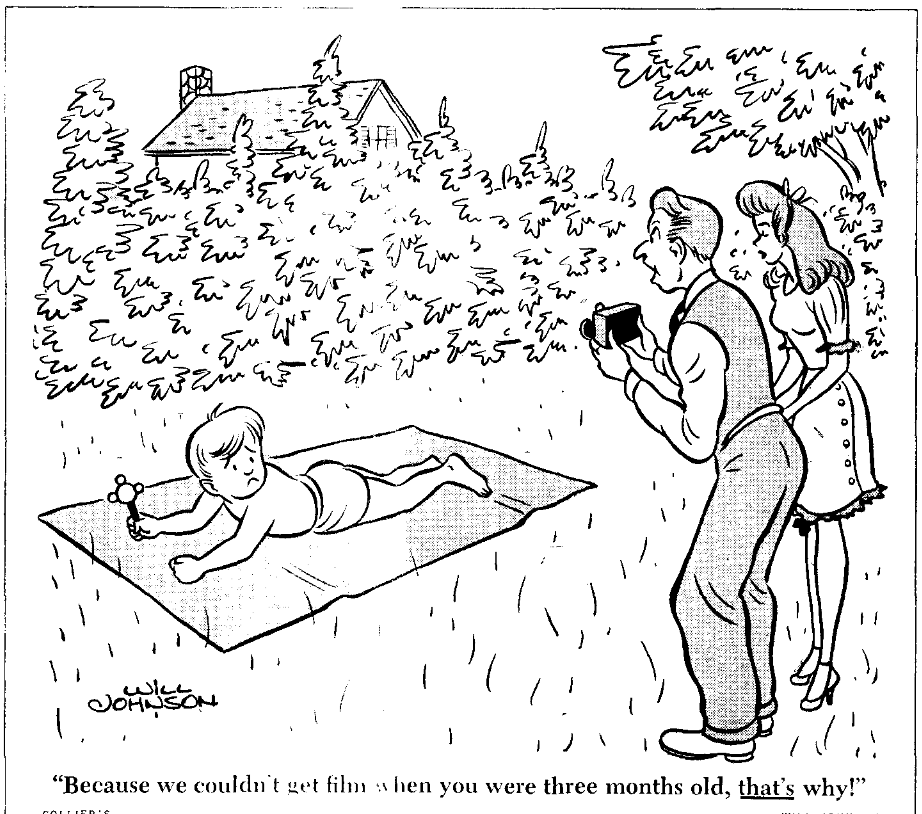
He didn't laugh. He waited until she was through, and he said, "I can see how Arch fell for Pat. But I know how you feel, too. You know, last year I thought sure I'd make the football team this year. I could see me in the sweater and everything till it was absolutely real. And then I went and took that spill from the motorcycle this summer, and blooey went my chances. It just happened like that . . . and how could I know?"

Because it was a parallel she could comprehend, she felt oddly better. A strange feeling about Ben crept into her; a kind of warmth that he should know how she felt. When he turned and kissed her cheek, she held onto him, moved by something a little beyond herself.

But the comfort she had derived did not make her any more ready to accept the situation. The fact that her parents seemed entirely acquiescent to it did nothing to make her more satisfied.

WHEN the plan came to her, it was so simple she could not imagine why she had not conceived it before. She would confront Arch with Lisa. What, then, would happen she did not know; but surely it must, it *must* come out as she planned. And there would be Arch, in the end, saying, "Sis, I owe all this happiness to you. If it hadn't been for *you* . . ."

In execution there was nothing to it. She stopped in the shop when Lisa was closing and asked her to come home with her for a



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cup of hot chocolate. Lisa asked, suspicious, if Arch and Pat were there.

Sukey looked at her with large eyes. "Oh, they went out." She did not add that they had come back.

Lisa slipped into a black reefer with a round collar of mink, just the same rusty brown softness as her hair, and Sukey thought: When Arch *saw* her . . .

She felt guilty, but she had felt guiltier, when she let them both into the hall, and there was the sound of music from the sun room, and voices. There was only time for Lisa to gasp, "Sukey . . . you . . ." when Arch was shouting, "That you, Brat?" and striding into the hall.

It worked. That was the thing. It worked like machinery. She heard herself saying, "Arch, this is Lisa Powell that I told you about," and Lisa was murmuring, with that smile of hers, "I've been told, too, Arch."

Arch took both Lisa's hands and squeezed them. "This should have happened before. Sukey, don't be a hoarder." His dark eyes were holding fast to Lisa's blue ones; he was helping her out of her coat, not listening to her protests; he had a hand on her arm and was guiding her to the sun room.

"Pat, I want you to meet an old and treasured friend," Arch said gaily. "Lisa Powell . . . Patricia Saylor."

Pat was curled up on the settee by the radio-phonograph and her face had a tightness, as though all the skin had been pulled back and stitched behind her ears. But Sukey had not seen Arch so full of spirits since he had come back.

Lisa was saying, somewhat uncomfortably, "Why, you never saw me before."

"I never forget faces," Arch said. "I particularly never forget yours. When was it? The Governor's Ball in '37. Paris in '34. We ate *croissants* beneath the chestnuts."

"I'm very glad to meet you," Lisa said to Pat.

Pat smiled as though she were pulling her face with her fingers. She's jealous, thought Sukey, pleased.

"Bombay in January," Arch was going on. "We led the cotillion. You wore the hibiscus I sent you. You promised to press it in your stamp album afterward."

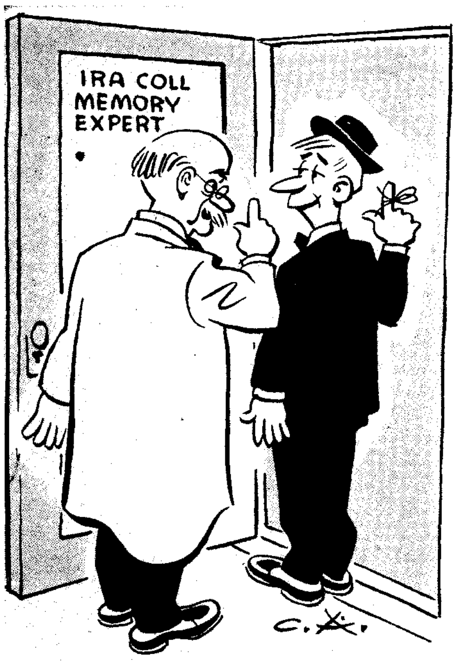
SUKEY had never heard him quite like this. He caught Lisa in his arms and swept her the length of the room to a waltz that was playing.

Pat jumped up from the couch. "Arch, this isn't necessary," she said.

Arch stopped dancing, with his arm still around Lisa. Sukey couldn't understand why suddenly all three looked as if they might cry.

"You make it so much worse," Pat said, and there was a hopelessness in her voice. She went right past Arch and Lisa, and Sukey heard her go up the stairs.

Arch's arm dropped from Lisa, and the brightness was gone from his eyes.



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"Why did you?" Lisa said, moving away from him.

"She's leaving," Arch said dully. "She's going tomorrow. She doesn't love me. She just got through telling me. She came to find out, she said, and she found out, so she's going."

Lisa moved away from him. "It doesn't do any good to say anything. It doesn't concern me—but she feels as bad as you do."

"Oh, yes," Arch said bitterly. "She wanted a whirl, a good time, because there haven't been many fellows around. She wanted the trimmings without the real thing. That's how bad she feels."

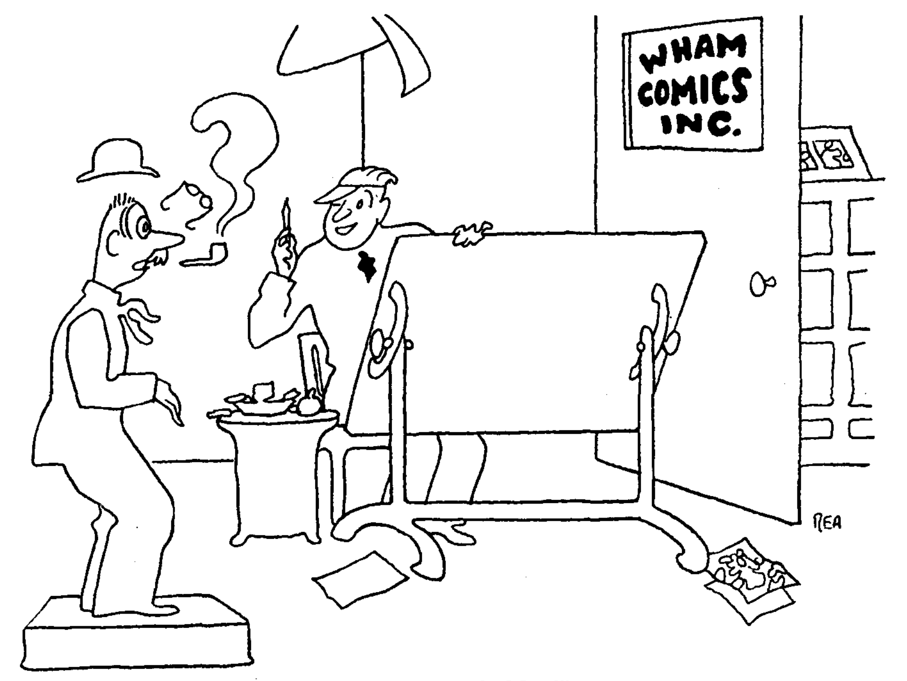
"No," Lisa said. "It hurts as much not to be able to love, as not to *be* loved."

Arch didn't seem to be listening. "I lived it and dreamed it," he said, "and waited to come back to it. That was my first and last time. I won't bother with any more loving."

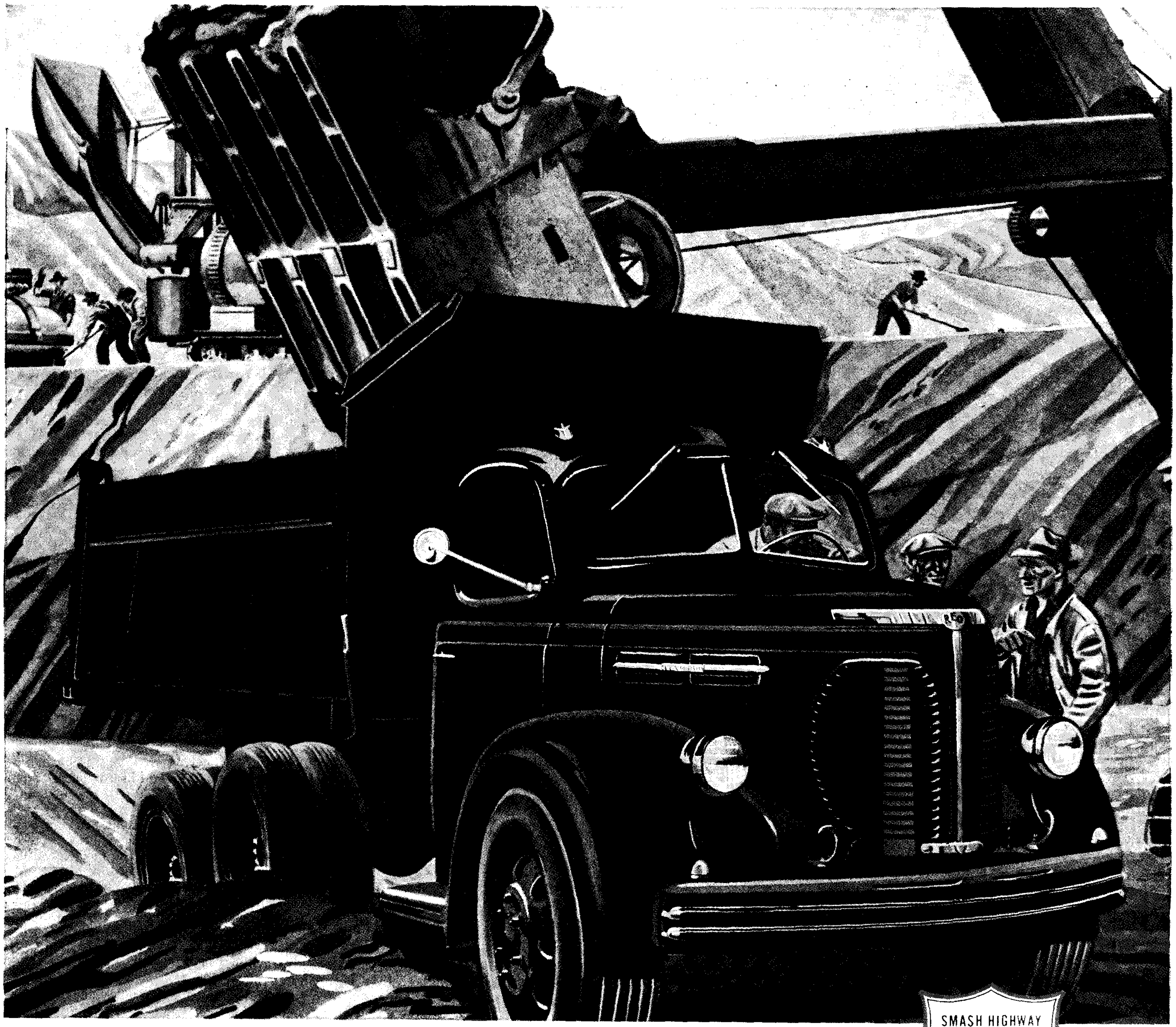
Sukey could not speak or move. She stood against the wall, immobile in fascination.

"Don't be a fool," Lisa said, in a queer, angry tone. "You can't cut it out because you didn't get the sort you wanted. Any kind of love is good." She looked at him steadily. "You were unkind just now. Other people lose, too, sometimes. And are human beings, too." She came to Sukey and gave her a shake. "Sukey, you . . . you can't meddle this way. Oh, I know you didn't mean to. . . ."

She turned around then and walked from



COLLIER'S "Okay—now hold it!" GARDNER REA



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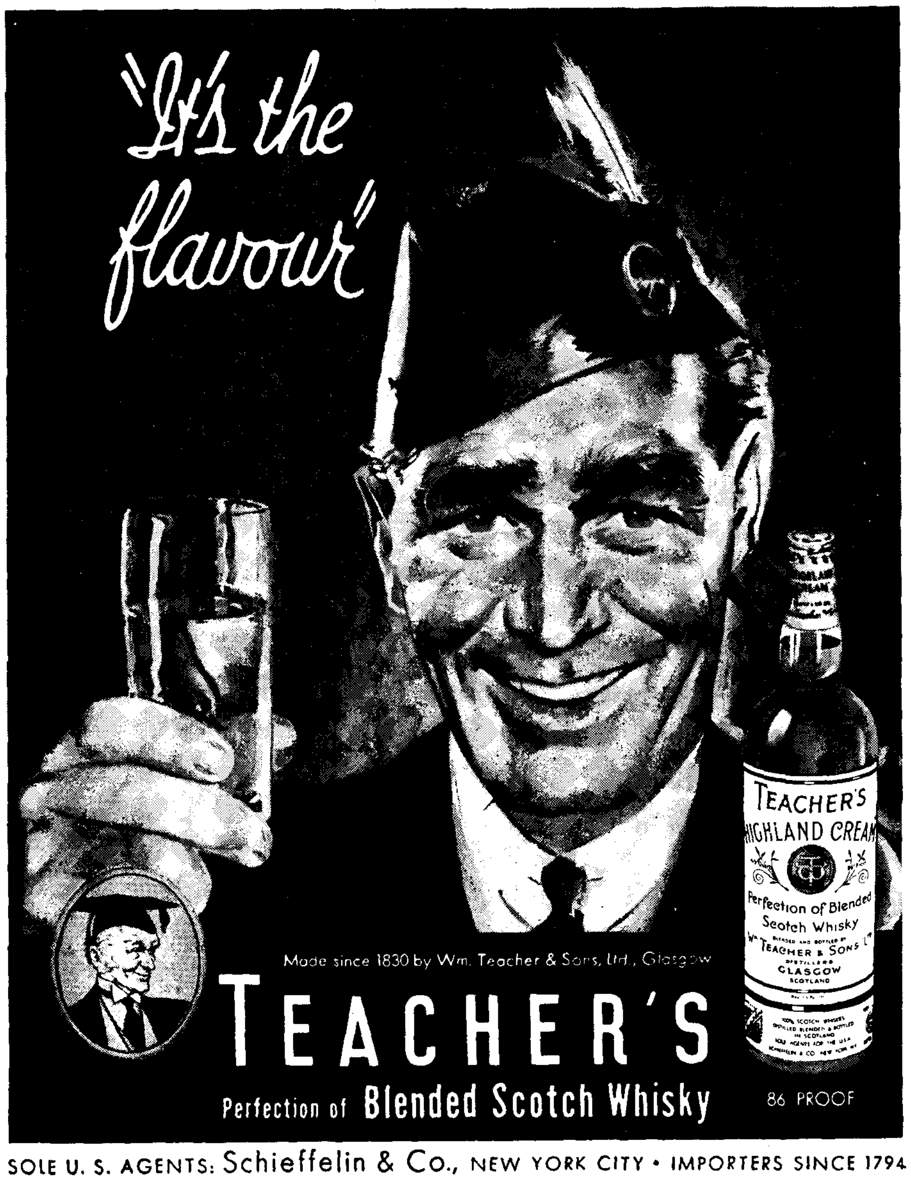
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the room, and in a moment the front door banged. Arch sat down heavily in a chair that creaked under him.

"I suppose that wasn't very pretty of me," he said. He put his head down in his hands.

He looked like a man who is physically sick. Sukey had never seen Arch make a gesture of defeat. She had not yet got the implications together but a swift sorrow ached in her.

In one sweeping moment she hated herself; she didn't care what she had wanted, only that Arch had not got what he wanted.

She whispered, "Is she really going?"

"Yes."

There was no victory for her. Surprisingly clear, she saw it. "She'd like to love you, Arch. I know she would . . . only she couldn't."

"Oh, Sukey," Arch said tiredly. "Go away, will you?"

She couldn't. He didn't look twenty-four sitting there; he looked young and alone. She went up to him, timidly, longing to give him something, anything, to make up for it.

"But *I* love you, Arch. Really, I do. It isn't as if nobody did."

He put out his hand as if to thrust her from him. "Cut it out, will you, Sukey? You don't know anything about things like this."

"I do," she said, her lips trembling. "I love Ben Wales."

"At fourteen! Don't be a silly kid. And if you ever have a grain of sense you won't love anyone. Give your heart out and you'll always be let down; you'll get it smacked right back in your face."

She stood looking down at him, unable to keep her mouth from quivering. She had never loved him so much; so entirely without any thought of herself, and it wasn't anything to him. It didn't make any difference.

SHE ran from the room, wildly and blindly, and into the hall just as the front door banged again and Ben came in.

"Where're you going? What's the rush?" he asked.

She paused with her hand on the banister. "What's it to you?"

"Look, I just brought over this new Lionel Hampton." She saw he had a record under his arm. "I thought. . . ."

"I don't want to hear it."

"Why?"

She cried out. "If I told you, what good would it do? You'd make me think you understood and everything, and then you'd let me down. Because you always get let down and have it slapped back in your face if you . . . if you . . ." She wheeled around the banister and up the stairs. "I don't ever want to see you again. I'm never going to care about anyone else again as long as I live." . . .

Sukey lay across her bed. She hated Arch. She hated everybody. It was so mixed up. Arch was downstairs holding his head, and in the guest room, she could hear Pat packing, and Ben was mad, Lisa was mad. Nobody was happy.

But she was the most unhappy, because when she'd offered Arch her love, it hadn't been a love asking anything more than to be received, and it was not good enough. She was aching and empty inside. For the first time in her life she was alone, alone with herself, and for the first time, because she hurt so, she was acutely conscious of herself.

In this consciousness, she rolled on her back, and caught sight of her jumbled dressing table. She got up, sniffing, and went to it, and without thinking began to straighten it, dropping empty jars into the wastepaper basket, dusting perfume bottles with a crumpled handkerchief that lay in the welter.

Somebody knocked at her door. She said, around a sob, "Don't come in."

But the door opened and Arch came in. He closed the door and stood against it, and looked embarrassed.

He cleared his throat. "Sukey. . . ."

"What?"

He moved toward her. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Sukey."

She saw his face above hers in the glass, his eyes dark, and full of the effort of what he was trying to tell her. She went on pushing bottles and boxes of bobby pins and novelty jewelry around.

He came to stand behind her. "Honey," he said.

"Oh!" Sukey leaned her head back against him and squeezed her eyes shut, so no tear could slide out. She couldn't hate; she couldn't want, really, to be mean back.

"It's right, Sukey," Arch said. "Any kind of . . . of . . ." He couldn't say it. "Thanks, kid, for what you said. It's the same with me."

He closed his hand down over her shoulder, and she opened her eyes and caught his in the mirror and smiled. But what she felt was more than the feeling she had imagined before he came home. Suddenly they were two people, seeing each other, liking each other. It was so big she thought she would burst with it.

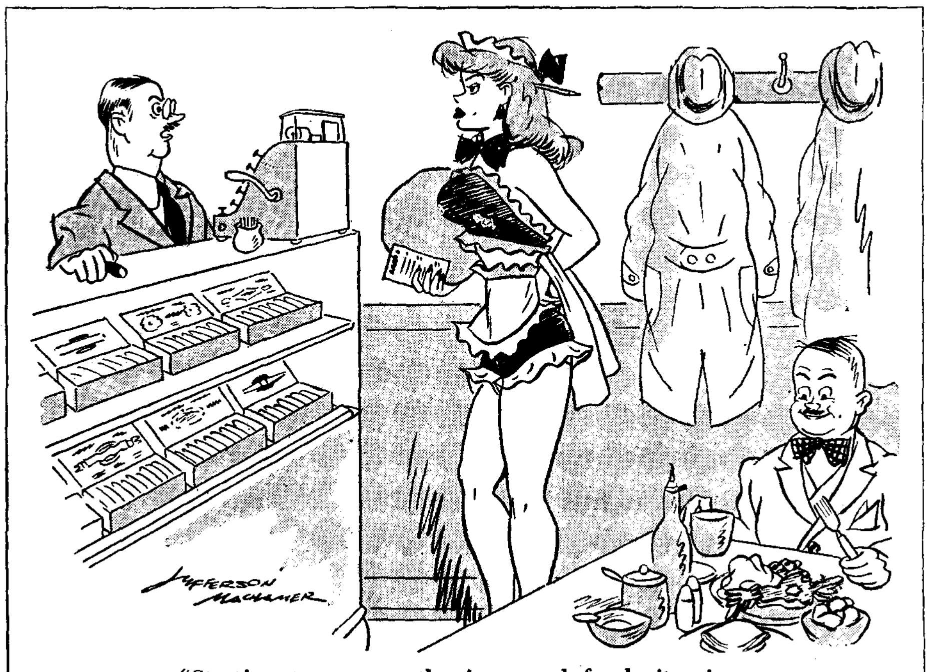
"You'd better make it up with that boy friend of yours," Arch said. "He won't be feeling so good. When I heard you yell what I'd just said . . . It doesn't work that way, Sukey."

She remembered the night Ben had comforted her. Maybe he wouldn't *always* be the one, but just because he might hurt her, it wasn't fair to have turned on him.

"Oh, and that girl," Arch said casually, leaning over her shoulder to push at a bottle with one finger, "that Lisa. You wouldn't know how I could get in touch with her sometime, would you? That is . . . I ought to apologize to her. It couldn't have been pleasant for her. I ought to do something. . . ."

Sukey grinned. "I'll tell you," she said, "when I get good and ready."

THE END



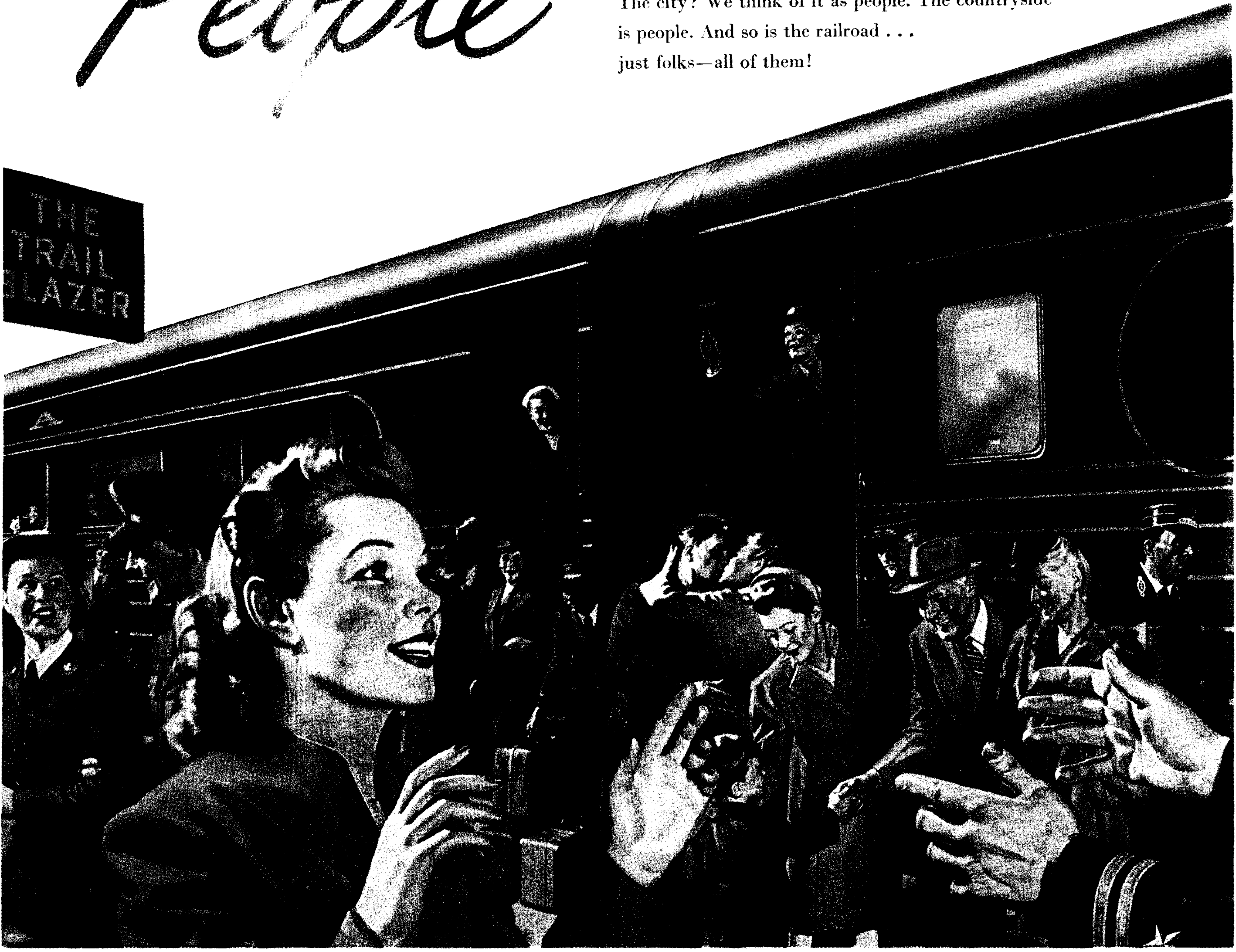
"Starting tomorrow, the improved food situation will allow you girls to dress less distractingly"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

RAILROADING IS People

Nothing in this world is as interesting as—people! Nothing is as important as people . . . people who live and grow, love and get married . . . people with their habits and manners, their likes and dislikes. Nothing really matters but—people.

The city? We think of it as people. The countryside is people. And so is the railroad . . . just folks—all of them!



SOLDIER, SAILOR, MARINE: we wish to serve you well on your furlough.

Locomotives, cars, equipment . . . all these have been thought out, designed, engineered, developed and built by people for people. They are of value only as they serve people.

We of the Pennsylvania Railroad try to keep in mind always: everything we do is measured by how we help people, how we get along with people, how we treat people. Our greatest reward is in having people think well of us . . . because we have served them well!

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

Buy United States Victory Bonds and Stamps

"But, Elmer, how did you ever get yourself in such a pickle!" teased Elsie

"Aw, there you go again!" blustered Elmer, trying to bull himself out of the situation. "Here I am, teaching the kid some wrestling tricks so she can protect herself! And you have to put in *your* two cents' worth!"

"But, I think it's fine, dear!" laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "In fact, I'm teaching Beulah a few tricks myself."

"You are?" beamed Elmer. "Which ones?"

"One wonderful one," giggled Elsie, "is how to make a few cents buy a whole lot of nourishment. Not everyone realizes it, Elmer, but dairy products give you more nourishment for your money than most any other food."

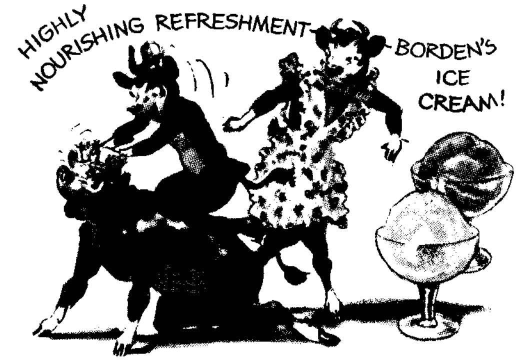
"Well, bend me in a pretzel and call me Strangler!" groaned Elmer. "Can't you *ever* get your mind out of the dairy?"

CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"My, yes," chirped Elsie. "Right now my mind is traveling to bright dining rooms all over the country, where folks are getting good, sound nourishment from *Borden's Homogenized Milk,* with cream and Vitamin D in every sip! Lucky for those folks, the price of dairy products *rose less during the war* than the prices of most other foods."

"And I suppose," sneered Elmer, wriggling out of a half nelson, *"you* take the credit for holding down the cost of milk?"

"Oh, no, dear," denied Elsie. "Credit must go to new economies like every-other-day deliveries. But the subsidies had a lot to do with it, too."


HIGHLY NOURISHING REFRESHMENT—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Who are the Subsidies?" suspiciously demanded Elmer. "Relatives of yours?"

"Don't be an old silly!" answered Elsie. "A subsidy is money paid out by the government, so that farmers can have the extra money they need to meet their costs. Then, housewives don't have to pay more. You see, dear, all dairy products come in for subsidies."

"Look, woman!" bellowed Elmer. "Throw in the towel! This is a wrestling lesson, not a lecture on economics. The kid and me *ain't* interested in subsidies."

"Everybody should be interested in subsidies," scolded Elsie, "especially when you consider that they run *as high as* 2¢ on a single bottle of milk! And if it hadn't been for subsidies, consumers would have had to pay their share of the higher costs. Just you put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!"

"Who in thunderation wants a smoke?" exploded Elmer. "If you want to treat us athletes right, tote out some of your *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbet!"*

"I'd love to, dear," said Elsie. "They're such wonderfully nourishing treats. Grand food *any* time."

"On and on she goes," moaned Elmer, "and when she'll stop nobody knows. You'd think this was all *news* to us."

NOW RICHER THAN EVER IN VITAMIN D—BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
MILK

"If it's news you're after," piped Elsie, "here's good news for America's babies: *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is now richer than ever in Vitamin D — 400 units per reconstituted quart!...I tell you, Elmer, you get *more* nourishment for the money you spend on dairy products than—"

"Help, Beulah, HELP!" shouted Elmer. "Get a headlock on me! Stop up my ears! One more peep about nourishment and I'll go *mad!"*

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE WONDERFUL "BUYS" FOR YOUR POINTS AND PENNIES!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Elsie. "All men go mad about *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—especially Liederkranz."

"Liederkranz? Did you say *Liederkranz?"* brightened Elmer, pricking up his ears. "You mean the golden-crusted cheese with the soft, creamy center that's so swell you eat it, *crust and all?"*

"Why, Elmer," praised Elsie, "you took the words right out of my mouth!"

"I did?" expanded Elmer. "Then let me take just eight more of 'em and end this *nourishing* discussion. Here goes — *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

– if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

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GREAT *NEW*
RADIO SHOW
with
comedy guest stars!
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Friday evenings—CBS
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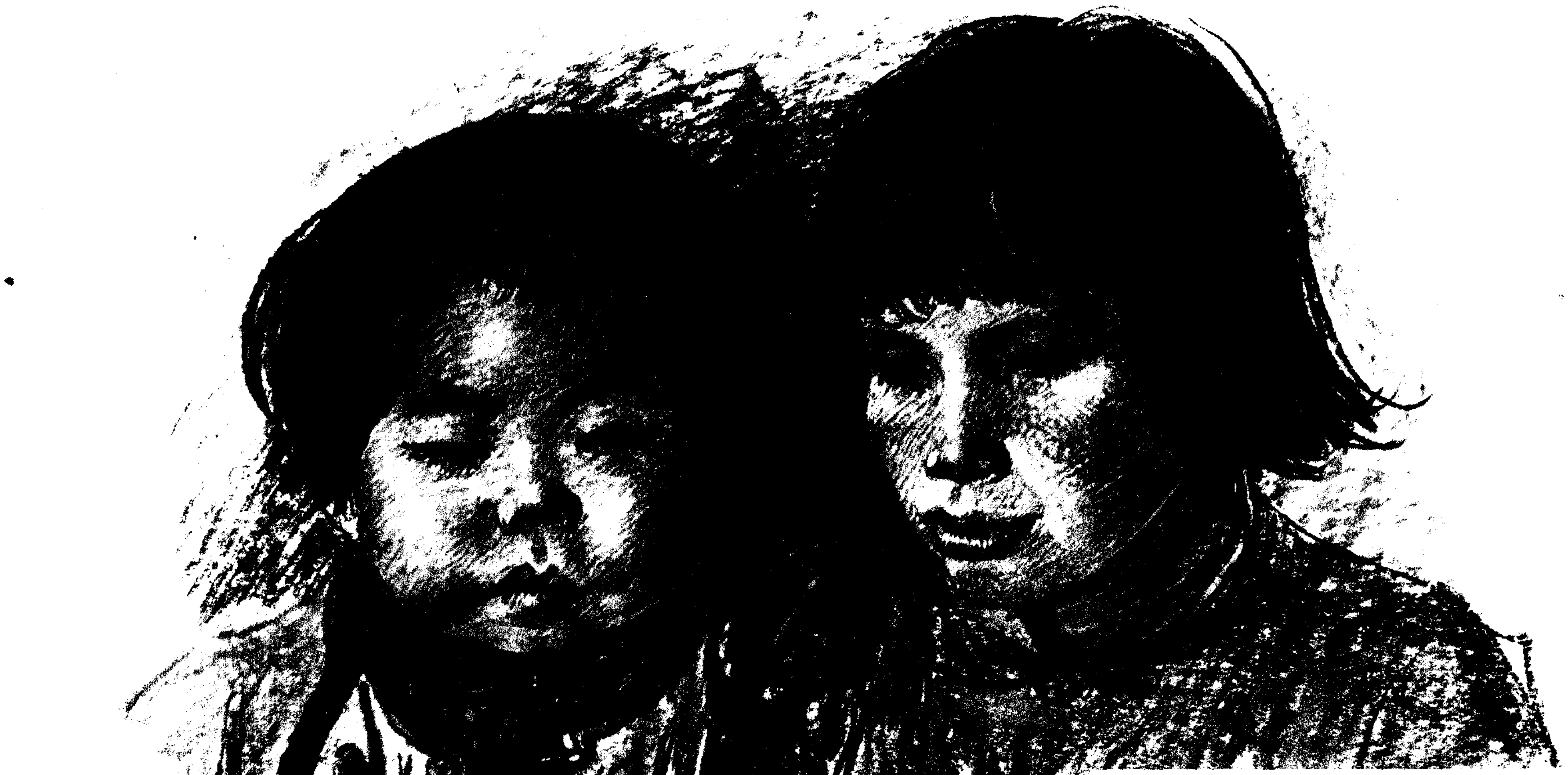
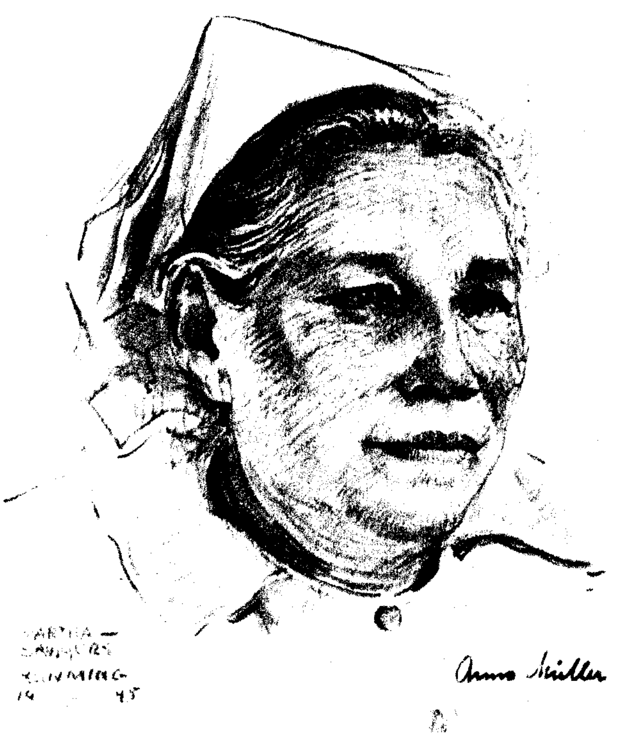




Pity Them Not

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

IN KUNMING, I met the two women who are pictured at right. Most people call them the "Two Annas." The White Anna is a German woman of about sixty who came to China in 1910, and who resolved, for religious reasons, to spend her life caring for the sick and the helpless of China. The Chinese Anna is Anna M. Y. Chow, M.D. She resolved, in 1929, to help the poor women of China.

I met Dr. Chow in August. She was asking for U.S. Army surgical instruments for an operation on a pregnant Chinese woman. The instruments were given to her, and Dr. Chow removed a tumor, and later did a Caesarean section that saved mother and infant.

Anna Chow would probably not remember that operation if you asked her about it now. She has done so much surgery since she arrived in Kunming, in 1939, after study at Johns Hopkins and the Mayo Clinic in the States, that it would be difficult for her to remember any individual case. At first, when the Chinese heard her Foochow accent, they suspected Anna was a spy. Anyone coming from an old Japanese occupation area was regarded with suspicion. But when they watched her capable hands cutting, probing, excising, suturing—all without tremor during the worst of the Japanese air raids—they blinked. Later, when they began to feel trust and affection for her, no one mentioned the original distrust; they hoped that Anna Chow had not noticed it.

In the malaria and cholera epidemics, Anna had the assistance of five nurses, and she worked herself and them to a frazzle. Her specialty is gynecology and obstetrics, but her ambition is to teach medicine and surgery to young Chinese. Her secondary ambition is to make one parachute jump. No one seems to know why.

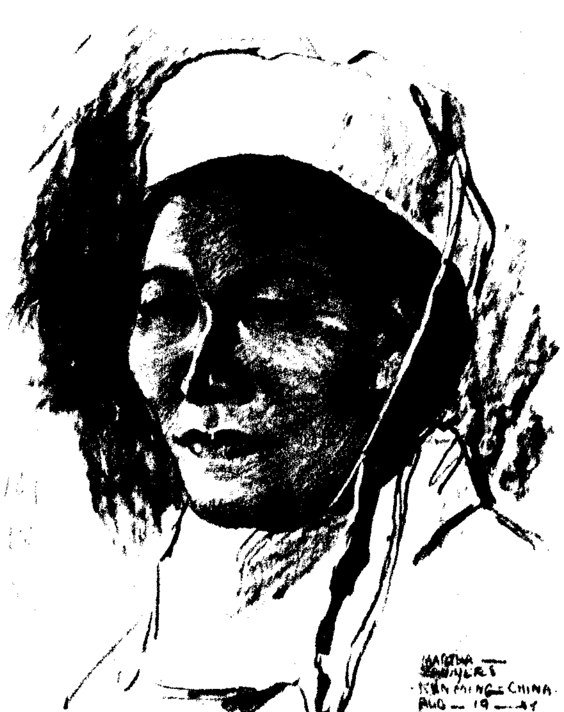
The other Anna—Sister Anna—represents the Lutheran Missions of Germany. She has seen more of human misery—floods, revolutions, feuds between war lords, Japanese bombings, and sickness—than any person I know. During the first World War, support from Germany stopped. She solicited and got help from Norwegian, Chinese and German businessmen in China. In 1928, she and her brood, mostly orphans, fled from Kunming in the face of a fight between four Chinese generals for control of the province.

When she returned, she met Sister Yii, a blind Chinese, who interested Sister Anna in a school for the blind. Anna worked there for years, and, through soothing voice and touch, tried to calm the terror of the children during the worst of the bombing raids. It was unfortunate that General Claire Chennault chose a house near the school for the blind. Japanese Intelligence soon made the house a priority target, and hit Sister Anna's school.

Afterward, American officers and men in Kunming raised money from their own pay checks to restore the school. In August, I spent an afternoon in the school watching little children like the two at the top of the page leading each other around the compound, stamping words in Chinese Braille on papers, singing hymns, knitting sweaters. Most of these were born blind and, never having seen light or color, darkness holds little terror for them.

They are the children of coolies and poor soldiers. From their parents, many have heard that lying and stealing are wrong only when the perpetrator is caught. And so they often lie and they steal, and Sister Anna no longer weeps or sighs to see blind children do these things. Her job is to see that they are healthy and reasonably happy, and that they learn to care for themselves, and to teach them that lying and stealing are wrong. Some of her graduates have started schools for the blind in the outlying provinces of China.

I would not like to think of what would happen to the helpless women and the sightless children of Kunming if it were not for the tireless work of these two Annas. ★★★



A Timely Message to Americans

from
The Secretary of the Treasury

America has much to be thankful for.

Abroad we have overcome enemies whose strength not long ago sent a shudder of fear throughout the world.

At home we have checked an enemy that would have impaired our economy and our American way of life. That enemy was inflation—runaway prices.

The credit for this achievement, like the credit for military victory, belongs to the people.

You—the individual American citizen—have kept our economy strong in the face of the greatest inflationary threat this nation ever faced.

You did it by simple, everyday acts of good citizenship.

You put, on the average, nearly one-fourth of your income into War Bonds and other savings. The 85,000,000 owners of War Bonds not only helped pay the costs of war, but also contributed greatly to a stable, prosperous postwar nation.

You, the individual American citizen, also helped by cooperation with rationing, price and wage controls, by exercising restraint in your buying and by accepting high wartime taxes.

All those things relieved the pressure on prices.

THE TASK AHEAD

We now set our faces toward this future: a prosperous, stable postwar America—an America with jobs and an opportunity for all.

To achieve this we must steer a firm course between an inflationary price rise such as followed World War I and a deflation that might mean prolonged unemployment. Prices rose more sharply after the last war than they did during the conflict and paved the way for the depression that followed—a depression which meant unemployment, business failures and farm foreclosures for many.

Today *you* can help steer our course toward a prosperous America:

—by buying all the Victory Bonds you can afford *and by holding on to the War Bonds you now have*

—by cooperating with such price, rationing and other controls as may be necessary for a while longer

—by continuing to exercise patience and good sense with high faith in our future.

The challenge to America of switching from war to peace with a minimum of clashing gears is a big one.

But it is a small one compared to the tasks this nation has accomplished since Sunday, December 7, 1941.

Fred M. Vinson
Secretary of the Treasury

A Government message prepared by the War Advertising Council; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

Next Door to Russia

Continued from page 12

The preservation of peace and order seems still to cause some worry. In Warsaw, soldiers with tommy guns stand at the entrances and even in the corridors of the various ministries. The curfew is strictly enforced in Warsaw, Cracow and Breslau. It is not recommended to go far afield after dark even before the curfew. For eastern Europe is trigger-happy.

I saw no sign of Russian control of the machinery of government, although the present situation in Poland offers many pretexts. The only exception is the presence of an unknown but reportedly large number of Russian officers and noncoms in the Polish army. The Poles admit this freely and explain that the Russians are training cadres who will leave as soon as their work is done.

The Russians made no move to alter the social structure of either country. No attempt has been made to impose the Soviet system as it is known in Russia. The Polish agrarian reform program gives the peasants the land as private property. The industrial program is unsettled but probably coal, steel and transport will be nationalized with the remainder state-controlled. The Russians have not interfered with the Catholic Church. And if the G.P.U. is omnipresent, I did not notice it, and it does not prevent people everywhere from talking violent opposition politics to complete strangers.

Right now the Poles are feeling their oats. A wave of intense national pride is sweeping the country. There is much romantic nonsense about the defeat of the Germans in the battle of Grunwald in the 15th century as a basis for present recovery of "ancient sacred Polish soil" in the west. But most people I talked to felt that Poland now really has a fighting chance of emerging as a stable, democratic power for the first time in her history.

There is no subservience in the Polish approach to the Russians. Everyone, everywhere, inside the government and out, maintains stoutly—publicly as well as privately—that Poland has no intention of copying any part of the Russian system. Everywhere there is loud lip service to democracy. Whether all this is worth taking at face value or not, it is interesting that there should be so much of it.

P.P.R. Holds Answer for Poles

There is one great question whose answer will decide the fate of Polish democracy. It is the activity of the Polish Workers Party, known as the P.P.R. It is essentially the Communist Party. For months it has been working to split the country, mainly by denouncing anyone who does not work with it as Fascist and reactionary, and also by encouraging a cleavage between the new small peasant landholders and the more prosperous peasants who own between thirty and a hundred acres and who employ farm labor. It calls the latter "rich peasants" comparable to the Russian *kulaks*. P.P.R. technique is demagoguish. It intends particularly to cut the ground from under the Polish Peasant Party, headed by Mikolajczyk and Vincenti Vitos, which is generally considered to be the most representative party in Poland, and thus exclude Mikolajczyk from the coalition government.

The vital question is whether the P.P.R. is acting as a Russian instrument or is merely playing Tammany Hall politics. If Moscow is actively backing its program there is little hope. But there is no evidence that this is so.

The elections will decide. The present disorganized state of the country makes them unlikely before the summer of 1946. The outside world will do well to watch them closely.

The Poles seem generally to consider their chances of establishing a democratic system not bad. Nothing that has happened in Poland makes this impossible. But there are some dark spots which should not be ignored. The press shows that strange muted unanimity which is a sure sign of lack of real freedom. There is no real political opposition.

In a way this is a logical result of Poland's present position. The government at present is a coalition supposedly embracing all democratic elements and reflecting their common policy. But as a matter of fact, government policy is decided by the most left-wing elements—the P.P.R. and the Polish Socialist Party, known as the P.P.S. They are extremely energetic and got a head start in political organization. They were able to work in the Lublin Committee under Russian auspices before the present government was formed as a result of the Yalta conference. They tend to demand unanimity and quickly brand disagreement as reactionary opposition, despite the fact there is plenty of room for it within the framework of the coalition.

Another dark spot is the secret police. It is not a universal terror instrument, and is generally conceded to be rather less fearsome than Pilsudski's. But it is still a secret police, arresting and holding without warning anyone it chooses. Its boss, Minister of Public Safety Radkiewicz, is a member of the P.P.R.

An Opinion Is Given

I asked one of the leaders of the Peasant Party whether he considered the police comparable to the German Gestapo. "Not really," he said. "They are mostly good boys who don't particularly like their jobs." He said there was no evidence of Russian participation in the secret police but somehow it is more unpleasant in areas where there are still Russian troops.

"When the Russian troops are withdrawn from an area, the local population beats up the more obnoxious secret policemen and everyone settles down peacefully," he added.

Reasonable Poles neither over- nor underestimate these factors. All agree that in Poland's present condition, democracy could be much worse off than it is. One Pole said, "They are blemishes which will disappear when the good physic of a free election is administered to the body politic. But only then."

The picture of the Russian position in north central Europe is not by any means an exclusively high-minded effectuation of reasonable principles. There is a great deal on the credit side, but there is also much on the debit side of their ledger, and most of this debit is due not so much to long-term Russian policy as to the actions of Russian troops.

The Soviet government demands "the spoils of war." All arms factories, all plants owned by Germans anywhere can be dismantled and taken to Russia. The Czechs are especially affected by this because it is hard to determine who owned what. The entire harvest, livestock and farm machinery of the new western Polish territory has been confiscated by the Russians as spoils of war. From all eastern Europe—sometimes indiscriminately—cattle, horses and machinery are being moved to Russia. Driving along the main east-west road through central Poland you see very little livestock except for literally thousands of horses and cows which are being driven eastward in Russian convoys.

In addition the Red Army lives off the land. In enemy and friendly country alike, the Russians requisition what they want in the way of housing, transport and food. During the autumn the Red Army in Poland and Czechoslovakia began to go into winter quarters. It is no small complication that poverty-stricken eastern Europe should have many hundreds of thousands of extra mouths to feed.

In Poland, Russia is monopolizing the exportable coal surplus despite the fact that Poland has no other means of payment for badly needed imports from Scandinavia.

These are official measures. They arouse bitterness and resentment, but to a certain extent they all are justifiable as partial repayment for the tremendous Russian sufferings in the war. The Russians can point to bridge and railroad and telephone repairs they have

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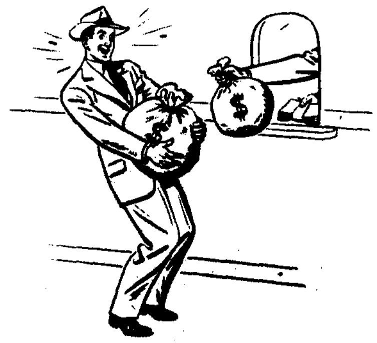

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SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

carried out widely. But there is no excuse for the disgraceful behavior of many individual Russian troops. This has raised a storm of open hatred and disgust. Difference in customs, difference in standards of cleanliness can be overlooked. But Russian soldiers indulge in drunkenness, robbery and violence on a large scale. Even murder has become common.

It must be said that Russian authorities take a grave view of this and do their best to curb the excesses, but with little results. They apologize profusely, explaining that occupation troops are of a lower class than combat units, whose conduct is generally praised. It is important that no feelings be spared and that Moscow itself should know what is going on, because the resentment in Poland and Czechoslovakia is strong enough to have concrete political effects. One responsible Czech in public life said: "The Red Army is the most powerful anti-Russian propaganda agency in existence."

A story going the rounds in Prague is indicative. The normal pattern of Russian holdup is to have a gun stuck in your ribs while the Russian says flatly, *"Davai mne chassy,"* meaning, "Give me the watch." One day a farmer, leaning on his pitchfork near a country road, saw a little cart driven by a Russian soldier bumping along toward him. Abreast the farmer, the soldier reined in and called, "What time is it?" The farmer decided it was best not to admit he had a watch, so he planted his pitchfork firmly in the ground, took his bearings, looked at the shadow and answered, "Ten-thirty." The soldier looked impressed. He hitched his left sleeve up and looked at his wrist watch. It said ten-thirty. He hitched his sleeve higher and looked at his second and third wrist watches. They said ten-thirty also. He repeated the performance with three wrist watches on his right arm, then he turned to the farmer and snapped, "Give me your pitchfork."

But there are also many terrible stories—fully substantiated—of violence and murder. The Russians claim some have been committed by roving bands of the renegade Russian General Vlasov's men and by desperate Russian A.W.O.L.'s. But unfortunately when a Russian soldier is drunk, he often does not care whom he shoots or why. Even in Warsaw and Breslau there are gun fights every night, with Russian soldiers and officers just as likely to be shot as Poles.

The physical presence of the occupation army is unpleasant. Apart from increasing all economic difficulties, the army has a depressing effect. It is a foreign body against whose excesses there is no recourse. This is true where there are no excesses and no interference, such as the Russians on the Danish island of Bornholm and the United States troops in western Czechoslovakia.

A Common Soviet Policy

These factors, official and unofficial, pleasant and unpleasant, in the individual countries have considerable bearing on a much larger problem. Though it varies from country to country, there is a common Soviet policy for all eastern Europe. It is part of the larger Russian continental system which is slowly emerging. The pattern as I've seen it in eastern and central Europe, and from Britain and France, seems basically to be defensive.

In this era of long-range apocalyptic weapons, Russia still thinks of her security in terms of geography. Her answer to the atomic bomb was to shift her security frontier to the Atlantic Ocean. In western Europe the Russians aim primarily to prevent any combinations with which she would be forced to deal. The Soviet government would oppose a Western Bloc with all her energy.

Farther east, behind the Russian Demarcation Line, seems to be the inner security zone. Here Russia will supervise developments inside and among the nations as a prophylactic measure.

The question arises as to whether this eastern security zone, stretching from Finland to Bulgaria, might not be organized into a Russian Eastern Bloc—with all the nondefensive implications of that word. That question must remain open for more evidence. But as far as Poland and Czechoslovakia are concerned, I saw little reason to fear this. Both countries are economically feeble. Their puny strength is concentrated on their own woes. Their growing nationalism and growing mutual suspicion over territorial and minority questions tend to drive them apart.

The same factors certainly play a part in the Balkans as well. A bloc demands unity of sorts—common interest and common orientation, together with political, social and economic stability to keep it from flying apart under pressure. It is doubtful if this is the case in eastern Europe. In addition, revulsion against Russian behavior has vitiated Soviet Pan-Slav propaganda and accentuated the westward orientation which belongs to Poland and Czechoslovakia by tradition. The Russians have shown no signs of knocking their heads together and have taken no exception to both countries extending their relations with the west through trade treaties and diplomatic missions.

One well-informed source in Warsaw said he thought Russia leaned more toward the idea of a loose-knit eastern zone in which she dealt separately with individual countries, and that the main function of these countries might be to provide Russia with voting support at international conferences. Russia, he said, did not like tight organizations outside Russia. They might always be turned against her.

Another Alsace-Lorraine

One of the difficulties in establishing any kind of unity in that part of the world is illustrated by the current Polish-Czech crisis over Teschen. This territory lying on the southeastern edge of the great Silesian industrial basin was divided between Poland and Czechoslovakia after the first World War. Since then the Poles have been claiming the Czech portion. The argument is always loftily waged in terms of national minorities and historical rights. In reality the prize is the area around the city of Trzyniec, near Teschen, which supplies forty per cent of all Czech coal—mainly coking coal for steel mills. Loss of this coal would paralyze Czech industry. The Czechs are determined to keep it.

In Warsaw, the Polish Foreign Minister told me the Teschen problem "must be solved," although he stressed it would be solved in a friendly fashion. In Prague, the Czechs told a different story. They charged Polish agents with agitating in Teschen, the Katowice radio with broadcasting a stream of inflammatory propaganda, and that Polish leaflets have been distributed and illegal societies formed to agitate for giving the Teschen district to Poland. They accused the Poles of moving troops into the Polish border area.

The Czechs charged the Poles with refusing to discuss the most important question of shipping rights on the Oder River unless the Czechs agreed to concessions in Teschen. Both sides then busily made other territorial and reparations claims to back up their cases in the dispute.

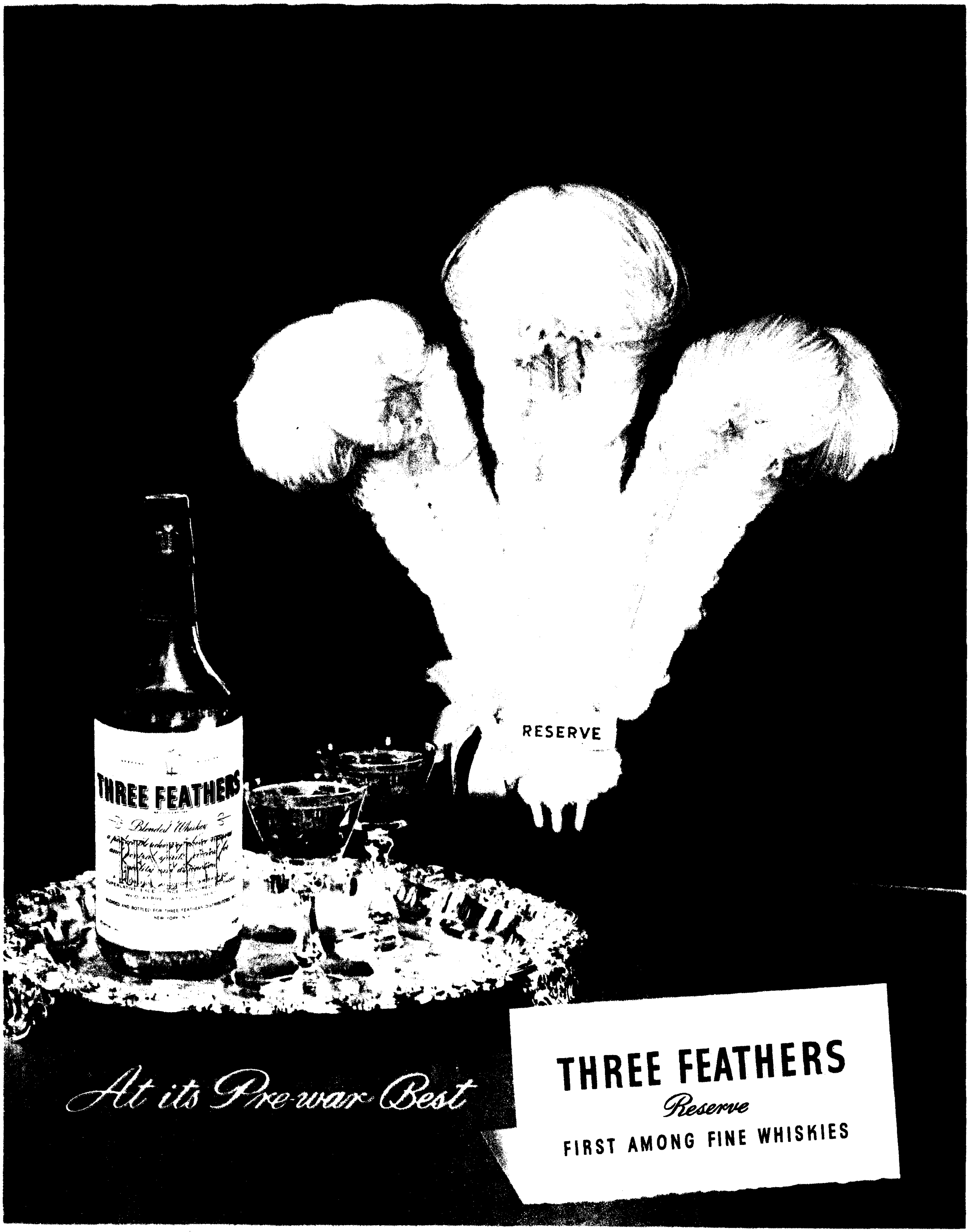
The Russians were interested in not letting this dispute get out of hand. In July, they invited Polish and Czech delegations to Moscow to talk the matter over on neutral soil.

Two delegations came at once. One of the members admitted to me that he was most anxious to see what the Russians meant by neutral soil. Each delegation was afraid the Russians would play politics and use Teschen as a lever to make them both do as they were told. Neither knew what the Russians had in mind. Apparently the Russians are as inscrutable to their nearest neighbors as to anyone else.

The delegations began to talk, but their hearts were not in it. They kept waiting for the whip to crack. One day at a meeting with Stalin and Molotov, the Russian chiefs put the matter frankly up to the delegates. "Now see here, you people are either independent or you're not. You must settle this thing by yourselves in your own way."

Both delegations regained their confidence. Immediately they started to fight and the conference broke up. The Russians let them go with a shrug.

THE END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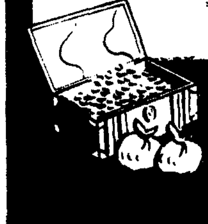

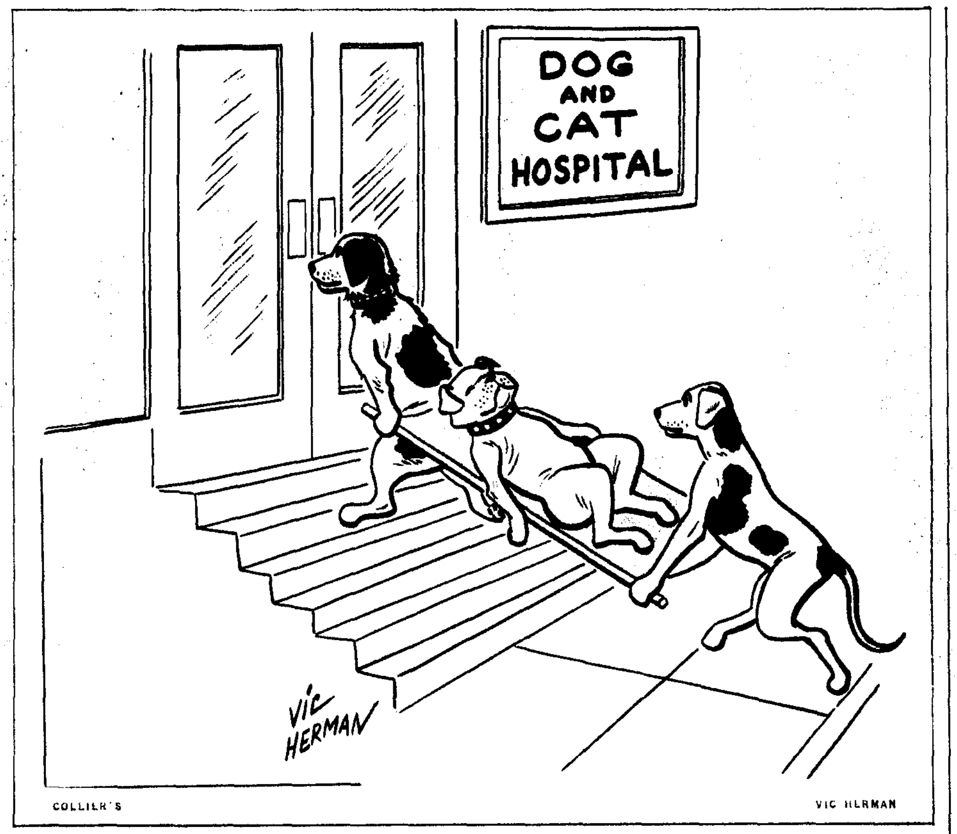

COLLIER'S VIC HERMAN

Death Rides the Highways

Continued from page 19

problem is national in scope and if it has the facts. So let us recognize the national character of the traffic problem. Let the President of the United States call a conference of all the public officials concerned, and of all interested organizations. Such a conference would focus public attention upon the problem, and would be able to set in motion the long-range program necessary for its solution. There need be nothing mysterious about the business of making highway travel safe. The fundamentals can be summed up in four points:

1. Streets and highways must be as safe as modern engineering can make them.
2. Motor vehicle regulations and rules of the road must be reasonable and uniform, administered impartially by trained personnel.
3. Drivers must be educated to their responsibilities.
4. The public must understand and support any program.

Experience has shown that in those cities and states where a balanced program based on these fundamentals is carried forward aggressively, accidents invariably decrease. Detroit, for example, reduced accidents by a vigorous and intelligent community program, as did another Michigan city, Lansing, winner of the 1944 national traffic safety prize. And so did Milwaukee, Portland (Oregon), Providence, and other cities, and such states as Connecticut, Iowa, Utah, Minnesota, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Before the war an increasing number of cities and states had begun to apply modern traffic techniques of engineering, enforcement and education. The results were spectacular—the death rate dropped a third per 100,000,000 vehicle miles of travel within six years.

One of the aspects of the safety problem that the average motorist is most aware of is the lack of uniformity in ordinary rules of the road, especially of traffic control devices. Here is a small stop sign, low on a pole. There is a larger sign, nailed high to a tree or a building. Signals may be on the left or on the right, on metal standards or strung up on wires overhead in the center. Sometimes an amber light flashes between red and green; sometimes it doesn't. In the center of the pavement on hills and curves may be painted lines, indicating where it is safe to pass. If they're there, the lines may be yellow or white or black or a combination of colors. They may be single or double. No automobile driver, crossing a community, county or state line, can know just what to expect in the mile ahead.

Even more dangerous is the lack of uniformity in the licensing of drivers. Three states require no licenses at all; there is no law to prevent a person who has never seen a car from clambering into the driver's seat of an automobile and driving it away. In other states, requirements and procedures vary widely. If we are to have safety on the highways this situation must be remedied.

In extending driving privileges to its citizens, the state exercises the first and in many ways the most important, single traffic function. Minimum legal and administrative standards must be adopted for the licensing of drivers. Some progress was made in this direction before the war, but not nearly enough. And today, because of wartime inroads on funds and personnel, only three or four states have anything like an adequate licensing program.

Need Accurate Accident Reports

If any traffic safety activity is to succeed, it must be backed up by facts. Where do accidents occur? When? How? How effective are the measures taken to curtail them? Fewer than half the states have effective systems of compulsory accident reporting. And guesswork in obtaining and analyzing accident reports won't do; money and trained men are needed. Without vital facts, highway officials, police, licensing bureaus, educators and others concerned with traffic safety are working in the dark.

Another essential of an effective safety program is continuous and impartial enforcement of the law. From the standpoint of quick results, adequate law enforcement is probably the most potent factor in the whole accident prevention program. In recent years considerable progress has been made in this field, notably in traffic police training, in traffic court administration and the standardization of techniques of investigation, selective assignment of traffic control, and the use of scientific tests to determine intoxication. But there is still a long way to go.

The immediate problem here is to restore state and city enforcement forces to prewar strength. During the war these forces lost about 25 per cent of their personnel, and replacements have in the main lacked training and experience.

The brightest spot in the safety picture today is on the engineering side. Congress has just authorized one and a half billion in federal aid for road construction on a 50-50 matching basis with the states. Under standards developed by state highway departments

HAIRWAYS

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and approved by the United States Public Roads Administration, highways built under this program will eliminate wherever possible such physical hazards as sharp curves, steep grades and narrow bridges and shoulders. Modern expressways serving heavy traffic volumes will eliminate intersections and traffic signals. Opposing lanes of traffic will be divided.

These improvements, over a period of years, will make a huge and permanent contribution to traffic safety. Meanwhile, existing thoroughfares, and those not eligible for reconstruction, can be made safer by the application of traffic engineering techniques evolved out of the experience of the last quarter century.

The use of one-way streets to facilitate traffic flow and avoid congestion; the scientific location and timing of signals and signs, the channelization of special movements of vehicles; the provision of safety islands for pedestrians; the proper illumination of streets for night driving—these and many other activities, if carried on by qualified personnel, can help materially to reduce the accident toll. The traffic engineer puts the facts to work.

Safety education is much less tangible than either enforcement or engineering, but like them it is vital to a balanced and effective program. The term is very broad—a policeman, for example, is one of the most influential safety educators in the world—but in practice it breaks down into two principal functions. One is the instruction of boys and girls, to prepare them for safe living in a motorized world. That is a responsibility of the home and school. The second is adult education, which includes individual assistance in learning safe driving and walking practices, and the widespread dissemination of facts about the accident problem.

Many schools have gone far either in their classrooms or through extracurricular safety activities. Some high schools offer driver training classes. Follow-up studies, notably those in Cleveland, show that the young drivers from these classes are safer, by overwhelming margin, than those in comparable untrained groups. Yet the number of schools having these courses is relatively small. A tremendous expansion of driver training is another necessary phase of the program.

In rules of the road, driver licensing, accident reporting, law enforcement and traffic engineering, uniform minimum standards of law and administration have been developed. Standards can be found, for example, in the Uniform Vehicle Code, in the model ordinance, and the uniform sign manual, which are a detailed blueprint for municipal and state legislation charting the path to uniformity. This is a monumental document in seven sections, painstakingly developed by the committee method over a long period of years, and revised only last year to bring it up to date. It carries the endorsement of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, a broadly representative group of public officials and safety organizations, originally assembled in 1924 under the auspices of the federal government.

A program for adoption of the Uniform Vehicle Code has been going on for many years, and all or parts of it have been enacted into law by some cities and states. But in many places today nobody apparently has even heard of it.

If we are to get anywhere with a real safety program, we must realize fully that the problem is national in scope, and that many phases of it will require federal leadership to be handled successfully.

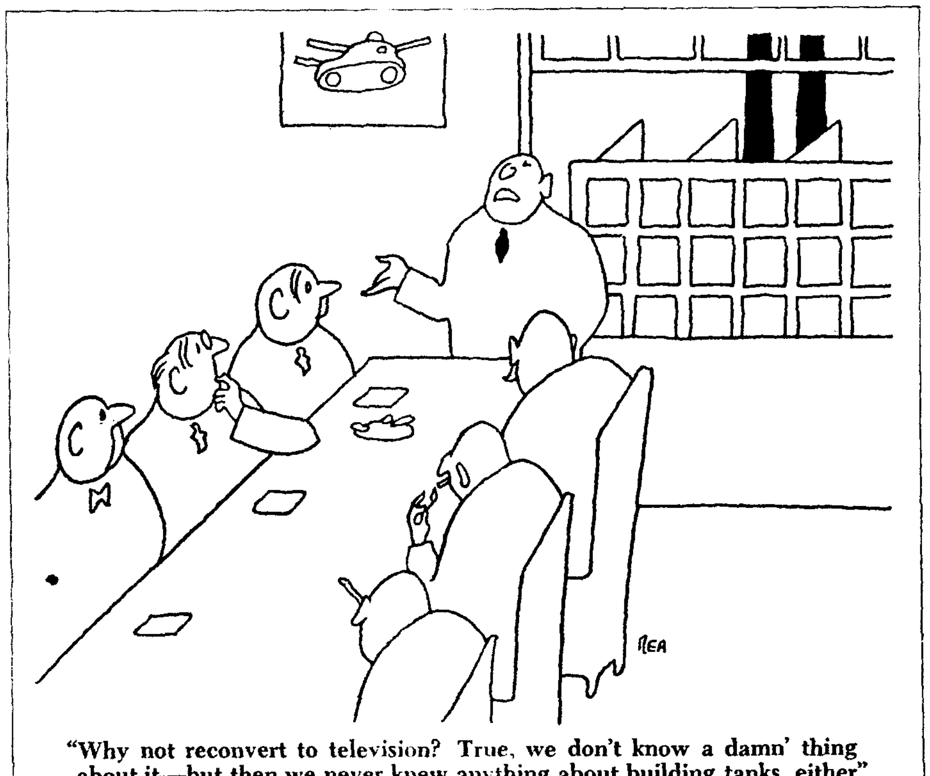
The Make-Up of the Conference

If a conference such as I have suggested is called by the President, it must be truly a national conference, with full representation from every interested organization and every branch of municipal, county and state government concerned with the passage and enforcement of traffic laws. Fortunately there is ready at hand the machinery necessary to make such a conference national in character and give it maximum effectiveness. The National Committee for Traffic Safety, organized in 1944, has brought together on this problem 48 great national organizations whose members have long recognized their stake in the prevention of highway accidents.

In the committee are representatives of the American Automobile Association, the National Conservation Bureau, the National Safety Council and other organizations and agencies dealing with the safety problem. Included also are the groups representing public officials with legal jurisdiction over highway use: The American Association of State Highway Officials, the International Association of Chiefs of Police, the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, the National Education Association. The committee includes finally the major farm, labor, business and civic groups whose millions of members have a vital stake in safe and efficient highway transportation.

The program endorsed by these organizations, and published nearly two years ago in a pamphlet entitled, Danger—Traffic Jam Ahead, was developed by a group of public officials and safety technicians who anticipated the conditions which now exist. What they called then a postwar safety program has become today's charter for action. It sets forth in orderly detail what would be the agenda for a White House conference as suggested above.

THE END



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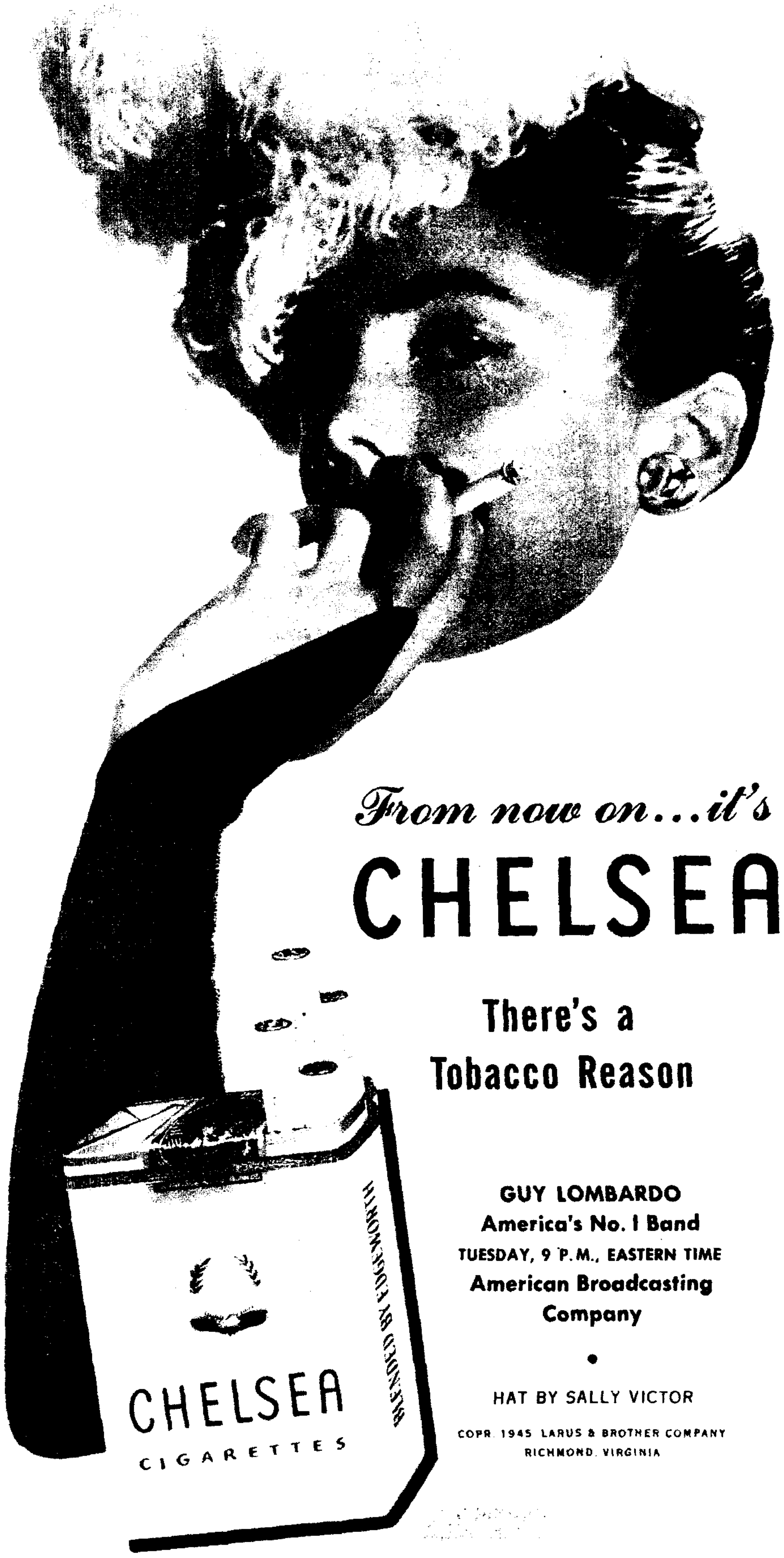

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THE WHAMBAM MAN

BY KYLE CRICHTON

About young Mr. Van Buren, an excessively modest lad whose nickname sums up his football style but belies his life history

STEVE VAN BUREN is a gentleman from Louisiana who arrived in Philadelphia last year sockless, tieless, hatless and appendixless. Hosiery had evidently been regarded in his section of New Orleans as dandified embellishment not condoned by the manly, and he had lost his appendix en route in Chicago. The Philadelphia Eagles professional football team was only slightly jarred by Mr. Van Buren's sartorial delinquency, but extremely irked by the absence of the appendix, which meant that Mr. Van Buren had to nurse himself back to stability.

Their attitude may have worn on the gentleman's sensibilities or he may have merely been biding his time, but in the last four games of the season, he made himself what many experts consider the greatest running back in America. He scored five touchdowns, gained 444 yards in 80 attempts for an average of 5.5 yards a try and stirred ecstasy in portions of North Philadelphia that had hitherto regarded professional football as the Sport of Bums.

Just to show that this was no accident of history, Van Buren opened the present pre-League season against such teams as the Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers, Boston Yanks and Cleveland Rams by running all over them. He scored ten touchdowns and made the Associated Press very happy, since they had picked him on the first All-League team last year, thus making lips curl in several important poolrooms.

He opened the season against the Chicago Cardinals in a modest way calculated to make him famous. On the first play from scrimmage, he took off around right end and ran 47 yards for a touchdown. A tackler seemed to have him pinned at the ten-yard line but suddenly disintegrated as if kissed atomically. Van Buren didn't run him down, didn't struggle with him—but suddenly the tackler was standing there looking foolish and Van Buren was over the goal line.

They took him out then because he was suffering from the grippe, but the Cardinals were making it so tough for the Eagles offensive that he was put back in for five minutes in the fourth quarter. He took the ball three times, gaining twenty, ten and eight yards. Then he snagged a pass from Zimmerman and went over for a touchdown. That was enough and he went back to the bench and presumably back to bed.

The Boy From Honduras

Van Buren is over six feet, weighs 206 and is one of the fastest men alive in fifty yards. He is a crinkly-haired, swarthy young man who was born in Tela, Spanish Honduras, of American parents. He lived there until he was ten years old, and he possesses a wealth of ignorance about the country, which, along with a corresponding blank in his memories of his childhood, undoubtedly comes from reluctance to recall a period in which happiness was measured in drams. His parents died when he was young, and he went to live with his grandparents in New Orleans. Their interest in him seems to have been regulated in ergs, meaning units of work. They admired him earnestly when he did the chores.

The boy worked out a psychology of his own to meet the demands of this Louisiana Tobacco Road, doling it out cautiously so that it might not be staled by excessive use. When his grandmother broke up one of the few occasions he had for a picnic, he replied by burying her spectacles in the back yard. After living for two months in semidarkness, she made a bargain with him: bring back the specs and you can go fishing.

His earlier school days are confused in his mind with the law. His grandparents didn't care if he went to school; he certainly didn't care; nobody cared but the police. Eventually he turned up in Boys High, New Orleans, where he picked up a new trick.

He kept strictly away from football till his senior year, when he turned up as an end of such brilliance that scouts from the more opulent Southern institutions of higher learning practically beat a path to his door through the tin cans, broken crates and weeds of his garden. Even before this, he had discovered that catching a forward pass can mean much more to an eager pedagogue than mastery in algebra. For instance, he developed a habit of staying away from practice. The harried coach, when tracking down this mystery, found that young Van Buren was merely hungry. One fine big chicken dinner and Stevie would be right out there on the gridiron.

In competition with several other colleges that revered the prospect of making him another Euclid, Louisiana State convinced him of his duty, and he went up there and entered the mechanical engineering department. The first two years as a varsity football player under Bernie Moore found him a blocking back. He was the fastest man on the squad but he was also the biggest, so he blocked, and others got their names in the papers.

His chance came in his senior year when L.S.U. had an entire undergraduate, 4F team playing against opponents using Army and Navy trainees. Van Buren now had to run, kick and pass. He led all the backs in the country, gaining 847 yards in 150 rushes—213 yards more than his nearest rival, Eddie Prokop of Georgia Tech.

"Except for one tackle, all we had was little bitsy boys. Most of them almost blind," says Van Buren.

"How did fellows like that ever catch any of your passes?"

"They didn't," says Van Buren.

The team was beaten several times during the season and took a very neat lacing from Texas A & M, but good teams were so scarce that L.S.U. was finally matched again with Texas A & M in the Orange Bowl, where they beat the Texas outfit up quite prettily. This surprised everybody but L.S.U., which has great confidence in Coach Bernie Moore.

"You let him ever see a team once and that team'll never beat him," says Van Buren.

When the National Professional League held its draft meeting the next summer, Van Buren was Philadelphia's first choice. That was generous of them but they soon found that Van Buren wasn't coming. They wired him and wrote him but he didn't answer. It took them weeks to get him on the phone because he had a genuine fear of the new contraption. Bernie Moore was enlisted in the campaign and sealed the bargain.

"What's wrong with him?" repeated Moore. "Why, he's scared. He doesn't think he's any good. He never thinks he's any good."

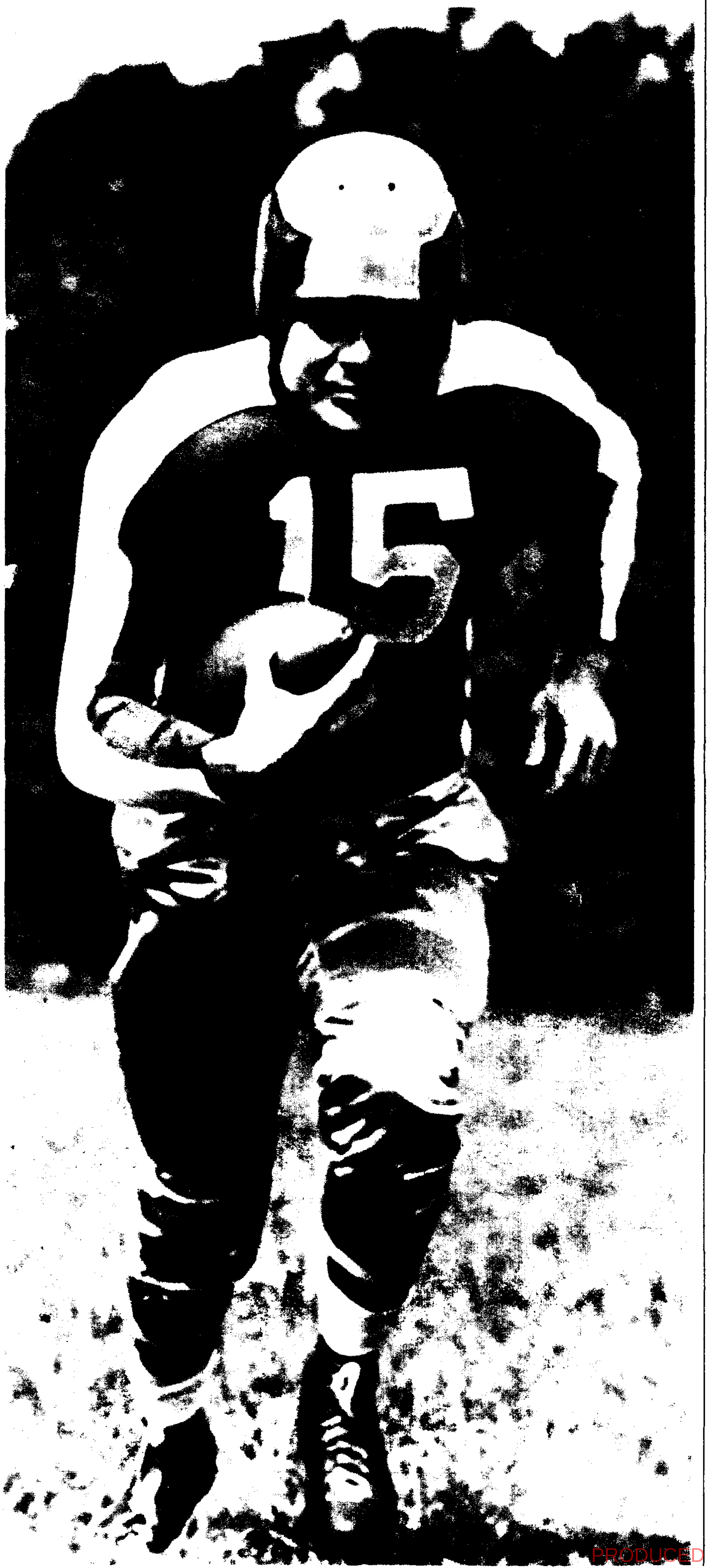
Van Buren was in Chicago for the All-Star game when appendicitis floored him, and he arrived in Philadelphia holding a ranking not worse than fourth among the world's worst-dressed men. Persuasion, a touch of fall weather, and reports of trench feet from the Western front finally got socks on his feet, and he threw away his only shirt before the Board of Health entered the case. He is now a very snarky-looking individual with lumberjack shirts of varied colors and striped sports trousers.

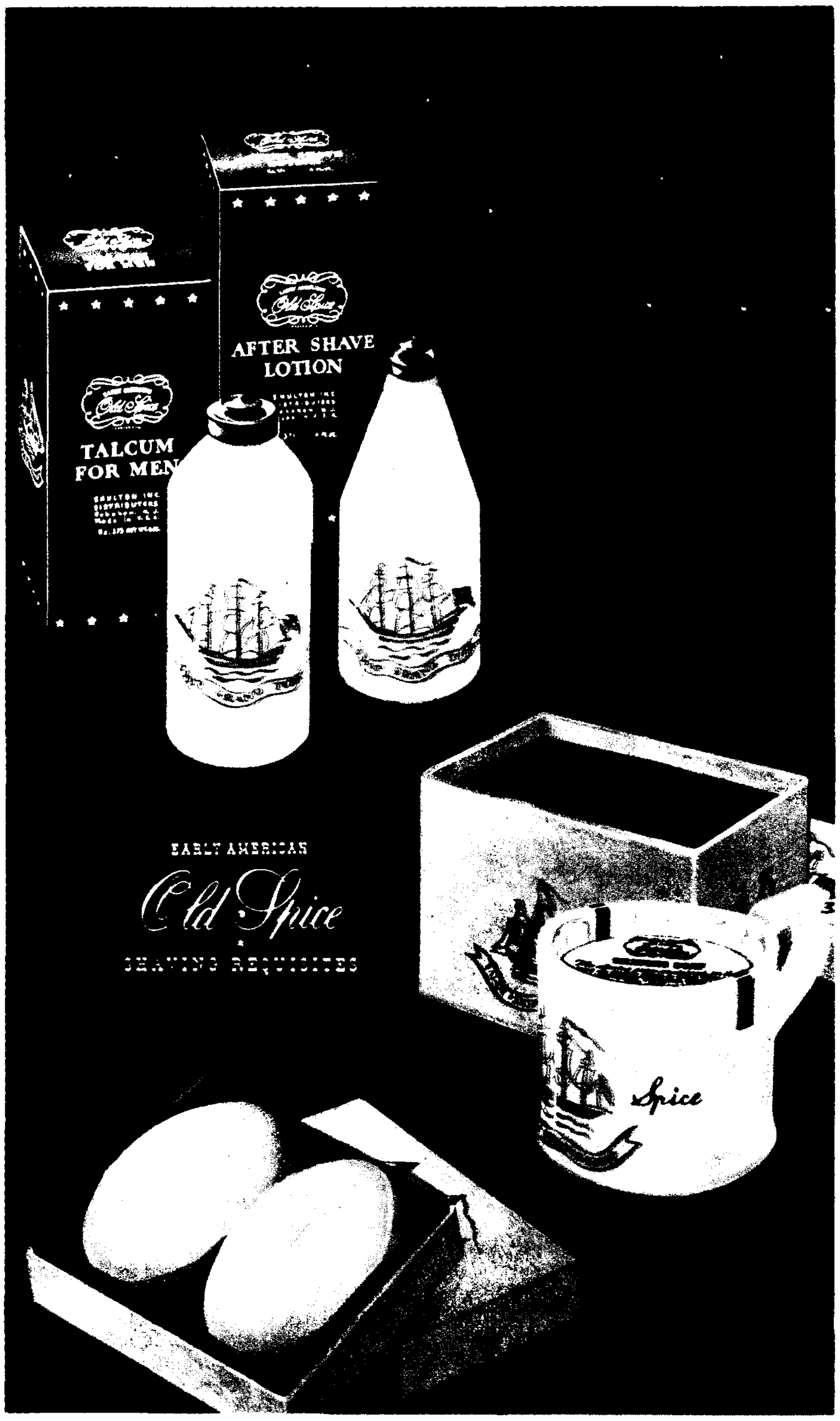
In view of the fact that Van Buren had only one year of experience as a running back before he reached Philadelphia, his success has been fabulous. He started very well in the famous 31-31 tie with the Washington Redskins but really took the eye of the connoisseurs in the second game against the New York Giants, when he grabbed a kickoff on the five-yard line and ran ninety-five yards for a touchdown.

"The play called for him to join his interference on the right," says Greasy Neale, the Eagles coach, "and he feinted in that direction and then started up the field to the left. That took three Giant tacklers out of it and he faked two more at midfield. He outran the last one to the goal line. He's the greatest running back I've seen in twenty-five years and I've seen most of them. He's the best faker with his head and shoulders I've ever looked at."

Where Van Buren gets his deception is a mystery to himself. He instinctively has tricks that other players gain only after painful years of experience. His greatest asset is his speed but he also uses a powerful straight-arm. His teammates call him "Whambam," as a description of his style of play. Unlike other runners, he never attempts to run over a tackler nor does he try to run around them. In an open field he acts like a hypnotized man, running directly toward the tackler instead of away from him. He finds this an

(Continued on page 92)





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AS A DAILY
MOUTH WASH

GLYCO-
THYMOLINE

The Plucking of the Rose

Continued from page 60

or "bells." A bad film in the Kanter book is a "Five-Fingers-Down-The-Throat Picture." A fair film might only get three fingers down the throat. For almost a week, he delivered a tirade against Winged Victory, much to the displeasure of Moss Hart, who was playing in a USO show on Guam at the time.

"Winged Victory," Kanter said during one review, "is based on a short story in YANK magazine called Winged Bakery, in which a man washes out of Cooks and Bakers School and ends up being a heroic fireman who pulls the head cook out of a hot oven. The movies have taken certain liberties and adapted the whole thing to apply to the Air Force. For the first two hours of the picture, the entire dialogue consists of eager young men saying to sad young ladies, 'Well, kid, this is it!' The next two hours consist of eager young men saying to other eager young men, 'Well, kid, this is it!' The picture is so bad that fliers have taken to wearing wires in their caps so that they won't be identified with the Air Force."

Kanter spares no one. Speaking one afternoon about a prominent movie star, he said, "Richard ——— is the star of this picture. We were surprised to see him again. We thought he went out with button-top shoes." About a baby-faced feminine star, he cracked, "In the picture at the Agaña Bowl tonight is Miss ——— ———, who lisps her way through five dreary reels to prove that she can adequately fill a sweater—and an audience with disgust."

Sergeant Kanter was born in Savannah, Georgia. "I started in radio in New York as a ghost writer for a gag writer," he says. "Lower than that, you can't start."

One of Kanter's best friends is Technical Sergeant Russ Beggs, who runs WXLG, the 1,000-watt station at Kwajalein, in the Marshalls. Beggs' fans know him only as "Rock-Happy Roger," the proprietor of Kwaj Lodge. Kwajalein is a dreary, glaring, sun-baked coral rock and it has often been said that the Beggs program is the only thing that keeps G.I.s there from completely blowing their tops. Within a week after Beggs started his program, Kwaj Lodge, he cut the Rose's listening audience down to practically nothing.

The Lodge, which started in the upper regions of Beggs' balding head, now has actual members. A G.I. can become a member of Kwaj Lodge by simply writing to Beggs and proving that he is definitely nervous-from-the-service, rock-happy and living in a coral coma. Beggs then sends the writer a large rock and enters him in the Fraternal Order of Rock Happy Residents of Kwajalein. Visitors to the island, such as Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Carole Landis are Kwaj Lodge members.

Beggs is sad of countenance and a prolific reader. After he had read all the books in the library on Kwajalein, he took to reading labels on packages, bottles and cans, even down to the union printing credit.

Back in the Business

The 25-year-old broadcaster is a graduate of Wayne University in Detroit, where he claims to have developed ulcers eating cocktail sandwiches. Before the Army scooped him up and assigned him to AFRS, Beggs was a staff writer on a radio station in Detroit.

"In my spare time," Russ went on, "I wrote a certain kids' program of the Western variety. Write me up as the dumb but beautiful type. My chest is thirty-six inches, hips the same. Hurrell has called me the Eastern type, but I think I'm more on the Smoky Mountain side."

Beggs and Kanter are in constant communication and quite often exchange scripts and ideas. Although their programs are similar in structure—gab and records—Beggs relies on an analytical approach to humor, building his show the way a carpenter builds a house, while Kanter works in hot flashes, often dashing off a script with seconds to spare before air time.

The most famed of the Beggs Kwaj Lodge programs was the interview he did with Lauren Bacall. One sweaty afternoon, while swatting flies, he decided to talk to Lauren, to ask her some questions that had been bothering him and other Lodge members. He recorded these questions on a disk, leaving space for Lauren's answers, and sent her the recording.

Lauren answered the questions and sent the record back. The afternoon Russ put the show on the air, repercussions of an Orson Welles Martian nature occurred. Kwaj Lodge was besieged by perspiring G.I.s all clamoring to get into the studio to greet The Look. Russ came to the door of his Quonset studio, flashed his smiling-through-the-tears face, and said, "Fellow Lodge members, I'm proud of you. You're looking really rock-happy today."

"Cut the clownin', Roger," one of the G.I.s said. "Where is she?"

"Right over there on that record," Russ said—and ran for the ocean.

Another member of the deadly triumvirate who have succeeded in completely stealing the air from the Rose, is Bill Morrison, a technical sergeant from down Palau way. Morrison, who looks like the All-American boy, is in charge of programming at WVTW at Peleliu, and is the perpetrator of a wild, sophisticatedly insane character known and beloved to G.I.s, as "Boondock Barney."

Found—One Boondock Barney

Bill claims to have discovered Barney while browsing about between land mines one day upon Bloody Nose Ridge. He said he lifted an interesting old rock in search of stalagmites and underneath, among the centipedes, he found a wizened old fellow with three eyes, a former KP chaser from an infantry outfit, who introduced himself as Boondock Barney. Boondock is aided on the air by a thin, piping voice known as "Gizmo."

"The day Boondock and Gizmo went on the air," Bill said, "marks what was the beginning of the darkest period in the life of servicemen overseas."

Bill's program consists of weird dialogues between Boondock and Gizmo, punctuated with the most horrible old phonograph records ever waxed. Boondock loved to irk the Rose and Radio Tokyo by playing Japanese records and ridiculing our honorable enemy. Before playing a Jap platter, Boondock, with a Japanese accent, might read something like this:

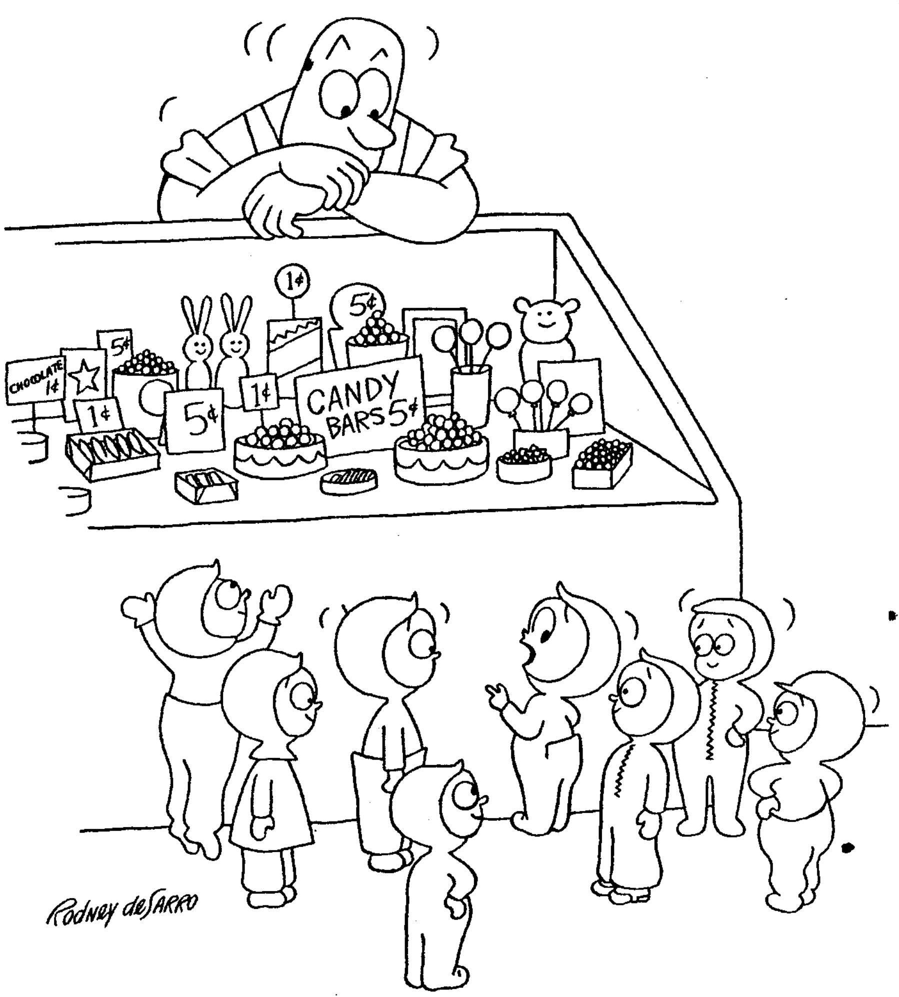
"Two hundred vicious Superforts flew over Tokyo today, dropping bombs on little schools, hospitals and nonmilitary objectives. All bombers were shot down. Very little damage was reported. No Japanese losses were important. One of our cities is missing."

The newest addition to the ranks of comedians of the Pacific is Sergeant H. Ashley Sims, a former lecture tourer and delighter of women's clubs. Sims, stationed with AFR on Saipan, took for himself the name of "Saipan Sam" and began a program the like of which has never before been heard anywhere in the world. It consisted of fifteen minutes of pure, unadulterated whining, griping and snarling about all the things a G.I. can whine, snarl and gripe about.

Saipan Sam reached his height one afternoon, lambasting the laundry service, berating the laundry for tearing buttons off his clothes, fading them and getting them back late. A few minutes after he went off the air, the laundry officer, a captain, called up and begged Sims not to rap the service his laundry outfit was giving the G.I.s. "Please, Sergeant," he said, "if you have any more trouble with your laundry bring it to me. I'll wash it myself, personally."

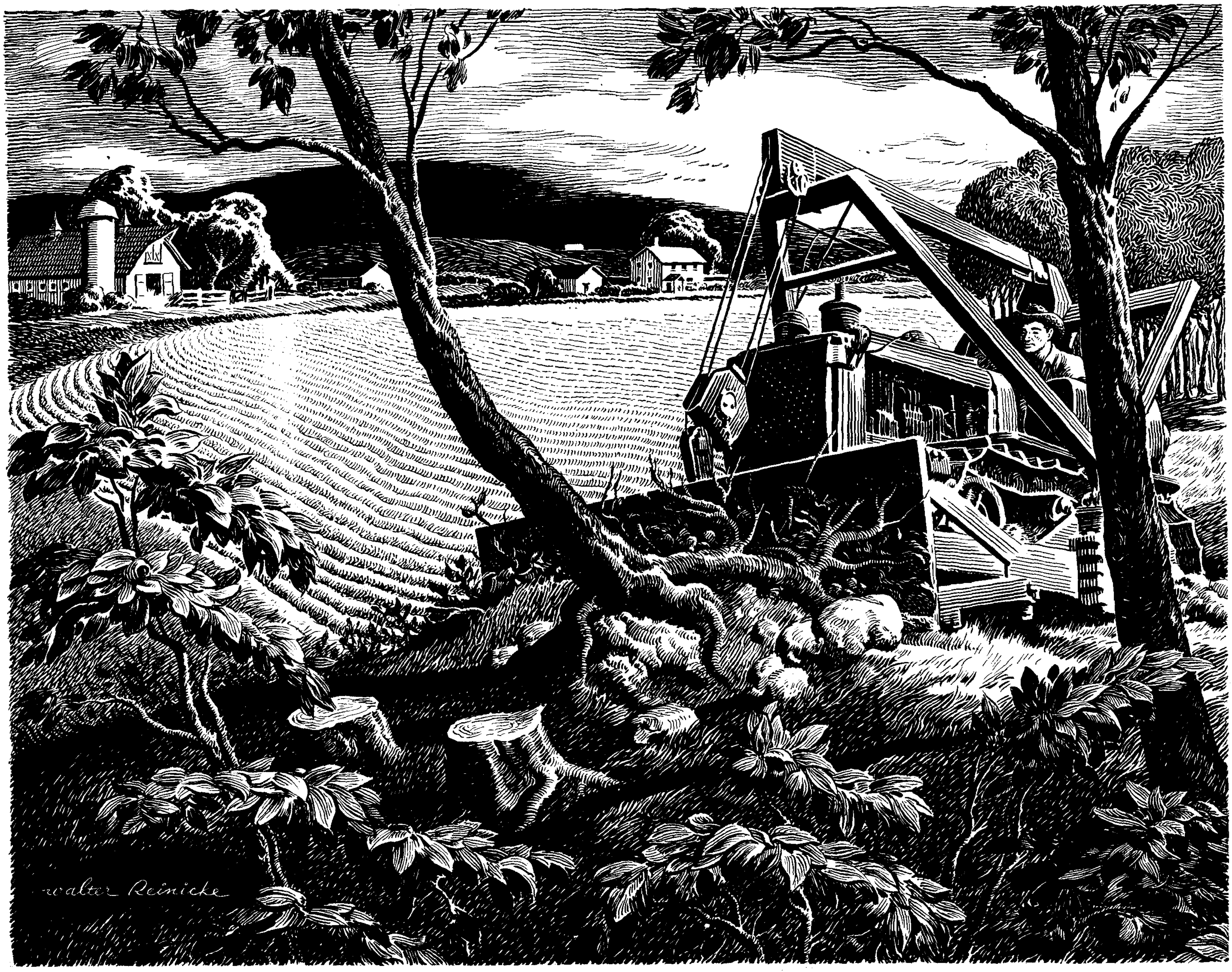
The courage, ingenuity and hard work of the soldier-broadcasters completely captured the hearts of the G.I.s who clawed their way across the Pacific. Which should remind you —what ever happened to that voice that was once so loud in the land, the voice of Tokyo Rose? Well, the Rose's following dwindled to a handful by the end of the war. Then the M.P.s walked into Yokohama's Bund Hotel and arrested a frightened, chattering bespectacled girl of 29, who said that she was Iva Togori, alias Tokyo Rose. She turned out to be a dumpy-looking doll, a Nisei born in California. Nobody seemed to care any more.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Give all my friends here a chocolate cigar, and take one for yourself. I just became a brother!" RODNEY DE SARRO



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FINISH THE JOB . . .
BUY VICTORY BONDS

The Whambam Man

Continued from page 89

ideal way to operate; it prevents the tackler from taking him from the side and almost invariably it results in a feint that throws the tackler off entirely. Seen from the sidelines, it resembles magic.

His modesty about his talents makes him a prey for complexes. It has taken an entire season for Greasy Neale and John Kellison, the coaches, to talk him out of the idea he can't catch passes. Early in his career with the Eagles, he dropped a few and became convinced it would be fatal for him to go near another. They practically had to psychoanalyze him to get him over it.

It was only in October of this year that Kellison came to Neale in amazement and said, "You know what? That kid has the best head for figures on the whole team."

As a discovery made after a year of close association, it gives an idea of Van Buren's prior intellectual reputation. He has six months to go to get his degree as mechanical engineer, and he swears he's going back to L.S.U. to finish.

Van Buren finds the atmosphere very pleasing in the Quaker City. He is a nut about automobiles and has had three neat jobs since coming North, all of them looking like something that should be operated by Jeeter Lester. For intellectual diversion he plays pool and is considered excessively lucky by opponents. He had trouble with the T-formation when he broke in and still thinks the single-wing is better for a runner, but the success of the Eagles is rapidly breaking him down.

"In the single-wing you get the ball on a direct pass and have time to see what's in front of you," he explains, "but in the T the quarterback handles it and you're worrying about whether you're going to get it when he gives it to you, and then when you look up, those guys are right on you."

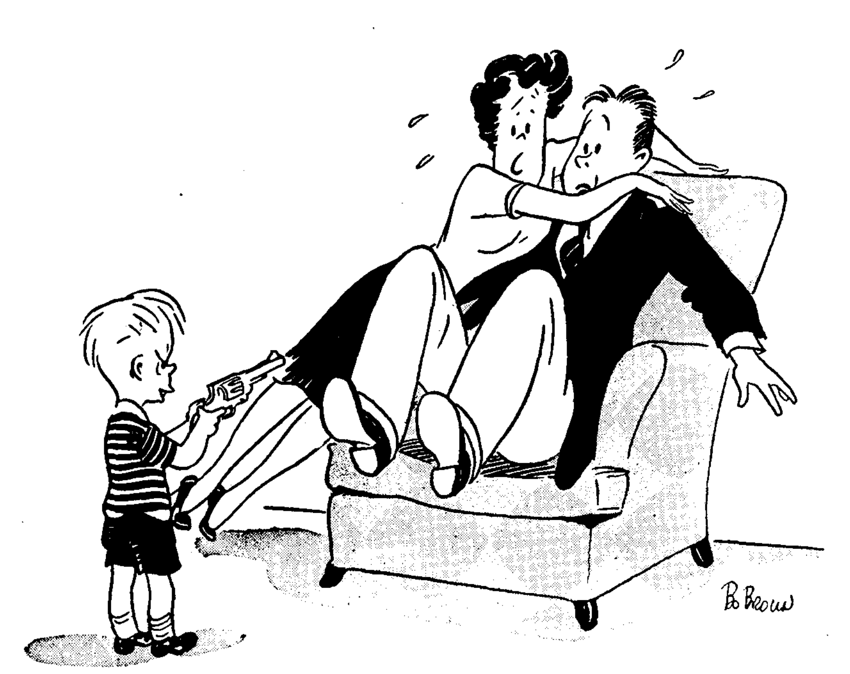
However, when they hand it to him on one of those laterals going wide around right end, he seems to have no trouble whatever and that has appeased him. He considers the professional game very rough stuff and remembers with distress his first contact with Bulldog Turner of the Bears.

"He hit me all over at once," says Mr. Van Buren.

He is a rough customer in his own right and the respect among the League coaches for his ability is almost idolatrous. After a pre-season game at Bethlehem, Pa., in which the Eagles creamed the great Chicago Bears, a reporter asked one of the Bears the best way to stop Van Buren.

"Personally I'm very fond of the bazooka," said the Chicago hero sourly.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I've decided to become an orphan!" BO BROWN

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

The private flier in the United States is almost certain to be attracted to aerial touring in Alaska. Such touring is entirely feasible even in two-seater puddle-jumpers. However, veteran CAA pilots welcome bigger planes because an essential requirement to safe flying over Alaska is carrying emergency equipment for survival in event of forced landings. They say a four-place plane, with a range of about 400 to 500 miles, carrying two persons and the proper emergency equipment, is about right for real enjoyment up there.

Nowhere is scenery for the flier grander, or more accessible. Out of Anchorage a dozen 50 to 150-mile flights will turn up some of the most beautiful sights for aerial tourists the world can supply. It's worth a trip up there just to fly through Rainy Pass to Farewell, and back through Ptarmigan Valley.

Out of Fairbanks, Fort Yukon or Galena, are the historic reaches of the Yukon. Out of Nome are the sites of the gold-rush days. Down the southeastern shore, where Juneau or the huge new field at Gustavus provides good bases for the aerial tourists, there are the glaciers, the rugged shores, the famous Chilkoot Pass and Prince William Sound.

At McGrath, the crossroads of the airways in Alaska, the edge of the field is the main street of the little old river town. At McKinley Park, a national park operated by the Department of the Interior, there is an air strip with a de luxe tourist hotel. Double room rates are $6 to $12, meals 70 cents to $4, and gasoline 38 cents.

In any frontier country, the speech and yarns of the people are notable, and Alaskans go full out. Once a CAA speaker, recruiting airways workers for Alaska in the States, mentioned 50-inch trout in the streams near the CAA stations, and was promptly challenged. He replied that there is a 34½-inch trout mounted on a board at Sitka, and added that the 50-inch fish is there but just hasn't been caught yet.

That probably sums up Alaska. Its charm, its wealth and opportunities, its airports and airways are all there. They need only to be caught. . . .

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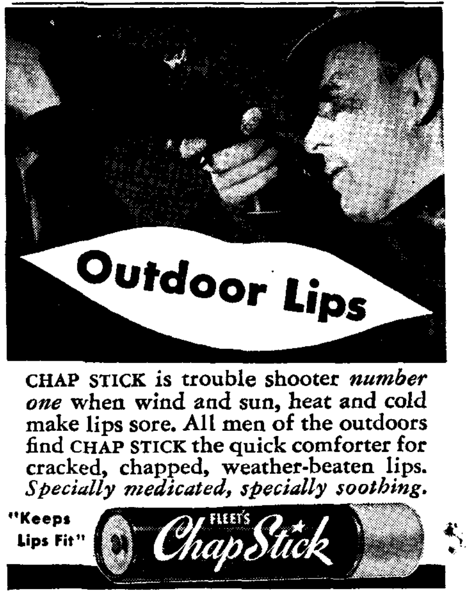
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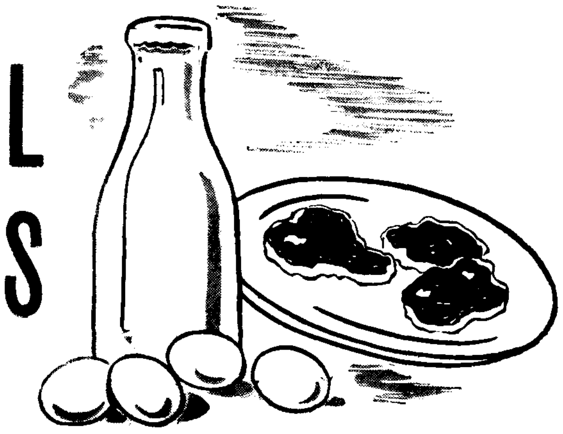
BY LEO HIRTL



Brewers' yeast used to be an almost useless by-product of beer. Now it's manufactured in huge quantities as a valuable food supplement

SOMETIME when you're suffering from a little dietary deficiency, eat two tablespoonfuls of dried brewers' yeast. You probably won't smack your lips over it, but from this small quantity you'll get ten per cent of your daily requirements of protein, all the B_1 vitamin you need in twenty-four hours, and from one fourth to one half of the other necessary B vitamins. For this buff-colored substance, which is only distantly related to the yeast that makes bread rise, is literally loaded with vitamins, fats, sugar, protein and amino acids. Of the latter it contains at least six.

It can be made into soup or fried like a piece of meat; and can be kept indefinitely without deterioration. It can be eaten straight or mixed with other foods. At a recent luncheon in New York, yeast researchers ate cream soup, sweet rolls, chicken croquettes and apple Betty, all of which contained brewers' yeast.

Given half a chance, brewers' yeast can be grown in huge vats at a rate that no beef animal can match. A brewing company in St. Louis has been turning out a ton and a half of yeast every twelve hours from only 25 pounds of seed. This seed is put into a great vat with water, molasses and ammonia, and given plenty of water to prevent the formation of alcohol. Twelve hours later, the vat contains a protein crop that a healthy steer could not produce in a year. And Doctor Carl Lindegren of Washington University, St. Louis, has crossbred the various strains of yeast until he can grow them in a variety of flavors.

Brewers have not been touting yeast as a medicine, although its potent food qualities have led physicians to use it in treating ailments that derive from nutritional lacks. For years, the Red Cross has distributed yeast in the South to combat pellagra, a disease of the undernourished.

During the war it was used to boost the rations of Russian and German armies. Some of our own Army's K rations were fortified with yeast. Soup concentrates being sent overseas contain either yeast or soybean, the best vegetable sources of protein ordinarily received from milk products, meat and eggs.

The researchers have been experimenting with yeast in treating other diseases in which nutrition is a factor—cirrhosis, diabetes, anemia and alcoholism. A tentative exploration of yeast's biotin content is being made in a search for something that might check the incidence of cancer.

Doctor William DeKleine, director of the Michigan State Health Department and one-time medical director of the American Red Cross, has suggested that brewers' yeast be explored for a factor which reduces blood pressure. In the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, Doctor DeKleine reported that he had found evidence that yeast might be useful in treating hypertension. His experiments, Doctor DeKleine said, were strictly limited and could not be called conclusive, but the preliminaries don't leave much doubt that yeast has something to do with lowering blood pressure.

Almost all manufacturers of livestock feed are making feeds which contain up to five per cent yeast. More than half the yeast being saved by brewers these days is being used this way.

Egg production is increased about 25 per cent by feeds containing yeast, and each of these eggs will provide more of the B vitamins than do the produce of hens which were not given yeast. So say the feed manufacturers. Yeast appears to sharpen the efficiency of the feeds to which it is added.

Brewers' yeast is not a miracle wrought overnight. The world has been making beer in some form or other for 6,000 years. Ancient Egyptian tombs give evidence that the builders of pyramids and sphinxes had their rations of fermented beverages. During most of these thousands of years, the essential yeast was thrown away. No real progress in reclaiming the stuff was made until after repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, but since then, yeast has become the most important by-product of the brewing industry.

World War II, during which the War Food Administration asked brewers to conserve as much yeast as possible, gave another boost to the yeast program. The industry will save about 15,000,000 pounds this year out of its potential of 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 pounds.

Profitable Chemistry of Nature

Yeast is used to ferment a grain extract called wort. When the fermentation is completed, the wort becomes beer. During the fermentation process, the yeast triples in volume, and the two-thirds profit is what the brewers are offering as food and medicine. The other third is pitched into a new batch of wort, and the cycle starts all over.

As it comes from the fermenting vats, yeast is a light tan liquid with a bitter, hoppy flavor and in that form isn't much good as food although animals will eat it.

Few breweries produce enough yeast to warrant processing it themselves, so the yeast handlers send big refrigerated tank trucks around to collect it. If it is to be made into a food supplement, the yeast is screened and washed in progressively weaker saline solutions to remove the bitter flavor. It winds up with a nutlike flavor that is pleasing. If the yeast processor wants, he can add synthetic vitamins to the liquid, although the natural content for the most part makes this unnecessary. Sometimes Vitamin D is added by irradiation.

Prolonged heat destroys vitamins, so yeast is dried by flash methods. The liquid either is sprayed into a superheated chamber or picked up as a thin film on a revolving drum. Either way, the liquid becomes powder dry in less than a second, and the vitamin loss is nothing to worry about. Until the moment it is dried, the yeast must be kept cold to prevent spoilage, but in the tanks which supply the driers, the liquid "boils" at a great rate as carbon dioxide escapes.

That's all that has to be done. It is a cheap food—so cheap that once it was thrown away. Unfortified, bitter dried yeast can be produced for about ten cents a pound according to the New York State War Council. The price ranges upward to 68 cents a pound for debittered, souped-up dried yeast. At 68 cents a pound, yeast doesn't appear so cheap, but the quantity needed by the average man is so low that the New York Office of War Nutrition Services calculates that a worker can be supplied with the highest-priced yeast for 300 working days at a cost of 67 cents. ★★★

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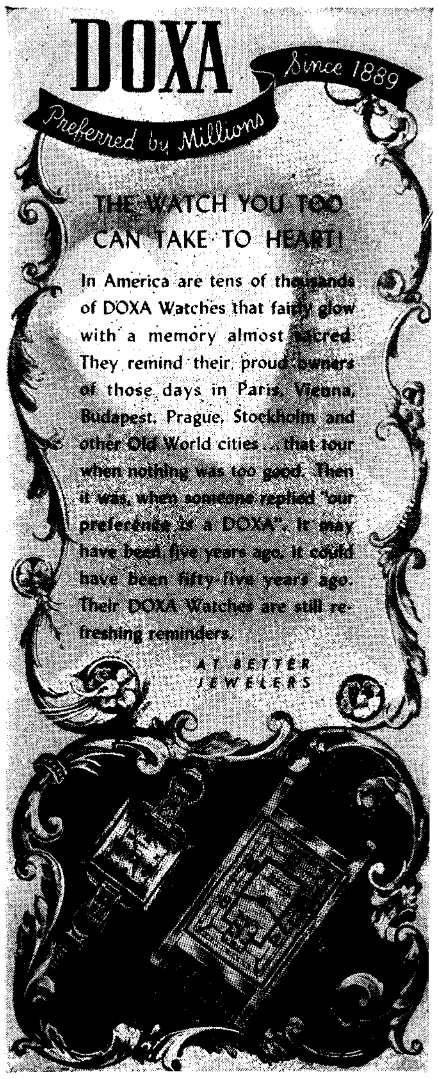

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The Enchanted Garden

Continued from page 13

imagine what life would be like as Mrs. Elkton. She knew as though she had already lived it, as in a way she had, with George. It would be a good life. No one could be a better husband than George had been to her, but Mr. Elkton would try to be at least as good.

She became conscious of the clear, brisk air that had a tang of fall in it, and of the clear light that etched Manhattan's fairy towers sharply against the sky. She was passing the Public Library, and today it looked almost clean and the wings of the pigeons fluttering around it almost white in the brilliant sun. It was a day to be alive.

Somebody whistled at her.

She could not tell how she knew the whistle was for her, but she did know, as clearly as though it had been a voice calling her name. And she knew the voice.

Her eyes sought him and found him immediately, leaning against the pedestal of the haughty lion. He was wearing a sailor's uniform. He looked just as arrogant and self-confident and handsome as she remembered him.

He grinned when he caught her eye, the white, flashing grin she remembered from her childhood, and started toward her. Even his walk she remembered—a lazy, easy walk that gave an impression of slowness, and was swift; a cat's walk, or an athlete's.

"And how is Miss Adams this morning?" he asked in his low, remembered voice.

"K-Kim," she said, trying to master her helpless fear. "Kim Carew!"

"Did you eat your cereal? Did you wash behind your ears? Did you brush your hair a hundred strokes?"

THE years blew away like smoke before the wind and she was a little girl again, a motherless little girl playing polite games in her father's garden, temporarily away from the vigilant eye of her nurse. And once again the peace of the garden was suddenly shattered by shouting and laughter.

That morning she had looked up in terror to find herself surrounded by what seemed a whole mob of boys, boys of all ages and sizes, but of a peculiar similarity of appearance. They were all yellow-haired and they all had deep blue eyes in their brown faces.

Their shouting had stopped at sight of her, and they had stared at her with silent, suspicious curiosity. Nobody had said anything until one of them, the one who was about her own age, had broken the silence.

"Is this your garden?" he had demanded.

It had taken her a moment to master her terror enough to speak. "This is my papa's garden," she had said then.

"Papa!" one of the other boys had said disgustedly.

"We're the Carews," the first boy had said. "We moved in next door. That's Johnny, that's Phil, that's Ned, that's Alec, that's Kit. I'm Kim. What's your name?"

Cathy had not known what else to do, so she had dropped the little curtsy her nurse had taught her. "How do you do? I'm Cathy Adams."

She had looked up to find them staring at her incredulously, and then they had broken into howls and screams of laughter, slapping one another and falling on the grass with helpless glee. She had stared at them, bewildered, not knowing what was wrong until they recovered enough to start imitating her curtsy with dreadful, exaggerated mockery.

For the first time in her life, Cathy had wanted to hit someone. But she had not known how to go about it; humiliatingly, she could only stand among those howling maniacs and cry bitterly, until at last her nurse had come to her rescue, swinging her knitting bag with telling effect. The boys had vanished like snow in the spring.

But they had come back. All through her growing-up, the Carews had been the bane and terror of her existence. They were all so big and so noisy and full of rude life. The more she tried to ignore them, the more they imitated her manners and derided her way of speaking. They frightened her practically insensible time after time. She had hated them all, but most of all she had hated Kim.

Now, she looked at him and thought with wonder that he had not changed at all. His hair was still thick and yellow and straight, his eyes still deeply blue, his narrow face was even browner than it had been. And he still had that terrible vitality, that feeling of sleeping power that might at any moment spring into life to devour whatever it desired.

"You haven't changed much, Cathy Adams," he said, smiling down at her in the old mocking way.

"Cathy Wilson," she reminded him.

His smile widened and its mockery deepened. "That's right. The Widow Wilson. I telephoned you earlier."

She could feel the color rising in her face, and he laughed suddenly.

"You knew that, didn't you? You were going to be out if I called back! Is that nice? Come and have a drink."

Cathy was glad to have an excuse. "I'm sorry. I have a luncheon engagement."

"Break it. Tell him you've met your childhood sweetheart."

"No," Cathy said.

Kim took her arm. "Don't be silly. You know you're going to, so why argue?"

Why, indeed? There had never been any use arguing with one of the Carews. They were walking now, and she knew he was watching her out of the corner of his eye.

"How are the rest of the boys?" she asked. "Johnny and Phil and Ned and—Alec, wasn't it?—and Kit?"

His face went a little blank, but his voice remained casual: "Johnny's fine. He's a colonel in India. Ned's a commander in the Navy. Alec's out with a tin leg. Phil and Kit—they're dead. Okinawa and Normandy, respectively."

Instinctively, she did not offer him sympathy; she knew that he would not want it. She was amazed to find in herself a deep regret that the ranks of her old enemies had been so depleted. They might almost have been friends, so sharply was her heart touched by the knowledge of their going. But she said nothing of that to Kim.

"And you?" she asked. "Why aren't you an officer, too? You're a college man."

He grinned at her. "What would I want to be an officer for? I'd be bored to death."

She had heard that about him, too—that he did what he wanted to do, when he wanted to do it. Before the war, he had held one good job after another and deserted them when something he thought more interesting came along, no matter where the new job was, or how poorly it paid. It would be terrible to be married to a man like that, she thought. One would never know where next month's rent was coming from.

THEY were on Sixth Avenue now and Kim stopped suddenly. "This looks like an all-right joint," he said.

It did not look good to Cathy. It looked like nothing more or less than a saloon, a long, dark cavern with a long, gleaming bar. She had never been in such a place and did not want to start now, but Kim steered her firmly through the door and down the length of the whole place until they came to a dark, almost completely secluded booth.

"Slide in," he ordered. "What will you have?"

"A glass of sherry?" Cathy asked a little timidly. It seemed mild for a place like this.

Apparently, it was all right. Kim leaned over the top of the booth and called to the bartender.

"Hey, Jack! Glass of sherry and a beer."

He sat down, not on the opposite side of the booth but on the seat beside her, and she was abruptly conscious of his nearness. She felt small and helpless, a mouse trapped in a corner by a great, tawny cat. The illusion was not dispelled by the actual physical warmth she felt from him, or by the sudden blue flash of his eyes as he turned to look at her.

"Has anything ever happened to you?" he asked disconcertingly.

Cathy felt herself gaping in astonishment.

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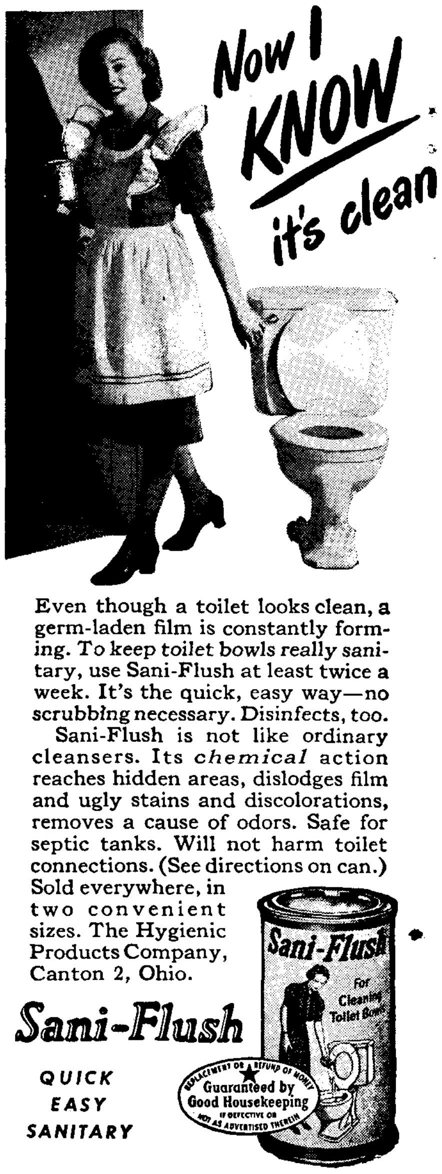

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"You heard me," he said. "Has anything ever happened to you?"

"My father died," Cathy said. "I married George, and I was married to him for ten years. And then he died."

In the shadows, his face was impatient. "I mean: Has anything happened to *you*, inside yourself? Have you changed at all, since you were a child? Have you hated anybody, or been afraid or hungry? Have you been in love?"

"Of course I have," Cathy said. "I loved George."

"You also loved your father," Kim said. "And what's-her-name, Mrs. Morrow, your nurse."

The drinks came before she could say anything, and Kim paid the fat bartender. She hoped the interruption would end the conversation, but when they were alone again, he looked at her with a kind of weary tolerance.

"You don't know what I'm talking about, do you?" he asked. "It's like talking to a baby about the income tax."

"You're being ridiculous!" she said sharply, but there was a queer, panicky desire in her to get up and leave, to run away before he could say anything more. It was the old fear with which the Carews had always filled her, as though at any moment one of them might break in upon the private places of her soul and trample them.

"I was at your wedding," he said unexpectedly.

She and George had been married in the vestry of the Episcopalian Church, and no one had been present except the minister and his wife and the sexton and Mrs. Morrow. It had been too soon after her father's death for a real wedding, even if there had been anyone to arrange one for her.

"I was standing in the laurels outside the vestry window," Kim said. "When it was over I thought you were going to curtsy to everyone, the way you did that first morning in the garden."

She thought of him standing among the dark green laurels and of his bright eyes watching them through the window, and she was glad that she had not known of it at the time. She had been frightened enough without that. Now, it seemed silly that she had been frightened of dear, gentle George.

"I hated you," Kim said quietly. "That morning I hated you."

Cathy looked at him in astonishment. "But why?" she asked. "I—why should you hate me?"

"Perhaps you're not actually stupid," he said in a detached, polite voice. "Moronic, maybe. Or childish. Mentally and emotionally you're exactly where you were twenty years ago—safe in your father's garden, with your nurse to look after you."

Cathy picked up her wine and found that her hand was trembling. She put the glass down again and reached for her pocketbook and gloves.

"I'm leaving." Her voice, too, was unsteady with anger.

He continued to lounge against the back of the booth, blocking her, his eyes considering her thoughtfully.

"You look adult," he said. "You look like a normal woman. It's amazing how art can simulate life."

"Let me out!" She was aware that her voice was rising.

"Once, you almost came awake," he said. "Once, just for a minute, you almost came out of your garden to mingle with us common folk. Remember our graduation dance?"

She did not want to remember. She wanted to escape, but there was no escape from the blue eyes watching her, reminding her, forcing her backward through the years.

IT WAS the first big party she had ever been to, and she was terrified. The high-school gym was hung with lanterns and filled with music, and the boys and girls dancing were unfamiliar, strangers in long gowns and in dinner jackets. The skirts of her own gown felt odd about her feet and she was miserably conscious of her bare shoulders. She wanted to hide or to go home; she wished desperately that her father had not made her come here.

And then, suddenly, there was Kim, a tall stranger with his hair brushed and his shoes shined. She had seen him dancing with all the popular, merry, pretty girls, and she had seen the way they looked at him under their lashes. Now he was standing in front of her, saying nothing, holding out his open hand, and she did not know what he wanted. She could only stare at him with frightened eyes.

"Dance?" he said at last, impatiently.

She had been dreading this most of all. "I—I can't," she said. "I don't know how."

"Don't be silly," he said, and pulled her to her feet and out onto the floor.

She was too frightened to think. She could feel the eyes of everyone watching her, the enemy eyes waiting for her to stumble so that they could laugh. But she did not stumble. She found her feet moving in time to music she was not even conscious of hearing. Timidly, she glanced around and found that no one was watching her except two girls still sitting on the side—and there was nothing but envy in their eyes.

"See?" Kim said. "It's easy."

She had so far forgotten him that she was startled by the sound of his voice and became immediately conscious of his fingers light upon her back and his hard shoulder under her hand. He was looking down at her gravely.

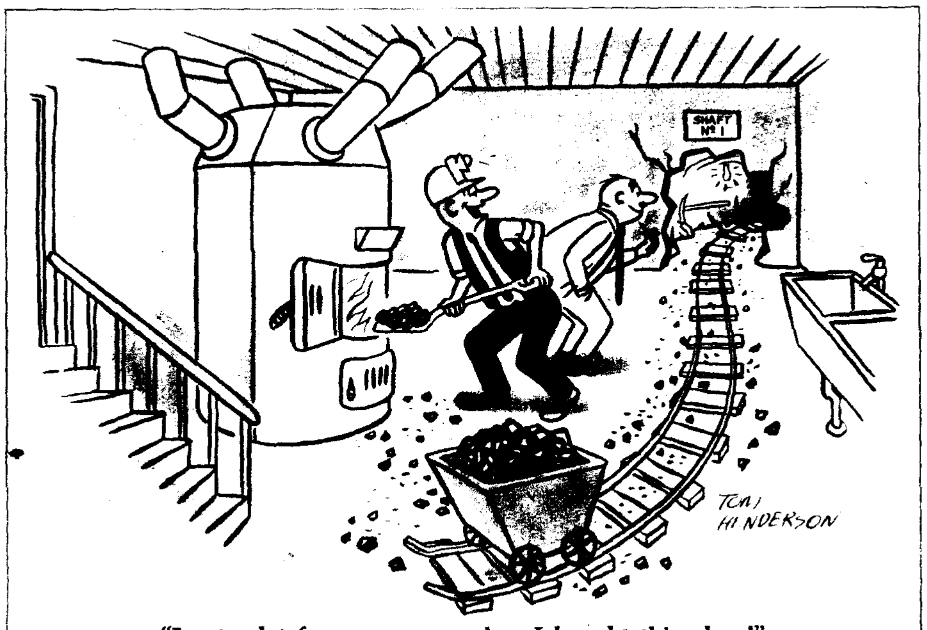
"You're really quite pretty," he said. "When you forget to keep your face frozen."

It was the nearest thing to a compliment she remembered ever receiving from anyone her own age.

Other boys danced with her, but none of them danced as well as Kim Carew. He came back again and again, claiming her arrogantly from whatever partner she might have.

"I'll walk you home," he said toward the end of the evening. It was not a question.

Her father had arranged for Mr. Linger's



COLLIER'S "I got a lot for my money when I bought this place!" TOM HENDERSON

NO WONDER THEY'RE BOTH HAPPY . . . NOW!

A calico cat—a teddy bear—an adoring father. What else could a young lady need to make her happy? Well, young Carol has a more important reason for happiness, even if she doesn't know it.

You see, when Carol arrived, Dad boasted: "My family will never want for anything, if I can help it!" and he meant it.

Then next day in the office someone put a booklet about Social Security on Dad's desk. "Better be sure" was scribbled across the cover. One fact jumped right off the pages. In simple words the booklet explained that if anything happened to Dad, the benefits his wife and Carol would receive from Social Security would probably be less than $60 a month.

While Social Security offers an excellent foundation for financial security, most families find that an extra income from a second, dependable source is needed.

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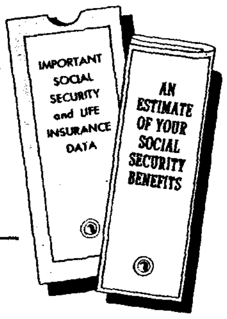
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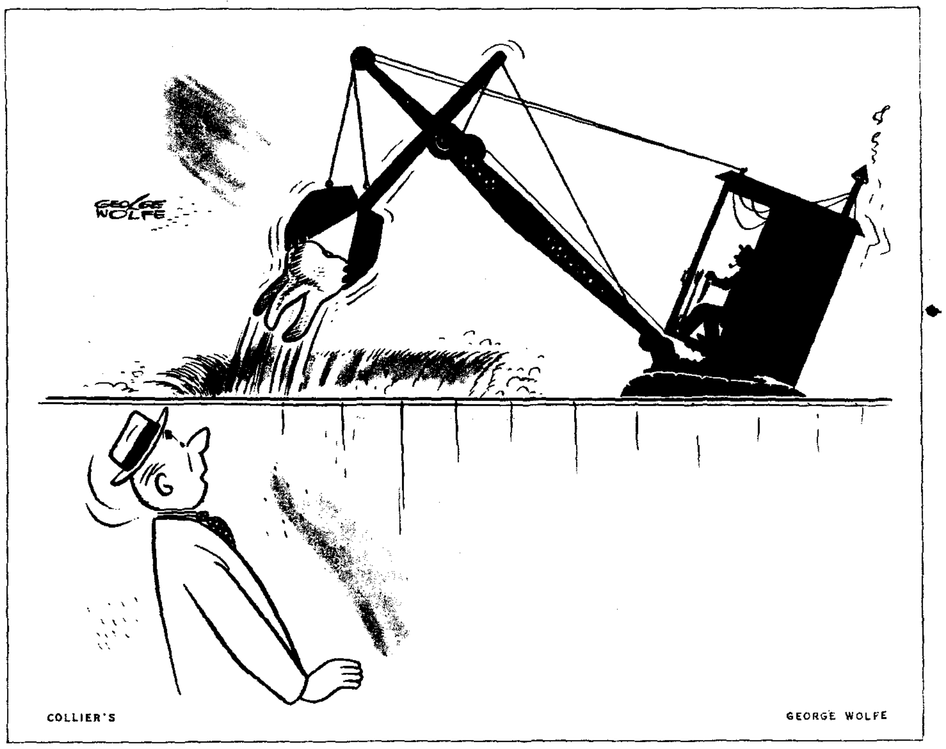


COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

taxi to call for her at one o'clock, but Cathy ran out to meet it and told Mr. Linger she would not need him.

They walked together through the spring night, close together, but not touching and not speaking. The elms arched over the quiet streets and there were stars caught in their branches. There was a scent of lilac in the air, like an echo of the music that still lingered in Cathy's ears.

In front of her house they turned to face each other, and quite naturally and gently he reached out and pulled her to him. She felt his face cool and smooth against hers, and then she felt his mouth on her mouth. She was conscious of his lips, so cool and firm, and then she was conscious of the strength of his body and of her own body enveloped in it, melting into it, desiring only to be absorbed and consumed by the strength and the fire that was in him.

Suddenly, she was afraid. She struggled against him violently, tearing herself from his arms and ran up the porch steps. He did not try to stop her. When she was safely in the house, she looked through the glass panel of the door and saw him standing where she had left him, tall and silver-headed in the moonlight. On his face there was an odd look of wonder, as though something had happened which had never happened before. Maybe other girls did not run from him.

In a little while, he turned and walked with his cat's stride across the lawn toward his own house.

NOW, in the dim back booth of a saloon on Sixth Avenue, Kim Carew said, "That was a long time ago."

"Twelve years," she said without meaning to.

"Twelve years. And nothing's ever happened to you since you ran away from me that night. Nothing at all."

Nothing like that had ever happened to her again. She had taken good care it should not.

"You never gave me another chance," he said, watching her. "You avoided me until you left for Europe, and when you came back your father died, and you married your Mr. Wilson. And then it was too late."

She did not tell him that part of the reason she had married George had been the memory of that kiss. She had been terrified by the vulnerability she had found within herself, and in George she had found security against it. Well, it was gone now, that vulnerability, that weakness. It was dead long ago, with the lilacs that had bloomed in that long dead spring.

"Sometimes, we get another chance," Kim said.

Something in his voice, its softness, startled her, and she half turned to face him. He did not seem to hurry, and yet there was no time to stop him. He put one arm around her and pulled her against him and bent his head and kissed her.

She struggled at first, and then she tried to remain quite still and unresponsive. But there was insistence in the hard arm across her back and in the hard, hot mouth against her mouth, and she felt herself succumbing to it as if to ether. For the second time in her life she felt passion, the remembered feeling of being surrounded and absorbed by his strength. She was afraid, but she could not fight it. She could only abandon herself to it.

"Cut that out!" a rough voice shouted, startling them apart.

Cathy looked up, almost dazed. The fat bartender was leaning over the back of the booth, his face scarlet.

"We don't want no sailors and no bums making trouble in this joint!" he snarled. "G'wan, scram, before I call the cops!"

Kim was on his feet in one fluid motion. His fist was doubled and drawn back when Cathy caught his arm.

"No!" she said desperately. "No, please, Kim!"

He looked at her blankly and she thought he was going to shake her off. Then his eyes cleared and he smiled faintly.

"You're lucky, Jack!" he told the bartender softly. He turned and took Cathy's elbow. "Come along, baby."

Cathy went with her head high, but her knees were trembling and she was afraid that she was going to be sick. Never in her life had such a thing happened to her, even in nightmares. She was filled with horror and disgust, and on the sidewalk she stopped, pulling her arm away from Kim's hand.

"I'm late," she said through stiff lips. "I must go."

Kim looked at her without smiling. "That was a tough break," he said. "I'm sorry, Cathy."

"It doesn't matter. I must find a cab."

She wanted to get away, but he would not let her go. He did nothing to keep her, but his eyes compelled her to look at him.

"I'll see you again," he said. "Soon."

"No," Cathy said desperately.

"I'll call you this afternoon."

Cathy did not answer. A taxi squealed to a stop behind him, and she ran for it.

"The Plaza!" she told the driver.

She did not look around as they drove away, but she knew that Kim had turned and that he was looking after her.

If he did call, she would not be home. She would lock up the apartment and go to a hotel. Maybe that was love, she thought. Maybe that was what people meant by being "in love," being swept away like that, losing control of yourself, so that such ugly and humiliating things could happen. George had never made her feel like that; Mr. Elkton never would. Only twice in all her life had she felt that way, and both times it had been with Kim Carew. It would never happen again because she would marry Mr. Elkton, and then she would be safe.

The cab pulled up at the Plaza and she got out, fishing in her bag for change. The driver was a seedy individual with a humorous, weather-beaten face and he grinned at her.

"You was havin' a fight with your boy friend back there, wasn't you?" he asked.

Cathy felt herself grow scarlet.

"I wouldn't let it worry you, lady!" he comforted her. "When you stop fightin' and kissin', you're dead anyway. Or you might as well be."

Cathy found a dollar, pushed it at him, and fled without waiting for her change.

SHE was more than half an hour late, but Mr. Elkton was waiting as she had known he would be. He saw her when she came in, and she watched him cross the lobby to her, a big, solid man with a kind, middle-aged face and curly gray hair. He did not look exciting, but he looked prosperous and capable and thoughtful, a man who could always be depended upon to take care of himself and his own.

She held out her hand. "I'm sorry I'm late."

He beamed at her. "*Much* better late than not at all! Shall we have a cocktail before lunch?"

He did not so much lead her to a table as shepherd her, like a great, friendly dog anxiously taking care of a particularly precious lamb. It was a flattering attitude. *Or was it?* asked something unexpectedly rebellious within her. A thirty-year-old lamb should prove tough eating.

At any rate, the Plaza sherry was better than the Sixth Avenue variety. She sipped it, half listening to Mr. Elkton as he went into detail about the reinvestment of part of her small capital.

"Now I'm getting technical," he broke off suddenly. "Women like you aren't interested in the complications of finance."

Again, to her amazement, she was overcome by rebellion. "Of course, I'm interested!" she said. "You're talking about my bread and butter. Besides, it doesn't seem particularly complicated to me."

Behind his glasses he blinked at her reproachfully and she was reluctantly penitent. He was a dear, and she had no business upsetting him by changing characters on him.

"I'm afraid I have a headache," she said.

He was full of solicitude. He leaned across the table and put a large, well-kept hand over hers.

"You're tired," he said. "I hate to think of you all alone in that apartment, without even a real maid. You need someone to take care of you."

"A nurse," Kim said. "Don't you think our Cathy needs a nurse, sir?"

He stood by the table, looking down at them. Cathy was not even surprised. She knew he must have followed her here, and she wondered if she had not actually expected him.

Mr. Elkton looked from one to the other of them, his face bewildered, and she introduced them wearily. "Mr. Carew," she explained, "is an—an old friend."

Kim pulled a chair from another table and sat down. He ignored Cathy completely and turned to Mr. Elkton with a deference that was almost an insult, underlining as it did the difference between them, his own terrible, arrogant vitality and the other man's settled middle age.

"Don't you think she needs a nurse, Mr. Elkton?" he insisted. "It's such a nasty, rough world, full of such nasty, rough people!"

Mr. Elkton was not a stupid man. Cathy could tell by the quick intelligence in his eyes that he knew something was wrong. But he did not want to make a scene.

"She needs someone to take care of her," he repeated cautiously. "She's always led a sheltered life."

Kim turned and looked directly at Cathy. "She's never lived at all," he said. "All her days, she's run away and hidden from life. She's afraid she might get hurt. She doesn't realize that the only people who can't be hurt are the dead." He got to his feet in one easy motion. "Me, I'm alive."

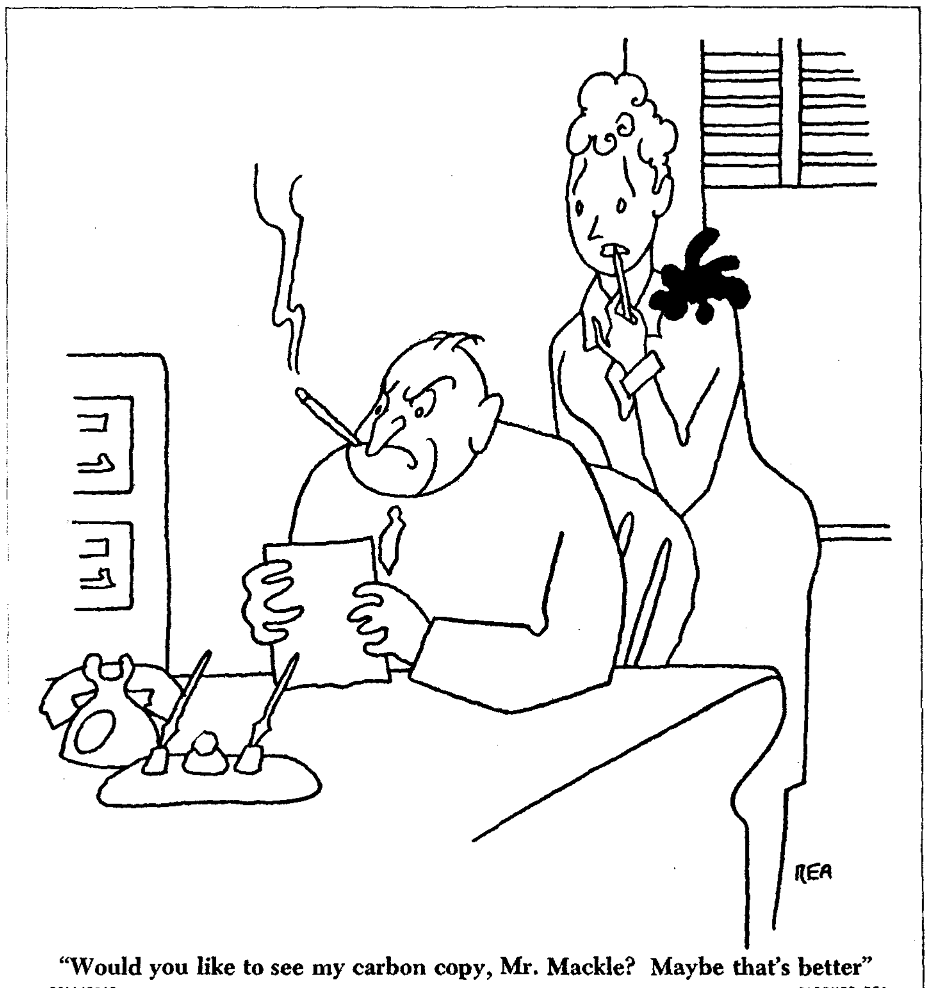
Cathy felt her eyes smarting with helpless anger and humiliation. He had no right to do this to her. She had never given him the right. He stood looking down at her, his brown hand resting on the table beside hers and suddenly she could feel his arm again, pressed hard across her back.

"Are you coming, Cathy?" he asked, quite gently.

She looked across the table at Mr. Elkton, so solid and so comfortable and so nice. He smiled at her a little wistfully, and she knew that he was still holding open the gate of her father's garden for her, inviting her to come back in where it was green and quiet and safe. And then she looked up into Kim's blue eyes and knew that she would never be safe again.

She got to her feet. "I'm sorry, Mr. Elkton," she said.

THE END



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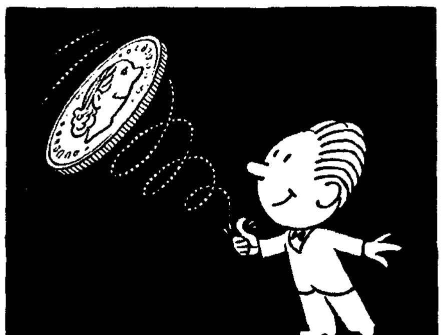

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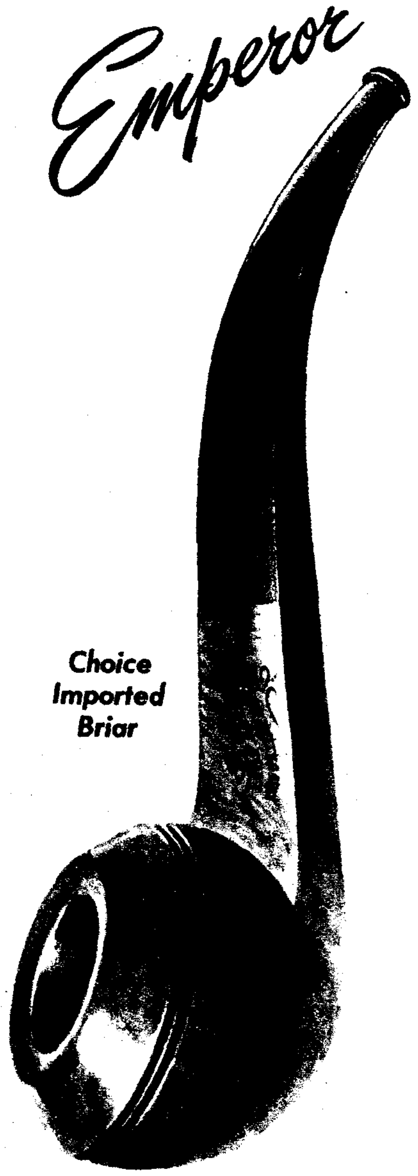

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The Return of Miss Harvey

Continued from page 20

The girls wore uniforms which included black shoes and stockings, a plain black dress with an "Elsie" collar and a black bow. Their hair had to be plainly done and ornamented only with a white ribbon bow. The starting wage was $17.50 a month, but this was nearly all clear money, and with tips the girls usually managed to save quite a little. The hours were long and the work was hard; there was a tradition that "the trains must be fed" no matter what hour of the night they got in.

Celebrating the history of the West's favorite waitresses, M-G-M has just made The Harvey Girls, a musical telling the story of the old days along the Santa Fe. Judy Garland is the star of the picture, but everybody knows about Judy Garland. Out in Hollywood they're talking like mad about a young Englishwoman named Angela Lansbury, who plays a dance-hall queen so smartly that great things are being predicted for her. And just think, the movies nearly missed her.

"You know," said Angela, "I came near not coming to California at all. Mother and me and my two kid brothers—they're twins—were war refugees from England about four years ago when I was fifteen. Well, a few nights before we were to sail, we went to the Odeon and saw a picture called The Grapes of Wrath, which made life in California seem pretty grim.

"We were all so frightened that Mother went around to the steamship office and inquired about passage to Alaska, where we thought life might be a little milder. However, we couldn't change the tickets, so we all landed in Canada."

The Lansburys were guests of a New York millionaire couple, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Wilson, who offered to take ten refugee children. However, only the Lansburys turned up, rattling around in an enormous house, trying to learn the language and customs. Mrs. Lansbury, a famous English actress known as Moyna MacGill, went back to the stage on a Canadian tour that took her to Vancouver, B. C.

Taking a Chance on Hollywood

As she traveled, she slowly came to realize that The Grapes of Wrath had portrayed a rather dreary aspect of life in the Golden State and that a great many people managed to live in the place and eat fairly regularly. So from Vancouver she wired back to Angela to meet her in Hollywood, parking the twins in a boarding school until Mother and Angela found out whether they were going to make good or just become characters in a Steinbeck novel.

Angela rode day coaches out to California, subsisting on railroad sandwiches and sitting up nights in case the train was held up by Indian war parties.

Mother had some small parts in pictures, but Angela had no luck. She became known around casting offices as "The Too Girl"—she was always too tall or too young or too something-or-other, and finally she wound up behind a cosmetic counter.

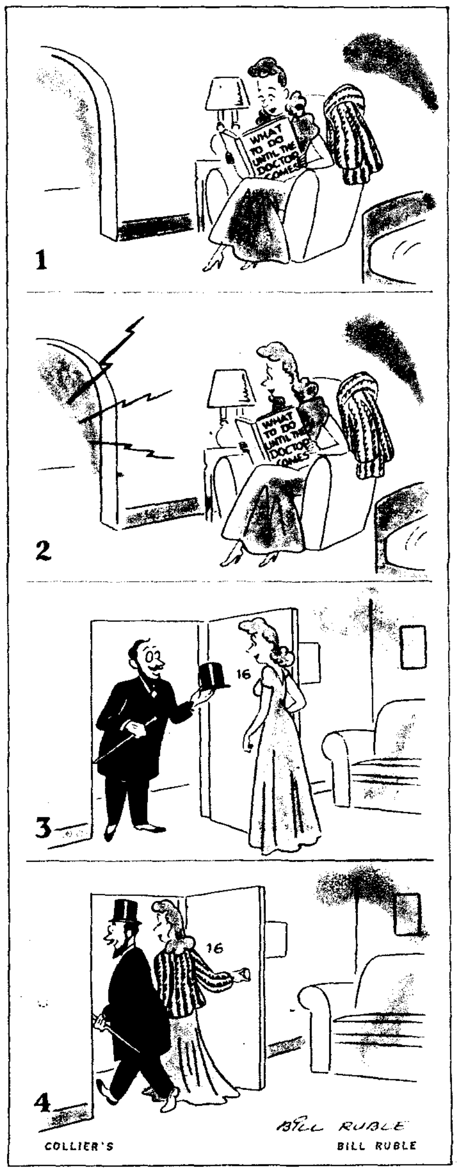
After some weeks of this, she finally managed to get a chance to play a cockney maid in Gaslight, and did so well that she went into National Velvet, then Dorian Gray and lately into The Harvey Girls, managing to lose most of her English accent along the way.

Many Eastern schoolteachers became Harvey Girls, being attracted by special literature which announced that life in the West was "unrestrained by the crass stupidities of boiled-shirt civilization." Most of the ma'ams, however, soon gave up, being unable to take the strict discipline of the service. Some went to teaching in frontier schools.

Millions of travelers today do not know what it was like to go by train from Chicago to the West Coast thirty to forty years ago. Harvey Houses were spotted about 100 miles apart all along the Santa Fe from Kansas City west. Brakemen went through the trains asking passengers if they wanted breakfast at Dodge City or lunch at La Junta or dinner at Albuquerque. This information was then wired ahead.

As the train approached a meal station the engineer blew a whistle code; the Harvey House manager stationed himself at the door of the House with a gong, and the waitresses lined up at the counters and tables. The kitchen began to pour forth mingled odors of steak, mutton pies and soups. Passengers were required to be decorous, to avoid loud and profane talking and to wear coats. For those who had no coats or came from the train without them, alpaca jackets were provided.

Mr. Harvey once fought a long lawsuit in Oklahoma over the coat rule, which one embattled Sooner defied. The row went up to the state Supreme Court, which, in a famous decision, held that the wearing of coats to meals represented a distinct advance of civilization in Oklahoma, and therefore should be upheld by bench and bar. Oklahomans, said the court, were of such untrammeled nature that, once given the right to eat coatless, they would insist on eating shirtless, shoeless and maybe pantless. Mr. Harvey, said the court, was one of the great civilizing influences of the West and should be encouraged.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WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE DOCTOR COMES
2
WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE DOCTOR COMES
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16
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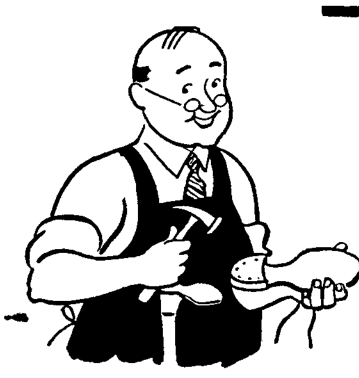
16
Bill Ruble

COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

Harvey was born in London, England, in 1835, came to New York when he was fifteen, worked at various jobs, and after the War Between the States, opened a restaurant of his own in St. Louis. In 1879 he married Miss Barbara Sarah Mattas, a pretty Bohemian girl who worked with him for the rest of his life.

In early days railroad eating houses were dreadful places; the food was bad and the service worse. Harvey grew to hate them while he was working as a mail clerk on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, known as the "Horrible & Slow Jolting." He made his home in Leavenworth, Kansas, and later went to work for the Burlington, rising to be



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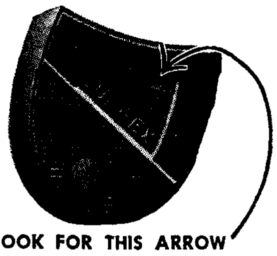

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Western freight agent. This again brought him in contact with the trackside beaneries.

These dens, at the time, offered sandwiches, pie and coffee. It was a favorite trick for the train crew to cry "All aboard!" three minutes after the hungry passengers had started to eat, depriving them of a meal but probably saving them from ptomaine poisoning. The restaurant owners paid off the train crews and the same food was left out for the next trainload.

All this irked Harvey and he sold the Santa Fe line, after vainly trying to interest the Burlington, on a scheme for high-class eating places and hotels, with fine linen, glass and silver, the best of food and moderate prices. The deal was closed with a handshake, and the first Harvey House opened in the old Topeka, Kansas, depot building in the late '70s. This was successful and Harvey went down the line to Florence, a hamlet of about a hundred people.

Elegance Comes to Town

In Florence he and the Santa Fe bought an old rundown hotel, fixed it up and refurnished it. Mrs. Harvey picked out Irish linens, English silverware, imported china. The furniture was heavy walnut and most of it still is around eastern Kansas. The chef came from Chicago, got $5,000 a year and was the wealthiest man in Florence.

This chef became the dream boy of farmers along the Cottonwood in Marion and Chase counties. He paid fabulous prices for things: $1.50 a dozen for fat prairie chickens, six bits a dozen for quail, a dime for a pound of butter or a dozen eggs, and was equally freehanded in the matter of fruits and vegetables. His meals became famous and travelers started to stop overnight in Florence.

This was the beginning of a chain that, by the time Harvey died in 1901, had grown to fifteen hotels, forty-seven restaurants, thirty diners and a San Francisco ferry, all jointly operated with the Santa Fe.

In the West today, few men have such a living monument as Harvey: It has been estimated that more than four thousand babies were named for him by ex-Harvey Girls.

By today's standard, Harvey food was almost incredible. Meals in dining rooms were a straight four bits and included all you could eat. Breakfasts ran to steaks, hash-browned potatoes, three fried eggs, great cups of coffee, six-high stacks of pancakes—pan-size, too—with maple sirup and preserves.

By the late '80s, dinners in the diners were tabbed at seventy-five cents, starting with blue points and running down through soups to three or four kinds of meat and fowl, baked veal pies, Virginia hams, roast turkeys, prairie chicken and lobster salad, and winding up with pie, ice cream, wine jelly, cheese and coffee, with fruit on the side.

It took four or five days to cross from the Great Lakes to the Pacific then, and most travelers made the trip in a sort of coma, induced by three heavy meals—costing less than $2, with tips—a day. Since in the old land-settling and boom days, railroads often offered free beer and cut rates to attract travelers, the whole thing was pretty idyllic. At one time the fare from Chicago to the Coast dropped to $5 and for months hung around $25.

Although he fed millions of Americans, Fred himself never surrendered to the outlandish eating habits of the West. In his Leavenworth home he ate in the traditional British manner, with a "high tea" late in the afternoon and "supper" just before bedtime. Guests or no guests, he retired early, leaving visitors to regale themselves from a larder and a cellar unsurpassed in the Middle West.

He was a modest and retiring man, but when loud and boorish persons, sometimes cowhands, invaded his dining rooms on horseback, he confronted them boldly, admonished them that there were ladies present and that their voices must be modulated.

Typical of the Harvey Girls who came back was Mrs. Oscar Severson who, as Miss June DeBruler of Cromwell, Indiana, was a waitress at Williams, Arizona, years ago. Miss DeBruler soon met and married a railroader and thought she was all through with feeding people.

But when the troop trains started to roll and help began to get scarce, C. W. Weber, manager of La Posada, the Harvey House at Winslow, Arizona, put an appeal in the paper for old-time Harvey Girls to come back and help.

The Old Guard Returns

It was much the same story up and down the line. Mrs. B. H. Vick at Winslow; Mrs. Sidney Terry, Mrs. Mary Calderwood Rigg and Mrs. Elsie Boyd at Williams; Mrs. Edna O'Brien and Mrs. Dorothy Born at Needles, California; Mrs. Lena Magee at Winslow. In the big centers like Kansas City, Chicago and Los Angeles, dozens of old-timers reported back for work.

A Harvey Girl, Mrs. Severson recalls, is credited with starting Arizona's first eight-hour law. She was Miss Helen Slavack, who was headwaitress at Winslow, Arizona. A Santa Fe conductor named Nelson had been elected to the state legislature, and Miss Slavack made him promise to fight for an eight-hour law for women—or the Santa Fe boys better not come around the restaurant any more. The law was passed, and thereafter Harvey Girls worked eight hours a day six days a week, without any cut in wages, either.

THE END

Hooley's Fixation

Continued from page 17

double Scotch, looking sideways at Knocko, sly craft in his glance and sure he was putting something over on him. For his part, Knocko ordered three double Scotches and lined them up.

Soon Hooley became bored with the noise of his companions. Their remarks seemed to him all at once excessively crude. He stared at the occupant of the next table.

The man at the next table was a French naval officer, fathoms deep in gloom, a lonely drink in front of him. He had gold braid on his shoulder and three gold stripes on his sleeve. He sat very straight. He had fair limp hair and his nose was all bridge, an immense, thin, resounding bridge. It was a very impressive nose. Almost turning over his chair, Hooley started up, five dollars waving in his hand.

Unceremoniously he was dragged back by his friends. Far away he heard superior, protective voices discussing something they called "Hooley's fixation."

That night a bottle party was held in Jackson's room at the Pulaski. There had been some doubt at first whether Hooley would be able to attend at all, except as a silent partner rolled under the bed. But a dozen more oysters and a large steak had put him in condition.

Now whenever he moved he jingled. The pockets of his blouse were full of quarters and dimes, and all the pockets of his trousers as well. "Hooley's fixation" had become one of the best jokes of the year.

"The Hair is a walking mint," Doc I. Q. observed jovially. "What does he want all the chicken feed for? Have a drink."

Hooley grinned at them foolishly. In Jackson's room, paratroopers sat all over the bed and all over the floor, leaning their backs against the walls. Jackson's helmet, retrieved some months ago from the head of a soldier who wasn't going to need it any more, sat in the middle of everything and was the ash tray. A frail boy had brought a pitcher of ice, a dozen bottles of soda, and as many glasses.

"Just you wait," said Hooley. But his promise was the idle promise of a boaster. His brain was only a hazy blur of good intentions and relief. For the first time in two weeks he was relaxed. Orders, alerts and suicide missions had all melted into the blue friendliness of that hotel room. The wallpaper roses on a green trellis made him feel

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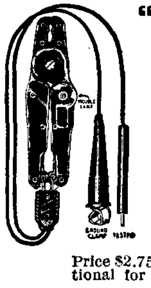

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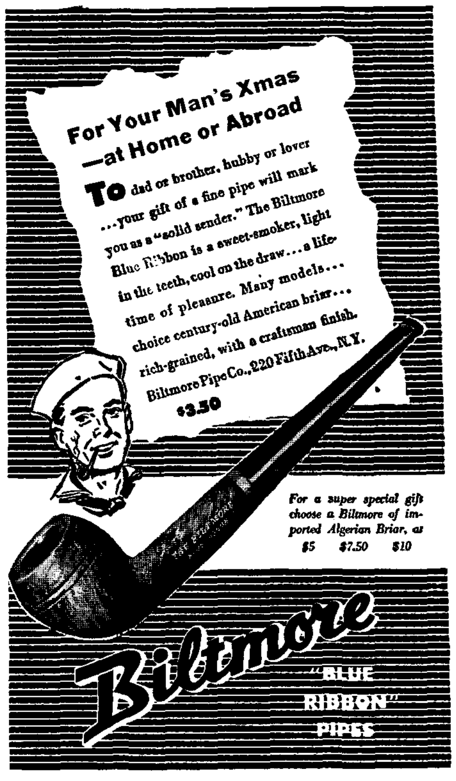
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soft inside, like Valentines and homemade apple pie with ice cream.

At eleven o'clock their session of reminiscence and discussion was interrupted by a loud bang on the door.

Jackson got up and the conversation stopped while everyone looked to see who it was. The flushed, amiable face of a groggy Marine showed in the doorway.

"Got any extra glasses?" he asked.

The paratroopers looked back at him politely. A Marine was a Marine. He was no joker, in other words. He was not of the chairborne divisions.

"Frightfully sorry," said Jackson, who had picked up that expression during his stay in England and was drunk enough to use it. "Frightfully sorry, old man."

The Marine looked startled but he recognized they were friends. "Tha's all right."

"Just a minute," Jackson said. "You can have my toothbrush glass." He found it in the bathroom.

ABOUT twelve o'clock, they were again interrupted by the sound of giggling outside in the hall, and piping feminine tones. They listened, speculated, and went on talking. Scuffling took place without, and more feminine laughter.

It tinkled down Hooley's spine like broken glass, touching off his nerves, reminding him of something, he did not know what. He jingled the change in his pocket. It made an echo that answered the laughter. The tinkling girls outside went on tinkling. Hooley went on shaking his pockets. Finally he got up decisively and said, "What in hell's going on out there?"

Here was a trail he must follow. Perhaps he would find the clue to that inexpressible sweetness that lay somewhere just beyond his reach, he was not sure where except that it existed, and for him alone. It was more real than all this noise and smoke and the bottles and glasses. It was something wonderfully beautiful, young and fragrant, like the spring flowers in the woods in England last spring.

As he opened the door, Doc I. Q. Jackson's raucous jeering followed him, joined in by the others. "I thought you had reformed. No more women! Ha! Ha!"

He heard Knocko say, "That guy's a sucker for every dame, I don't care what she looks like or how old she is."

But they followed Hooley.

Three pretty Waves stood by the public pay telephone at the end of the hall and were trying to make a call. They giggled uproariously and gathered themselves together presenting a united front when they saw the paratroopers bear down on them, Hooley in the van. The girl with the receiver in her hand kept saying unintelligible things into the mouthpiece.

Hooley was smiling broadly. He was getting warmer. He knew it. Soon he would remember what it was he was looking for.

"Wolf!" Jackson shoved him over, smiling and preening himself on his own account, galvanized by the bright eyes and cherry lips of the Waves.

One of the pretty Waves said, "We came to see the Marines, but they're asleep and won't wake up."

Jackson and Knocko exerted all their fascination. "Are those guys men or mice?" they wanted to know.

The Wave at the phone beamed and said, "Has anybody got a nickel? I've run out of nickels. We're calling somebody."

"So we see," said Jackson. "Here's the man with nickels." He put an arm around Hooley's shoulder. "Shake him, and a whole mint will fall out." He shook him gently and a faint tinkle came from all parts of Hooley.

"What's he made of?" the Wave wanted to know, intrigued. "Scrap?"

Hooley was in agony. "What am I trying to remember?" he waved his arms wildly. "Something important. It's getting late. Something important."

The cigarette he had been smoking flew out of his fingers and landed on the floor, still glowing. He took out another cigarette and got down on his knees. Creeping to the glowing end of the first, he sucked in a light. He got up, carefully brushed himself off and stamped out the first cigarette.

"What a man!" the Waves said, unbelievingly.

At this moment two doors on the hall, leading to the bedrooms of other guests, opened simultaneously. It was after midnight, and the uproar had been mounting.

In the first door stood a figure in a brown dressing gown like a blanket. Bony feet in backless scuffs and a length of blue-striped pajamas showed below. A very pink and wrathful face was crowned by a splendid head of thick white hair. It was the plump British colonel of the Beecham.

In the second door was an individual not less wrathful, but more voluble. A rattling hail of a language supposed to be English but accented like French came forth. Here was Hooley's French naval officer of the afternoon. He was clad in Russian-style red silk pajamas, trimmed at the neck and down the front with black. His feet were thrust in fur-lined slippers, and his fair limp hair was confined beneath a hair net.

Hooley looked from one to the other of these indignant persons and something clicked in his brain. It returned without difficulty to the thoughts of an earlier part of the day, when everything had yet been clear to him. The Waves, the telephone, his tingling condition—it all fitted in.

"I've got it," Hooley yelled. "I'm supposed to phone my wife!"

"You ain't got a wife," Knocko said patiently.

"Sure he has." Jackson looked at Knocko in surprise.

"Why didn't somebody tell me?" Knocko was disgusted.

WHEN the French naval officer and the British colonel had been placated, Hooley gave himself priority on the telephone and made his Chicago call. He was almost half an hour late, but his Mary was waiting for him on the other end. He could hardly bear the joy of hearing her voice. He talked and he talked. And the new Mrs. Hooley talked and she talked. They did not belong to that army of meager souls who never have anything to say on a telephone. They were as full of words, endearments, plans, whispers and soft little kisses as though they had been side by side on the family sofa.

The British colonel wrapped his dressing gown around him like a hair shirt and retired, a softened expression on his lobster visage. The French naval officer's impressive nose quivered. He had been a poet and a novelist in civilian life. He had loved many times, and written about it oftener.

The Waves went home like good girls. The paratroopers went back to Jackson's room. And still Hooley and Mary talked. Finally they said goodby.

Hooley came back into Jackson's room, apparently sober now. The effects of quarts had evaporated. In reality he was drunk with a rarer brew.

"You know what I've been fighting for?" he demanded, to cover up how he really felt. "I've been fighting for my right to walk into Peach's Furniture Store on Maple Street and buy a double bed."

The gag went over, but suddenly Hooley no longer cared for effects.

"She was there, waiting for my call, just like I told her to be!" he burst out, looking at them.

"What do you mean, she was there?" Jackson wanted to know. "Of course she was. Didn't you wire her that you'd phone?"

Hooley did not seem to hear Jackson. "She was there," he repeated. "It really sticks." Indications of a fabulous happiness spread over his face. He must have lost all sense of self-preservation or he would hardly have added, as he did, "She called me her woolly bear."

The others yelled and hooted. "Woolly bear!"

Then Hooley made a noise like a wild animal savoring the joys of his mountain fastness, and gathering together all the strength of his superb body, he made a standing jump right over the double bed. He landed as lightly and as beautifully balanced as Massine, whom he had never seen or heard of.

"Tarzan!" they yelled.

THE END

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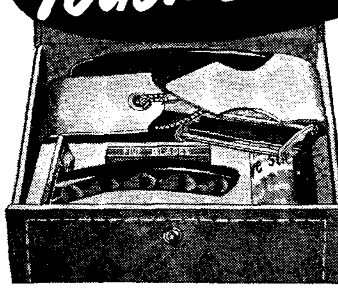

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The Week's Work

Ramona Stewart

LAST year Ramona Stewart, 22 years old, was one among many secretaries at Universal Studios in Hollywood. If she worked hard and minded her spelling she could hope for a nice raise at the end of the year.

This year, 23-year-old Miss Stewart is an author with a book-magazine serial, screen play to her credit, and a very de luxe writing contract with Producer Hal Wallis.

Miss Stewart's novel, in serial form, will appear in Collier's beginning next week under the title, Bitter Harvest. William Morrow, publishers, will bring it out in book form as *Desert Town*, and Hal Wallis is translating it into a movie of the same title.

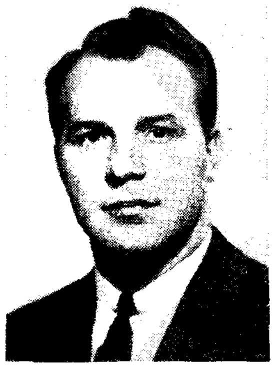
The author, having completed the screen play, soon will come to New York, where she will enjoy the customary honors accorded new literary celebrities. Her unusual contract with Wallis requires her to work just six weeks out of a year, and then only on material of which she approves.

There doesn't seem to be catch to this nice little Cinderella story anywhere. Miss Stewart is a nice-looking, slender brunette, and bright—bright enough to have won a scholarship to the University of Southern California. With a newspaperman for a father, she had journalistic ambitions, and majored in international relations as background for a possible foreign correspondent's career. But she married in her junior year and went with her husband to the town of El Centro on the Mojave Desert, where they lived for six months. (She has since been divorced.) It was in El Centro that she got the idea for her book, which, in the opinion of Collier's editors, is a remarkably mature, finished product. Miss Stewart says she rewrote it five times, utilizing every spare minute away from her nine-to-five job.

After her sudden ascent to an upper bracket income, Miss Stewart received a lot of advice on how to hang onto her money. The advisers needn't have worried. Miss Stewart and her mother still live together on the same modest scale as when Ramona was a secretary, and the overnight prodigy shows not the least tendency toward mink and caviar splurging.

LIEUTENANT COL. COREY FORD'S recently completed series of articles about the O.S.S. (Cloak and Dagger) will be published as a book by Random House. He and his collaborator, Major Alastair MacBain, are working on another book, also derived from Collier's articles—a collection of pieces about our air forces all over the world. In this issue Col. Ford has a short story, Two of a Kind (p. 38), the first fiction he has done in some time. When he finished it, he put aside his typewriter and left for his home in Freedom, New Hampshire, a spot he hasn't seen much of during [illegible] years [illegible] continent-hopping with [illegible] Army Air Forces.

Howard Whitman



OUR contributors, we always contend, are just like other people or even more so. Take Howard Whitman, the ex-newspaper correspondent who wrote Anti-Riot Squad (p. 58)

Whitman, after ten years or so of corresponding from some 22 countries, decided to settle down to free-lance writing in the quiet living room of his own New York apartment. He even objected to the archway into the dining room—it prevented him from sealing himself into his chosen work spot, so he had a door built there. He instructed his wife, Sue, and his three-year-old daughter, Constance, just to pretend he had left for the day. He even kissed them goodby before locking himself in with his typewriter.

But somehow things didn't go so well. Too quiet. So now Whitman has a saxophone. This he places beside his typewriter. First he writes as long as he can stand it, and then plays a few toots on the saxophone, marching up and down the room. Then more writing, and more saxophone, in alternate doses. This system of words and music, he says, works fine.

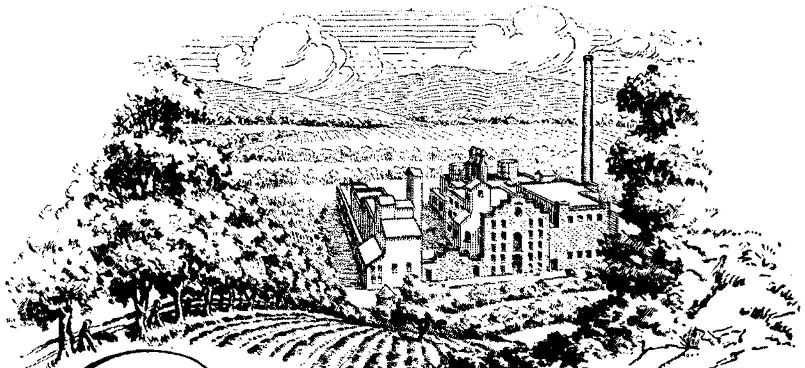
Scott Brown

ON THE same principle, apparently, Cartoonist Scott Brown (p. 34) alternates spells of drawing with spells of soda jerking.

"My dad started a neighborhood drugstore in Mansfield, Ohio," Brown writes us, "and I've been working around drugstores ever since. I attended the Art Institute of Chicago a couple of years, jerking sodas at night, went to the East awhile, didn't like it, then back to Mansfield, back of a soda fountain, back of a drawing board. When the gag schedule gets heavy at times (I do commercial cartoons, too) my wife takes over the store trick and the customers feel sorry for her because they think I've gone fishing. (Sometimes they're right.)

"In the picture (above) I'm constructing a chocolate soda. My sodas are even better than my gags."

THE article, Sex in the Classroom, which appeared in Collier's of September 15th, prompted hundreds of readers to write to Doctor Noel Keys, the professor who give the course in sex relations at the University of California. The author of the article, Dean Jennings, tells us that Doctor Keys has had to enlist the help of his staff and of a San Francisco psychologist in an effort to give each writer a careful answer. Many letters were from students who wanted to know how they could get similar courses started in their colleges, and many more concerned personal problems. Jennings and Doctor Keys are working on another article for Collier's . . . A. P.



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1966
and Philip Condax

THE name of the boy whose photograph appears on the cover is Philip Condax. He is eleven years old and was born in Philadelphia, where his father, Louis, an Albanian emigrant, settled. Today the Condaxes live in Rochester, N. Y., where Philip goes to public school, expresses his enthusiasm for aviation by making model airplanes like the one he holds in the photograph, and where Mr. Condax is employed in the research department of the Eastman Kodak Company.

Louis Condax, artist as well as scientist, made this photograph of his son because he thinks of Philip as a typical American boy who symbolizes the love his father has for his adopted land. The picture, Mr. Condax says, is his effort to express this love. The excellence of the picture is reason enough to use it as a Collier's cover.

Now we are going to talk to Philip:

This Sunday, November 11th, is the twenty-seventh anniversary of an armistice that declared a truce between the warring nations of the world. Although certain peace treaties were signed, the aftermath of the 1914–1918 War was not a peace. At best, Philip, it was an uneasy truce that was ended on the morning of September 1, 1939, when the armies of Hitler invaded Poland.

The invasion of Poland occurred not quite twenty-one years after the 1918 armistice. This is 1945, and twenty-one years from now, in 1966, you, Philip, will be thirty-two.

That is a good age when a man should be well started on his professional career and usually has established himself and family in his community. That is an age when plans begin to take shape in a man's thinking. It is the age when a man's children are in school, and the household is attaining identity through the acquisition of those possessions that give meaning and substance to life. It is an age when you, Philip, might be constructing great ships of the air to circumnavigate the globe, carrying passengers and trade; ships which might be powered by the new and marvelous energies we have discovered in recent years. Atomic energy, for instance. It is also a military age.

It could, therefore, be the age at which you would be constructing airplanes that, powered by atomic energy, would be spewing flame or germs or frightful chemicals or atomic bombs on the peoples of another country. You could even be the pilot of such a plane, Philip, through no particular choice of your own. You could be these things, that is, if this atomic power we mention had not already destroyed you and your family and the families of every one of us, as well as the factories in which the airplane would be built.

We have now an armistice. We have about what we had on November 11, 1918. Twenty-one has become a symbol of coming of age, as you know, and in the affairs of the world it took a new war twenty-one years to come of age in 1939.

It behooves us, therefore, to think of 1966, when you, Philip Condax, will be thirty-two. Peace, or what passes for peace, lies uneasily on the world. The nations, after the ordeal of six years, look about in bewilderment and suspicion, as they did in 1919.

To us, Philip, to the people of America, falls the main task of dissipating this bewilderment and allaying this suspicion. We must assume this responsibility because we are powerful and able to assume it. It is true that the responsibility is that of other nations also. But let us resolve that as far as we are individually and nationally able, we will see to it that no other nation has cause to suspect us and that, if we have suspicion of others, we will seek to understand it and remove it and, through the international co-operation to which we have pledged ourselves, prevent it from developing into doomsday.

We have no other choice, Philip. We cannot look into your eyes and have any other choice.

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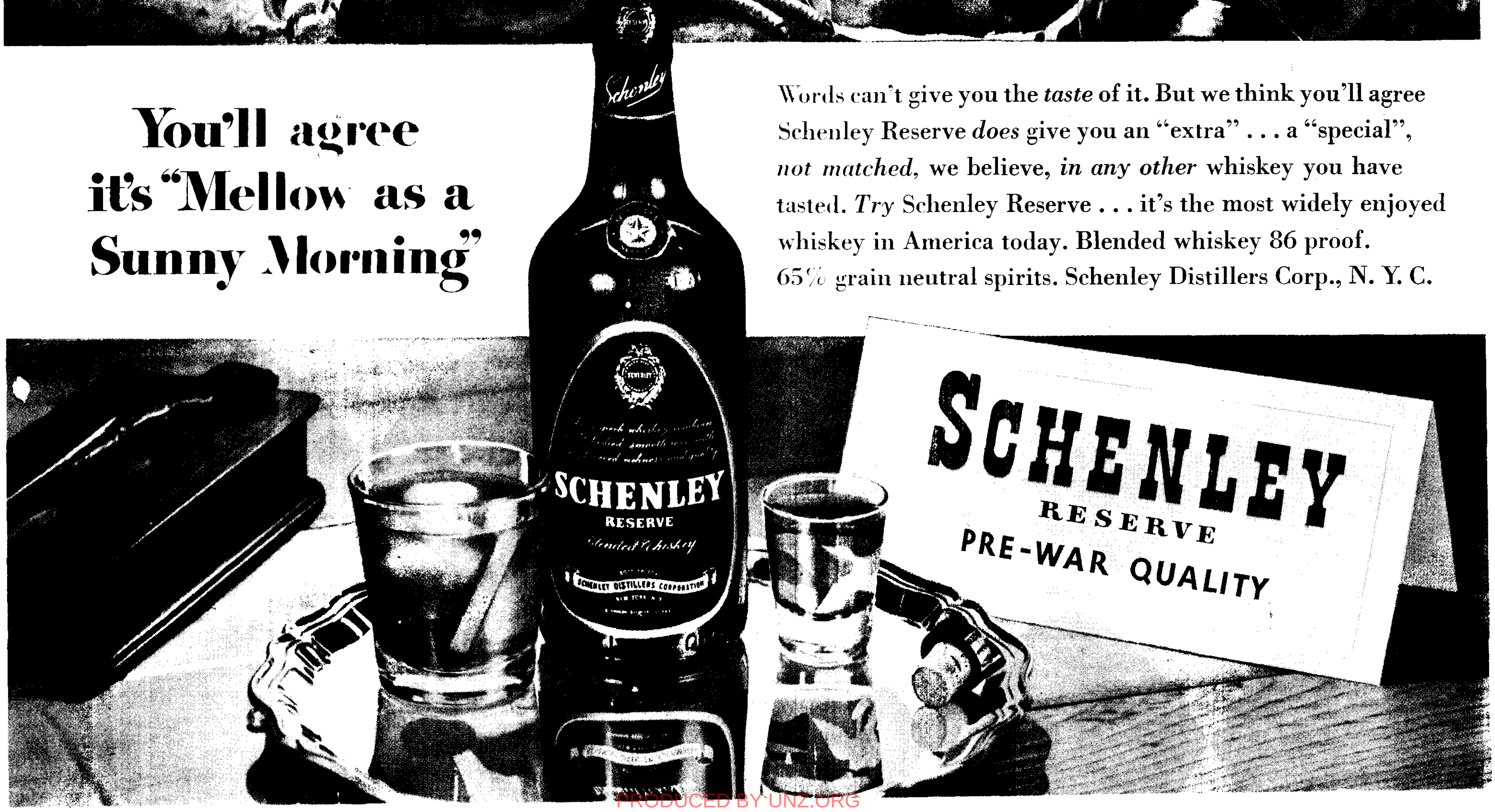
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